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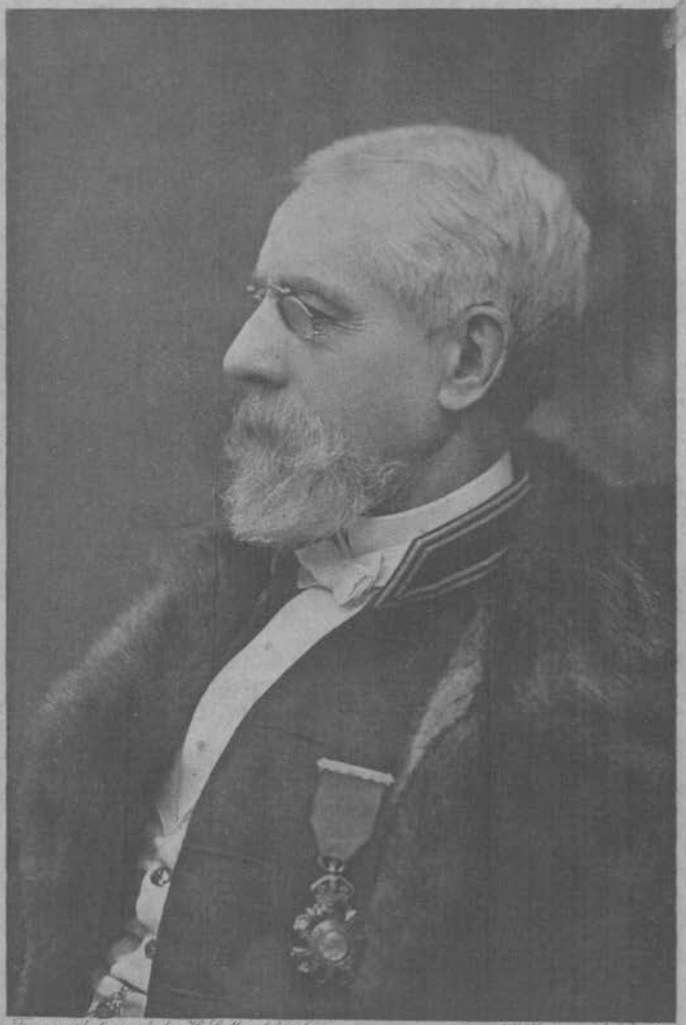

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BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL

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By H. G. KEENE, C.I.E., Hon. M.A. Oxon.

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN INDIAN INK"

ETC. ETC. ETC.

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ILLUSTRATED BY W. SIMPSON, R.I. (OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"), FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

"Not Heaven itself over the past has power;
For what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

Dryden.

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1897

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TO

THE RIGHT HON.

GEORGE ROBERT CANNING, BARON HARRIS

G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., ETC.

SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY

WHO, BY FIRM AND JUST ADMINISTRATION, WON A MEMORABLE PLACE IN THE FOURTH GENERATION OF A HOUSE DISTINGUISHED FOR LOYAL LABOURS IN BRITISH INDIA, THESE REMINISCENCES ARE

INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND AND KINSMAN

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THE contemptuous attitude often adopted towards anything not of to-day should not blind us to the essential difference between the recent past and what is really more or less ancient history. Sam. Johnson is to many a more familiar presence than Carlyle; and more examination papers are set upon the "Forty-Five" than about the War of Secession in the United States, which took such vast proportions less than forty years ago. In the same way, the political relations of India to the British Empire have gone through great revolutions since the Reform of Parliament in 1832, and especially since the accession of Queen Victoria; yet those changes are perhaps not so fully realised as their intrinsic importance deserve, certainly less than the events in the days of Clive and Warren Hastings. For students who care to go at all deeply into the subject, Sir W. Hunter's book on the late Brian Hodgson will be found as useful as the better-known stories of Mountstuart Elphinstone or Wellesley; it is a glimpse of the later part of the period that is suggested in the chapters that follow here. The writer entered the Service many years after Mr. Hodgson, and at a time when the East India Company had lost the last

morsels of its commercial character; but the "Covenants" of himself, like those of his contemporaries, were still made out "between the East India Company of the one part, and So-and-So of the other part," like any ordinary "indenture," and contained many conditions only applicable to commercial employ.[1]

The prospect thus opened was one of unlimited duration. Men did not usually retire, as they now often do, the instant that they have served long enough to be entitled to their pension, but remained in the country as long as they were able to render useful service, and until they had accumulated enough money to yield a comfortable provision for themselves and families. It had been the wish of my good father—who had painful experience of what life in the Indian Civil Service might be—that his son should take his degree at Oxford and go to the Chancery Bar. It was, however, soon made apparent that the sacrifices which such a scheme implied would fall not only on him, but on his other children; and he had to be persuaded that an Indian career, with whatever drawbacks, was a sure and speedy means of provision. Being led to inquire into the present prospects of "a Bengal writer," he was given on this head the most satisfactory information; and one gentleman, who never got beyond the dignity of District Judge at Saharanpore, assured him that, with ordinary luck,

[1] The Company, in this deed, bound itself to give the Covenant officer such rise in rank, "salary, compensation, and emoluments for his services as he shall be entitled to . . . according to the Regulations of the said Service and the Orders of the Company."

a man in the Civil Service might add to his pension a little fortune of £30,000 derived from lawful savings. This, I think, was the hope with which he was ultimately led to ask his old friend, General Sir James Law Lushington, for a Bengal nomination for his first-born; and one entered the Service less with the hope of becoming a Knight of the Bath than that of returning to a literary life in London on a modest competence.

Curiously enough, the last post which fell to my lot was none other than the identical Judgeship of Saharanpore which had been held by the very gentleman whose information had decided my father's wavering disposition. But times had changed. The Queen's direct administration had been followed by many changes, and amongst them had been a new rule for limiting the duration of our period of service. Whether a Civil Servant had saved money or not, he now had to retire on a given date. To one having a numerous offspring, for some only of whom he had then been able to provide, here was a serious calamity, and it cannot be denied that in this respect at least the palmy days of the Indian Civil Service have long been no more.

The fall of our generous patrons is not the only important change that the few surviving men of my time have seen. When we went out the Overland Route was hardly organised, and many young officers went round the Cape in sailing ships. When we arrived we found Bengal administered by the Company's Governor-General, whose immediate predecessor, indeed, had been recalled by the

mandate of the Court of Directors only a very few years before. There were no railways, telegraphs, or universities in India, the Criminal Law was a chaos, Civil Law did not exist. The Bengal sepoy was trusted, or at least flattered, paraded to see his white comrades flogged,—a punishment from which his own back was specially exempt; his suits in Court had preferential attention, his passage through a District was like the march of an invading army. Duelling was prevalent amongst officers; there were no libraries or rational amusements; brandy-and-water, gambling, and tiger-shooting often formed the chief business of life in the intervals of the campaign.

The progress from that state of things has been, on the whole, in the right direction. Some few things may have been really better in the Company's days, especially in the relations between the higher European officials and the peoples of India at large. If there were no universities in the country, there was no class of half-educated young Natives discontented because their degrees and diplomas did not immediately lead to lucrative employ. If the Haileybury Civilians did not possess the highest scholarship, they belonged to the old Anglo-Indian families, and had often been born in the country, where their names were well known, and in which they were content to live and, not seldom, to die. One gentleman, who ended his days as a "Joint Magistrate" during the earlier part of my service, had been some sixty years in harness, and had even acted as Governor of a Province. There was not then the sharp line which now divides the Executive branch from the

Secretariat, and men passed freely from work at head-quarters to work in the Mofussil, and back again.

Should any critical reader feel inclined to object to the following narrative on the ground of the obscure sphere in which the writer moved, it may be difficult to make a good defence. We read the recollections of Lord Roberts and Sir Richard Temple, because such men have conducted affairs on a grand scale, and swayed the destinies of vast multitudes of mankind. But a District Judge has done nothing of that kind, and the record of his experience cannot possibly compete with theirs in interest. This is true enough, and there can be only two excuses for him. He may have seen the world beyond the four walls of his Court-house, and he may wed his experience to the common interests of humanity. There was a talk about Indian Judges at Tom Davies' in 1775, of which the record will be found in Boswell. A remark of Dr. Johnson's is to the point. "It is wonderful," he said, "when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession. No man would be a Judge upon the condition of being totally a Judge." To like purpose is a saying of Montaigne, who was himself a good public servant during part of his life. "Je ne veux pas qu'on refuse, aux charges qu'on prend, l'attention, les pas, les paroles, la sueur et le sang au besoin. Mais c'est par emprunt et accidentalement, l'esprit se tenant en repos et en santé" (L. III. Ess. x.).

The demands upon the exiles of those days were peculiar. If a Civil Officer gave way to the influences of

his surroundings, he might become absorbed and almost denationalised. So long as he gave no trouble, and "got on" with the Native officials, he caused no scandal, sent in his periodical returns, and was taken for granted by the folks at headquarters. Mr. Thomason, my first Lieutenant-Governor, was once heard to say that "it was only by winter touring that he learned that the officers whose work showed worst on paper were often the most beloved in the Districts." With gun on shoulder they wandered from place to place all the cold-weather; when the heat or the rain drove them to the shelter of a bungalow, they often found themselves almost without white neighbours, and seldom spoke the English language. The life around them was archaic, the moral tone mediæval; flattery and obsequiousness dulled their perceptions. If a regiment marched through a District, the Civil Administrators eyed the march with suspicion, often not unjustified; if a European planter had any controversy with his tenants or neighbours, the Civilians usually sided with the Natives. The few men who resisted all the corroding influences were looked on as outcasts by many of their brother officers, and hated by all their Native subordinates; while the respect of the people was an idle and passive support, if perchance it was obtained.

Southey, in the depths of his impecunious youth, was offered an appointment on the Indian Civil Service. Then newly married, and with no other prospect but what Grub Street could offer to an Oxonian of scholarly habits and unfashionable political principles, he declined the offer almost

without one moment's deliberation. A man who thought for himself must be in solitude there, he believed. Yet the outlook had its attractions—so many years of exile with a certain provision at the end. Was a young man wise who struck such a bargain? Southey thought not; and India lost a valuable servant, though one who would never have surrendered his independence. Nowadays the privations are considerably less than in the end of the eighteenth century. Yet all the European members of the Service still look forward to a retirement in the British islands, where they hope to find compensation for the need, sorrow, sickness, and other adversity that they may meet with in their transitory life of Indian probation. A few ardent reformers are understood to propose that pensions at the end of service shall only be granted to such ex-officials as will agree to pass the residue of their lives in India, but things have not come to that pass yet.

If it should be urged that a society that produced men like Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome" must have been good enough for Southey, I should be disposed to answer that, so far as my observation went, such men never existed. I do not think the character of Colonel Newcome a fair type of the Bengal officer. Simple-hearted, knightly men there were amongst them,—Henry Lawrence is a familiar example. But Henry Lawrence was a man of intellect, who rose to higher levels than the command of a corps of Native Cavalry. When Lawrence was sent as Resident to Khatmandu, he thought of writing for the *Calcutta Review*;

but he distrusted his powers, and, by way of improving his style, read Macaulay's Essays and studied Lindley Murray. Driven to Europe by ill-health, he was met in Regent Street dressed as he dressed in India; his frock-coat was "antiquated," and a shawl thrown over his shoulders "gilt but to flout the ruins grey." The stares of the by-standers caused him to wonder. "Do they look upon me as a great Guy?" he asked. So far we recognise the idea: Thomas Newcome might be quite fancied acting in this way. But can we go further, and fancy Thomas ruling the Punjab, and quelling revolt in Oude? No; the better class of regimental officer, such as Thomas Newcome was supposed to have been, was a different man; and Thackeray in his idealisation has lost the likeness. Probably no art could have depicted the dulness, the want of initiative, the coarse manners and language, of many of those who had gone out to India at from sixteen to eighteen years of age, before even their schooling was properly over, and certainly without experience of the world; and who had ever since been surrounded by obsequious barbarians.

Most of the men with whom Southey would have lived, if he had gone to India, were no great improvement on those whom Johnson had in view when the conversation at Mr. Strahan's turned on the subject in 1779. According to Boswell, the Sage emitted the opinion that it was better to have £10,000 after a given period of labour in England, than twice that amount after a similar career in India, "because," he explained, "you must compute what you *give* for money; and a man who has lived ten years

in India has given up ten years of social comfort." Even in the India of that day there were, no doubt, some very good men, as Johnson must have known,—Warren Hastings, Mr. Justice Chambers, and Sir William Jones being all among his acquaintances; and perhaps he got his notion of the lack of "social comfort" from some of these. No better men than these were to be found in Southey's time, or even later, although a few Anglo-Indians (such as Torrens and Elliot) always held up the lamp of culture, and were sometimes backed by eminent Natives. But the culture has become now much more diffused, and the general level is higher than it was at any time before the Mutiny, even if there are few or none of the commanding personalities one notices in those days.

To a general charge of egotism the author must reluctantly plead guilty, only submitting in extenuation that he has not offended wilfully. The Memoir that follows was written some years ago for family purposes; when publication was proposed, it was revised in order to remove matter which would not interest a wider circle. Unfortunately it then appeared that personal experiences could not be entirely excluded without destroying the whole substance of the narrative. Those who cannot accept this plea must make whatever allowance they find possible for the ineradicable nature of autobiography. A residuum of less subjective nature will, it is hoped, appear. There is so much in Indian affairs that is exceptional, that an honest picture of this kind may perhaps be accepted as a contribution to general information.

PREFACE

Note.—For permission to use much of the ensuing matter, the author has to acknowledge the courtesy of the editor and the proprietor of the *Calcutta Review*, where the first draft appeared. The illustrations are from sketches of his own, which have been adapted for publication by Mr. William Simpson, R.I., to whom they are indebted for whatever artistic qualities they may be found to possess.

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A SERVANT OF "JOHN COMPANY"

CHAPTER I

1825–1847

I WAS born, May 16, 1825, in the house under the Clock in the Quadrangle of the (then) E. I. College at Haileybury, where my father was Professor of Arabic and Persian, in addition to being Registrar of the College. An account of his varied career will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxx. His mother was sister to the first Lord Harris, and his wife was daughter of a New England Tory gentleman, who had emigrated to London after the evacuation of Boston in 1776. He was named Charles Apthorp Wheelwright, his wife (a first cousin) being daughter of Mr. John Apthorp, and the family is still well known in the State of Massachusetts. Mrs. Wheelwright was great-niece of Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's correspondent, and was also first cousin to the Marquess of Cornwallis. There were five of these young ladies, my mother being one; a second, Catherine, married to the Rev. T. Chevallier; a third,

Alicia, engaged to George Corrie, afterwards Master of Jesus, but did not live to be married; of the other two I know nothing of interest. My father had been a Fellow of Sydney-Sussex College, Cambridge, and was consequently an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, but never held any parochial charge. In his youth he had held a commission in the Madras army, and had participated in the storm of Seringapatam. Afterwards transferred to the Civil Service, he retired about 1810 under the disastrous rule of Sir George Barlow. He then entered the university as a Fellow-Commoner, finally accepting the Professorship at Haileybury on his marriage.

Haileybury College, as it impressed itself upon my infantile brain, was a somewhat depressing building, situated on a desolate heath, and almost inaccessible to public opinion. I have no recollection of any circulating library from which we could get modern books or periodicals; and I think the students were generally regarded with dread by the members of the professors' families, as a turbulent and lawless crew. But I have no intention of bringing charges against either classes or individuals; much less do I presume to criticise my father, who was a man of simple piety and inborn harmlessness, combined with a naturally humorous originality and a wide knowledge of the world. His manners were marked by the true courtesy of benevolence (see Miss Martineau's testimony cited below), and he had moved in good society, both English and continental;

yet I think his life in college was rather more solitary than was quite good for him.

It may suffice to fix the moment at which my memories begin, if I mention that we used to drive our own carriage to town, where my grandmother's second husband—Mark Morley—was a Proctor, or lawyer of the Ecclesiastical Courts, who lived in Paul's Chain, near the Great Cathedral on Ludgate Hill. My first recollections of London are therefore connected with the city, where, at night, I was lulled to sleep by the roar of the boulder-paved streets, the clang of the neighbouring clock, and the voice of the watchman calling the hour. Among our neighbours I remember an ancient American merchant named Vaughan, who lived in Fenchurch Street. He had been intimate with Benjamin Franklin; and I recollect observing with wonder that he wore his hat at dinner, after an old fashion long since abandoned. (See Sainte-Beuve, *Lundis*, xiv. 375.)

I must be thinking of 1830, for I can remember that the King, the crapulous George IV., lay dying at Windsor; and when, one day in June 1830, my father brought the news of the King's decease, I recollect wondering how the world would go on. In those days children were still taught high ideas of the importance of crowned heads; and I think mine came—at that period—mainly from the Morleys' cook, Mrs. Kingston, who was a great ally of mine. A word may perhaps be here said of my grandmother, Mrs. Morley, who

remembered George the Second's funeral, and lived to hear of the birth of the Prince of Wales. In the course of her long life she had seen many remarkable people, having met Dr. Johnson and been the guest of Washington in America. She was a woman of strong character, and played whist at ninety. Like many aged persons, however, she attached far less importance to the past than we did; she had never condescended to a diary, but lived from day to day in much benevolent enjoyment, happy herself and making others happy, making little mention of the days of her youth, different as they must have been. I must add that she often used very strong language, and indulged freely in snuff, which she used to take from a great gold box, placed on a *guéridon* beside her couch with a large Prayer-book and Bible, before she came down in the morning. I have heard her describe having been taken, as a child, to see the heads of the Manchester rebels on Temple Bar, through a spy-glass which stood below, in Fleet Street, for the use of all who could pay a half-penny for the treat. Even my father could remember having seen pirates hanging in chains at the mouth of the Thames.

My father, being himself a scholar, had a high idea of learning. In our drives and walks he gave me freely of his stores of knowledge; and indoors I had the assistance of a tutor, Robert Knight by name. I still possess a copy of *Phædrus* in which is the following flattering, if ungrammatical inscription: "To Master H.

Keene, from his private tutor, a testimony of the sincere pleasure with which he taught him Latin and Greek at the early age of six; and that his talents and general conduct afforded considerable prospects of future character. July 20th, 1832." The book out of which he taught me Greek was a New Testament in which the ancient text and the Romaic equivalent were printed in parallel columns. To those early days also belong memories of the desultory self-education which is so much more influential upon the mind than what one gets from the teaching of others, however kind and skilful they may be. I recollect the "Book-room" where I used to lie upon the floor, with some ancient folio volumes secured with difficulty from the lower shelves. The Queen Anne "Chaucer" by Urry, with copper-plates of the Pilgrims in the rococo costumes imagined as mediæval by the artists of the day, has disappeared; but I have at this moment before me the mighty folios of Rapin—translated by Tindal—from which the first knowledge of English history was to be gained. I also remember *Shakspere* by Isaac Reed, and Beloe's *Herodotus*. For lighter literature there were *Robinson Crusoe*, with the *Arabian Nights*, some of Miss Edgeworth's tales, and, dearest of all, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, of which entrancing book the well-thumbed copy lies before me as I write, inscribed in my mother's hand with date "16th May 1833,"—not a bad outfit for a young soul making its first entry into life. The overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy, July 1830; the Reform agitation; the removal of my grandmother to Hertford

on her husband's death; and the chairing of Tom Duncombe (in his white hat), which I witnessed from her front windows: these form the earliest of the first series of my faded negatives.

The discussion of political principles would be out of place here, yet I feel disposed to pause on this a moment. It was a turning-point in the life of Europe, and marks an epoch and some new views of duty among those whose consciousness awoke in (or about) 1830. Nor, indeed, could there have been wanting amongst older men some who were sensible of the new day's dawn. Among those who filled chairs during the short existence of the college may be named Malthus, the acute corrector of Rousseau and Godwin; Empson, the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, and his successor on the *Edinburgh Review*; Sir James Stephen; Sir James Mackintosh; Jeremie, afterwards Dean of Lincoln; Melvill, the "golden lecturer," and others of like, if less distinction. Such men, so near London, could not fail to attract visitors of a high intellectual rank, among whom I faintly recall a few, though no more than names to me. Some glimpses of the college society will be found in the *Autobiography* of Harriet Martineau, who was the guest of Malthus between 1832 and 1834, at the end of which latter year the professor died. Twenty years later, after the college had been doomed, Miss Martineau recorded her memories of the happy days that she had once passed there; especially mentioning "the curious politeness of the Persian Professor," and the somewhat old-fashioned

courtesies of the summer-evening parties, all over now.[1]

My intercourse with distinguished visitors to the college was naturally but slight. The clearest recollection that remains is that of Lord John Townshend, who had a house half-way on the Hertford Road, where I remember being taken by my father. Lord John was a tall old gentleman, much afflicted with gout, earned in earlier years by many a carouse with Sheridan, Fox and "the Prince." And stories current in the neighbourhood seemed to indicate that these habits had not been quite abandoned yet, since it was currently believed that, when the ancient *viveur* went to any neighbouring house to dinner, he always made a preliminary arrangement with his coachman as to keeping sober; for, said Lord John, if Thomas got drunk in the servants' hall, it would be for himself to drive home, and contrariwise in the other case if it were the master's turn.

Nor should I forget John Linnell, then renowned as a portrait-painter, who came down by invitation to paint the celebrities of the college in 1833. Malthus sat to him, as did also Batten the Principal, Le Bas the Dean,

[1] V. *Memorials of Old Haileybury*, by Sir M. Monier-Williams, London. A. Constable, 1894.

The Persian Professor was my father, of whom an account may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as mentioned in the text above. There was an Assistant-Professor, a native of Persia, named Mirza Muhamad Ibrahim, a lax follower of Islam, who took his port-wine like a Christian. The Mirza had prepared a Persian grammar which he showed my father, who at once committed to the flames a MS. on the same subject which he had almost finished.

and Empson the Law Professor; all their portraits being afterwards reproduced in steel engraving, of which copies are to be seen in Sir M. Williams' book already cited. My sisters, brother, and self were all painted at the same time in water colour; and I remember the distinguished artist as a small and lively man, who kept us merry during the sittings with quips and stories. My father, mother, and grandmother were done in oils; and the pictures are still preserved in the family. Linnell, as is well known, became a remarkable painter of landscape, was never a member of the Academy, and died—ninety years old—so late as 1882.

Amongst a few other memories of that time is one of a journey to Broadstairs by water, and another to Cheltenham in a post-chaise. These excursions are worth mentioning only as instances of methods of travel now quite obsolete. In the former case we went down the river in a steam-packet and reached our destination the next day. In the latter my mother and I drove, in warm summer weather, through Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire and part of Gloucestershire, in the then familiar yellow chariot drawn by two horses, on one of which sat the driver, in a blue jacket and long napped white hat, with a shield upon his right leg to save it from the friction of the pole. No matter what his age, he was always the "post-boy." Each stage was about twelve miles, at the end of which the post-boy was relieved with a "tip," and a new pair of horses was harnessed. A droll story of those days related to this method of movement—

"posting," or "travelling post," as it was called. There was a General Churchill, a well-known and somewhat eccentric member of society, who had consented to act on the committee of a Conservative candidate in a parliamentary election. Party contests were just then waged with singular animosity, fraud and force being considered proper to almost any extent. The gentleman for whom Churchill acted was opposed by an eminent London hatter of those days, whose name may be indicated by the initial B. Neither candidate having as yet presented himself to the constituents in person, Churchill was hurrying down "post" to open the canvass, and desired to be first on the scene. On arriving at the last stage he found only two pairs of horses in the stables of the inn, and was informed that both had been retained for a London hatmaker, Mr. B., the Whig candidate, who was expected every moment. "Ah," cried Churchill, "old B. can't come to-day, and I am to take his horses." The landlord had no further objection to make, and the two pairs were "put to" in Churchill's chaise. At this instant up drove B., with horses smoking from the speed with which they had brought him the last twelve miles. To the cry of "Horses out" the landlord could reply only by pointing to Churchill: "This gentleman, sir; friend of yours." "He's no friend of mine," roared the indignant hatter; "and no gentleman either. Your card, sir!" and the valorous citizen took out his case from his pocket. "Certainly, B.," was the cool answer of the Guardsman, as he slowly stepped into

his vehicle; "there is my card," tossing it into the road; "I do not think I need trouble you for your name and address. I fancy I have them in the crown of my hat." This officer afterwards carried coolness to danger-point, and even further; he went out to India on the staff, and accompanied the army under Gough in the Gwalior Campaign, by which Lord Ellenborough celebrated the Christmas of 1843. Before the action of Maharajpore, someone noticed that Churchill was joining a charge without a sword, and was told by the General that a horsewhip was the only weapon he should use against such rascals. After the battle was over his body was found, almost unrecognisable by reason of sabre-cuts received from the despised Mahratta horsemen.

But I am losing sight of my "negatives"—such as they are. Among them a fairly clear impression of the old-fashioned posting-inns of those days; large comfortable houses in the quiet main streets of country towns, with substantial furniture, plain food and old port wine, where travellers could realise the enthusiasm of Dr. Johnson and the poet of the Leasowes. Cheltenham was even then a popular sanatorium, with its gardens and pump-rooms, its clerical severities under the famous Evangelical Close, and the Duke of Gloucester conspicuous in pig-tail and Hessian boots.

At the end of 1833 my father was much depressed by an unexpected domestic calamity, and, being in many ways dissatisfied with his position at Haileybury, resolved to retire and take the family to some quiet haven where he

might have rest. His reasons must have been strong, for he gave up a good house and grounds, with many advantages, at an age when a man is not too old to continue his work, though not young enough to undertake new occupations. We went first to Hastings, chartering a whole stage coach; and, before the end of the summer of 1834, settled at Tunbridge Wells. Our own coachman brought down the carriage, and I recollect his telling us how one of the horses had taken fright at "one of these 'ere hominy-bushes." That commencement of democratised locomotion—said to have been originally projected in Paris by Blaise Pascal—had been introduced into London by the widow Shillibeer in 1829; and *omnibi*—as Joseph Hume called them—were still novelties to rural grooms and their equine charges. They were indeed portentous machines, drawn by three horses, and carrying no less than twenty-two inside passengers. Coaches also ran to various suburbs that are now parts of "town." The suburban roads were intercepted by toll-bars, where these and other vehicles were stopped for payment. A species of highway robbery long since discontinued there, and in most other parts of the kingdom.

After some preliminary experiments we settled at Calverley Terrace, where my father bought a house with garden and stabling, and where the retired scholar had hoped to pass his declining years. It was a superior house for that period, solidly built of sandstone, with plate-glass windows. Just across the road was the house, since turned into an hotel, where Her present Majesty

Queen Victoria then dwelt with her widowed mother, the household being managed by Sir John Conroy. The young princess was a very sweet-looking girl, who was often to be seen walking in the town and on the common; and all that was heard of her bringing up announced the preparation for an exalted destiny which is not always so well and wisely made. For example, we were told of her going into a shop where they sold the pretty marqueterie-work for which the place was celebrated (and which, under the name of "Tunbridge ware," was the chief local industry). The royal child—she was not fifteen—taking a fancy to some choice sample of the ware, was told a price beyond the sum in her pocket, and reluctantly declared her inability to become the possessor. "But we can send it, and your Royal Highness can pay hereafter." "No," answered the princess firmly, "I am not allowed to buy anything I cannot pay for."

I went to school at "Tom Allfree's," then a favourite place for boys, under the imposing title of "Romanoff House." The principal had been employed in tuition in Russia,—it was said in the family of the Emperor Nicholas,—and he had married in that country; so that, though born and bred a Sussex yeoman, he had a good knowledge of colloquial Russian and French, with a very respectable continental connection. Besides boys of high social rank in the British islands, Mr. Allfree often received foreign pupils, lads of good birth from Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and even Brazil. In such an academy the classical training of childhood never slackened, while

French and geography, and a generally extended horizon, became prominent. There was also an interminable diatribe by the principal upon the not very fascinating subject of Russian rivers, beginning—"The Mezéna, the Dwina, and the Onega flow northward" . . . A sort of desultory acquaintance with things in general was to be acquired at such a place; and, as far as one kept up a taste for Latin and Greek, it could be cultivated with the assistance of Fred. Norgate, afterwards member of a well-known London publishing firm.

The period from 1834 to the middle of 1837 yields but little to recollection. In the former year some excitement was caused by an unusual exercise of the royal prerogative, when King William, on the 5th November, dismissed the Whig Ministry. Sir Robert Peel, who was travelling on the Continent, hurried home and did his best to form a government; but he was not successful in making one that would work with the House of Commons, and in April 1835 the King was obliged to reinstate Lord Melbourne and most of his colleagues. The affair is noteworthy as being certainly the last instance that history will record of an act of authority by a British monarch, unless the dismissal of Lord Palmerston—otherwise called "resignation"—in 1851 be so accounted (*v. inf.* p. 110, chap. iii.). During this period occurred the fire at Westminster which consumed St. Stephen's Chapel, the Painted Chamber, and all the rest of the old Palace where the Parliaments of England had assembled for five hundred years,—nothing of importance

escaping, with the exception of the famous Hall of Rufus. One used to hear of these public events from living a good deal with adult—even elderly—people during the holidays; especially at Belmont, in East Kent, where my father used to take me to visit his cousin, Lord Harris, grandfather of the late Governor of Bombay. This nobleman was exactly contemporary with my father, and they had been comrades in the campaign against Tippu in 1799, both serving in the brigade commanded by the future Duke of Wellington. Lord Harris had afterwards taken part in the capture of the Cape of Good Hope by Sir David Baird, and also in the operations under Bernadotte and Walmoden in 1812, and in the following year in Lord Lynedoch's winter-campaign before Antwerp. At Quatre-Bras and Waterloo he commanded the 73rd, which, with the 30th, held an exposed position on the right of the British line; and I have heard the veteran, with a hand to his shoulder where his wound stung, relate how, at the end of the day, he had only fifty men left unhurt, every officer but one being either killed or wounded. He himself suffered to the end of his life from the effects of a shot in the right shoulder received towards the end of the action.

I can date my first visit to Belmont pretty well by the fire at Westminster, of which I heard while there. We must have gone again, I think, in 1835, driving over in our own carriage. The old lord lived a quiet patriarchal life; but I remember a few other guests, amongst them Sir Robert Dick, a rubicund soldier, who

was said never to open his mouth except to put something in. He died in 1846, gallantly leading his division to the left attack at Sobraon. We also spent a few weeks about this time at Norton Court, the seat of the Right Honourable S. R. Lushington, who had been Governor of Madras from 1827 to 1832, and afterwards M.P. for Canterbury. Mr. Lushington came of a long-lived family, and was master of a pack of foxhounds till past his eightieth year. The last time we met was in 1862, when he seemed physically infirm, but was still full of life and spirit. He died in 1868, having outlived a numerous family. He was in his ninety-fourth year. Among other vague memories of the year 1835 may be mentioned the long and severe cold season, which, beginning with a fall of snow in October, lasted until the latter part of the following May. It was during this protracted winter, I believe, that *Murphy's Almanac* got a temporary celebrity by the accident of its having correctly predicted the "coldest day of the season," which befel, if I remember rightly, on the 20th January 1836.

This is not a work either of history or of criticism, yet one cannot omit to notice the effect produced on a young intelligence by the appearance of the "Pickwick Club," the first numbers of whose Papers was published in March of this year, *Sketches by Boz* having already become a favourite. Nothing can be compared to the swift success of the new book, which was, however, hardly due to the qualities which have since secured Dickens' permanent fame, and made the once obscure newspaper

reporter into a friend of the human race. Something strange and new there was in the book, compounded, I suppose, of high spirits, kindly whim, and racy language; but something also was probably caused by the state of the British mind and the nature of the light literature with which the public was then provided. At the time when the *Sketches* and *Pickwick* came into notice, *Eugene Aram* and *Gilbert Gurney* were popular novels; *Rookwood* was the rage; Mrs. Gore and Farquhar Tupper were just opening their respective gold mines. Upon such a world of melodrama, horse-play, twaddling sentiment, and sardonic humour, the broad cordiality and keen observation of the new writer came as a daybreak. Old ladies shook their heads, divines denounced it in the pulpit, mankind generally devoured it with screams of laughter.

When I was thirteen I became head of Allfree's school, so far that I was in no class and had an hour to myself with the classical and mathematical masters. French we all learned together; indeed, it was the language that we spoke all through the working day. We usually had the advantage of a resident "Monsieur"; and I may say some of us learnt French very well, and got an insight into the great writers of that language, which was far from customary at that time for English boys. I remember reading *Télémaque*, and some of the stories told by Marmontel and Chateaubriand; also receiving real pleasure from Racine, Corneille, and Molière. Nor were sports neglected: Tunbridge Wells was a great cricket centre, and I have often

seen Alfred Mynn at the wicket, or bowling to Fuller Pilch, the great tailor from Town Malling. In such a scene cricket was catching, and in the winter we used to have a good deal of skating on "The Lake," a private piece of water on the Pembury Road. In June 1837 the old King died, and the news reached us in three hours, being brought by the "Telegraph," a coach known for good and rapid driving.

In this way the pleasant years went by during which man is as near to Paradise as possible, without need or passion, and without the bitter knowledge of the forbidden fruit. In 1838 I spent a short and not very happy time (at Dr. Blimber's) in Brighton. At length, late in 1839, or early in 1840, it was determined that I should go for a while to my Uncle and Aunt Chevallier, at Durham, my father accompanying me on the journey northward, which was then not free from complications. On our way through London we put up in Dean's Yard, Westminster, where we had a relation married to Mr. Christopher Hodgson, who was a sort of ecclesiastical factotum, and at whose house one met deans and bishops. In fact, I remember hearing him tell, as having happened at his own table, a story of Sydney Smith which has become common property in various forms, and is by this time perhaps old enough to bear reproduction in its original shape. Mr. Hodgson told us that the witty Canon was dining with him, a number of other clergy of more or less exalted dignity being among the guests. The conversation turning upon the new mode of travelling by railway train, some one

spoke of the dangers to be apprehended from the then prevailing custom of locking the carriage doors. "Ah!" said Sydney, "the directors will never stop that until a train has caught fire with some great man on board: as in the days of the Reformation, a bishop must be burned." Then, recollecting that Blomfield of London (his own immediate prelate) was present, he quickly added—"Of course, I don't mean an extremely distinguished prince of the Church, but perhaps we might spare Sodor-and-Man" (a bishop who had no seat in Parliament).

I mention public affairs only so far as my humble experience is touched by them; otherwise, what a changed world would be disclosed by comparison with the state of affairs at the beginning of the still unfinished reign of Queen Victoria! Canada was then in revolt; "Louis Napoleon," an obscure adventurer not yet serving as special constable, but fighting duels and frequenting Lady Blessington's; the sheriffs of London appearing in custody at the bar of the House of Commons; the thanks of both Houses accorded to Lord Auckland for his "sagacity and promptitude in the Afghan war." I remember going to the House of Commons, then in a temporary asylum, to hear Sir John Yarde Buller and Sir Robert Inglis attack Lord John Russell; and I accompanied my father to see "Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" enter London to be married to Her Majesty,—we afterwards received tickets for the ceremony at the Chapel-Royal, St. James's, but for some reason did not go. This was in February, and about the middle of the month we set out for Birmingham, which

was then the end of the N.-W. Railway system. Here we changed into the mail-coach, which met, I recollect, with a stoppage on Shap-Fell, where the axle broke in the middle of a snowdrift. The affair was a general cause of annoyance, and when my father attempted to revive our spirits by attributing the accident to the weight of his luggage, which contained, as he informed the coachman, a piece of the Queen's bridecake, the mild pleasantry was universally regarded as inopportune.

I have not much to record of my four months at Durham, the visit being chiefly memorable to myself as giving an insight into the peculiarly English form of life presented by a Cathedral Close of those days. The Chevalliers occupied a good house in the precincts, locally known as "The College," although the University College, in the modern sense of a place of teaching, had been lately opened in the castle hard by. My "uncle"—so called as married to my mother's sister—had been something of a celebrity at Cambridge, as having been Second Wrangler ~~of Whewell's year~~; and I do not think that I have ever met a man who was (in the best sense of the word) "second" in so many subjects. Whatever professor of the university wished for a holiday, Mr. Temple Chevallier was ready to fill his chair, no matter in what course, from Hebrew to Conic Sections. He was also an ardent astronomer, and kept a good telescope at his vicarage, a few miles out of the town. Among the prebendaries was Gerald Wellesley, a younger brother of the Duke of Wellington; and a general spirit of culture appeared to rule "The College," with

pleasant evening parties, where excellent part-singing was often given by members of the Cathedral choir. I also remember going to a concert where "The Bay of Biscay" was sung by Braham, a German Jew, once the most famous tenor in Europe, but then nearly seventy years old; his singing was chiefly of the nature of declamation, but very fine still.

At midsummer I proceeded south, to prepare for entering the famous school of Rugby, then under Dr. Thomas Arnold, the well-known father of the poet, Matthew Arnold, and grandfather of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P. The journey was made by sea, from Newcastle, a passenger route long since abandoned in favour of the Great Northern Railway. At the opening of the autumn term of 1840 I was introduced into Mr. Anstey's boarding-house, and also into his form—the Upper Middle-Fifth, which was the highest into which a new boy was ever admitted, the peculiar result being that one missed the two main points of public-school life. The Upper-Middle boys were not liable to be "fagged," and they had an excessive amount of attention directed to writing Greek and Latin verses. My tenderest gratitude is due to the good parent who, at the sacrifice of much, sought to give me the advantages of Rugby; but the small use made of them by his unworthy son was partly due to the lateness of one's entrance there. As this matter involves more than a personal interest, a few explanatory words may be allowed. The form under consideration represented an important period in school-life, a sort of "break-of-

gauge." The boys in it had risen, for the most part, through the earlier discipline of the lower classes, in which they had been grounded in grammar and prosody. They also had served their apprenticeship as fags—of that service there were two sorts: the fagging in boarding-house, where a certain number of juniors, told off to a certain "preposter"—or Sixth-form boy—looked after his study and ran his errands; and the out-door fagging, in which any prefect was entitled to employ any junior who chanced to pass. The three forms immediately below the Sixth were exempt from furnishing either kind of service, though their members were not vested with the general privileges of prefects. That was the main distinction of the form in which I found myself; it was the lowest in which the boys were not fags; and a boy entering it, on first joining the school, missed the experience through which everyone else had passed. The other peculiarity to which I have referred was that Anstey's scholarship was of a nature which inclined him to lay great stress on the writing of Greek and Latin verse; and this was a matter as to which, for my own part, no preliminary practice had made preparation. With considerable general information, my education, up to that point, had been defective in "grounding," probably —so far as I can judge, certainly—the classical rudiments are given in a still more imperfect manner at private schools in more recent times. Now, it is open to anyone to argue against the study of what are called "the classical" languages, and to maintain that a young Englishman can be well educated without their aid. Into that controversy

we need not enter; but few will go so far as to recommend "a little learning" in such respects,—no one would seriously contend that Chinese should be studied imperfectly, or Sanskrit taught the wrong way.[1]

There is no need to recapitulate the petty details of long-passed disappointments; there were initial reasons why a boy of fourteen, always accustomed to the society of men and the pursuit of general culture, should not acclimatise himself to such a scene as Rugby. After a year of false quantities and scamped construing in Anstey's form, I was promoted to the "Fifth," then presided over by a much younger tutor. This was George Lynch Cotton, the "young master" of *Tom Brown*, and afterwards better known still as Bishop of Calcutta. Many of those who sat on that form have made their mark in after-life, such as Matthew Arnold, Judge Hughes, the late Earl of Derby, Lord Cross, Dean Bradley, Sir Richard Temple, Bishops French and Johnson, and other worthy successors of Vaughan and Stanley. But these men either left me in the lurch or, as my seniors, got into the Sixth, while my own career came to a premature conclusion in my seventeenth year. It cannot be denied that boys who have left public schools in this way must have started in after-life under great weights, as compared with their more happily-endowed competitors; yet, perhaps, it may be well to note that Dr. Arnold's character and system were partly

[1] It is the less needful to give details of Rugby life, as they have been recorded by my learned contemporary, Judge Hughes, in his immortal *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

answerable for their errors and misfortunes. To that pure and high-minded man the faults of youth were as bad as crimes, and so offensive as to blind him to a considerable portion of a schoolmaster's duty. To train and encourage studious and amenable boys is, doubtless, as commendable as it is delightful, but there remains a wide field of education in which it is equally important to labour, even if less agreeable. For the majority of boys are neither amiable nor earnest, but just frivolous, greedy little human beings, prone to cherish wrong ideals and to contract evil habits; and it is to the correction and reclamation of such as these that the attention of the educator can be most usefully applied. No doubt it is possible to eliminate the worst specimens, and to gradually organise a scholastic Utopia that shall appear to consist of Galahads and Crichtons; but that is not all—not nearly all—that the country has a right to expect of its most trusted educational servants. In many respects Thomas Arnold was a reformer of the system under which British soldiers, sailors, ecclesiastics, and statesmen are produced; in other respects other headmasters have done something, and much is still to do.[1]

In the summer of 1842 Dr. Arnold died, in the

[1] Among the less commonly noticed faults of our public-school system, we have still to complain of boarding-houses, and the plan of "sending away" troublesome boys. The former system is objectionable on obvious grounds; no gentleman should be exposed to the temptations and cares of hotel-keeping. As to the other matter, to ask parents to remove their sons is a confession of incompetence, where it is not a mere abdication of responsibility. It is as if a horsebreaker were to refuse to take charge of a colt because he was wild. Obviously it is the business of the breaker to tame the colt.

very midst of his work and distinction, and I left Rugby still only a Fifth-form boy, in my seventeenth year. I spent the rest of the year with private tutors, parish clergymen in Suffolk and Oxfordshire. During that period I did not come in contact with memorable adventures or remarkable men, unless the latter epithet may be deserved by the Rev. F. Golightly. This once famous champion of old-fashioned Protestantism lived in Holywell, Oxford, near where Miss Rhoda Broughton has resided in more recent days. He united a horror of "Puseyism" to a taste for caricature and a certain turn for comic versification, of all which things a blended sample occurs to recollection. There was an earl's daughter who was said to have consulted Oakeley—one of the Ritualists of the moment, who joined the Church of Rome in 1845—as to attending a Romish Mass, and to have been informed in answer that there was no sin in so doing. Upon that basis Golightly produced a sketch in which the damsel was represented on a couch, looking through an open window at her spiritual adviser, who, in monastic garb, was proceeding in the direction of a place of Popish worship! Underneath was the following legend:—

There was a young London virago
Who languished on Protestant sago,
Till, much to her bliss,
Her director said this—
"To a Catholic chapel you may go."

Golightly had another design, of a Roman circus, into which a lictor was introducing an ecclesiastic of

mild exterior, while on the opposite side a rufous Irish clergyman was rushing, in gown and band, towards a central pulpit. The Warden of ——, in prætorian toga, was supposed to utter the decree, *Newmanitas ad Curatos!* The whole being, of course, an illustration of Sydney Smith's joke, that the supporters of the new system should be punished by being "preached to death by wild curates." My tutor, Mr. Guillemard, was Vicar of Kirtlington, and used to drive me to Oxford to dine with Mr. Golightly and enjoy his latest squibs. Such things nowadays would either go into *Punch* or be eclipsed by that luminary, but in 1842 Mr. *Punch* himself was but a babbling infant.

At the end of the year 1842 I matriculated at Wadham, and with such success as to lead me at once into the highest lectures, Æschylus, Aristotle, Thucydides, etc. Among the tutors were John Griffith, then and for long years after the Subwarden, and Richard Congreve, since distinguished among the English disciples of Auguste Comte. Mr. Congreve was a very handsome man, who had been at Rugby, and had taken his degree at Wadham about three years before; he had not then embraced Positivism, indeed the founder had scarcely completed the publication of his work, and was not much talked of out of Paris. The Comtean cult does not appear to have taken such deep root in its native soil as it did in London. Moreover, the movement, which has since developed into the extensive system of Evolution, as taught by Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, was

hardly even in embryo at the time under consideration; and the matters which then appeared of the greatest importance were connected with Dr. Pusey and Dr. Hampden, at Oxford, and the anti-Erastian efforts of Candlish beyond the Tweed. The agitation of the Chartists was viewed with general alarm by the governing classes, who little foresaw that, before their generation had passed away, the five points demanded by that agitation would be either granted, or at least discussed in the forum of practical politics. The financial reform which was to furnish the final distinction of our country, and take away the worst dangers of democracy, was recognised by Cobden and felt by Sir Robert Peel, who, in introducing his Tariff Bill in the House of Commons, had boldly struck the note of Free-Trade. His words, which soon became famous, were to the effect, that as to the general principle there was no difference of opinion, all being agreed in the general rule, "that we should purchase in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." If that was true, the British statesmen must have been far in advance of the rest of their calling, for after the lapse of half a century the principle had not yet been adopted by either of the two great Republics, on the European Continent, or in America. Other events of the time were the tragic incidents of the Afghan War, and hostilities with China, into which elements of burlesque were supposed to enter. But indifference to "practical politics" was among the peculiarities—some may think the glories—of the Oxford of 1842. Sur-

rounded by the rising tide of democracy, faintly conscious of the distant din of Eastern war, the dons, and those of the undergraduates who took their tone from the dons, were principally engaged in discussing the Real Presence and the Apostolical Succession. They were High Church admirers of Archbishop Laud,—piners for "something higher and truer than what satisfied the last century." On May 21, Pusey preached, in the Cathedral, a sermon, of which the doctrine was condemned by a Board of Heresy convened by the Vice-Chancellor; and the preacher was suspended for two years, in spite of a strong protest, in which he was backed by many resident members of Convocation. In the following month the proceedings of Commemoration were disturbed by a riot in the theatre, on the occasion of making Mr. Everett, the American Minister, a Doctor of Civil Law. It was an instance of the unreasoning fanaticism of youth, that the undergraduates opposed the conferring of this honour upon a foreigner who had once been a Unitarian preacher: Everett was a man of high distinction, who was pronounced by Victor Cousin to be one of the best Greek scholars whom he ever knew, but that mattered nothing to the young champions of the Athanasian Creed. J. H. Newman was an even more influential personality. Dean Boyle has recorded, in his charming *Recollections*, that he heard both A. P. Stanley and A. H. Clough ascribe to him an exceptional "grip" on the conscience. Some, no doubt—these two among others—ultimately resisted that influence, and preferred to follow the leading of

Arnold and Maurice. Indeed, there were minds that always questioned whether Newman's other intellectual gifts were equal to his eloquence and controversial skill; and Thomas Carlyle was reported to have said of him, that "he had the brain of a buck-rabbit." A coarse enough phrase, though one can perhaps see what was at the bottom. Oxford at that time was a different place from what it has since become. Being the university of the aristocracy, it was also the university of the rich: the noblemen went about in gold and silk, when they condescended to wear academical dress at all, while the sons of wealthy men, who affected the society of noblemen, had a similar costume without the gold, and ranked as "Gentlemen Commoners" on payment of extra fees. These payments were typical, and formed a standard. The prices of everything were exorbitant, and, as the ordinary undergraduates aped the manners of the others, a general tone of luxury and extravagance prevailed. I soon saw that I had got into a set of conditions for which I had not the necessary self-control. I accordingly pointed out to my father that it was very improbable that I should get a fellowship, and that I might be ruined in the attempt, while he had other children to provide for. On these grounds I begged him to exert himself to obtain for me a nomination to the Indian Service. He argued with unselfish tenderness; his own recollections of India were not happy; he would not have me go to India as a soldier, or even as a Civil Officer to Madras or Bombay; of a "Bengal writership" he saw no chance.

He was at last persuaded to write to Sir James Lushington, a director of the East India Company, and lay the case before him. Sir James had been in the Madras Cavalry when my father was in the Service, remaining a friend ever since; he now more than fulfilled the expectation by conferring the scarcely hoped favour, and the first official envelope, of all the many that I was to see, awaited me on my return from Oxford for Christmas. I was to go up to town for examination in ten days, with the promise of a civil nomination for Bengal. On presenting myself at the old India House in Leadenhall Street, on the appointed day, I found a number of other candidates awaiting the ordeal, the examiners being three gentlemen, of whom I only recollect Canon Dale. The subjects somewhat resembled those of a pass-degree of these days: two books in Greek; two in Latin, with the Greek Testament; Algebra up to quadratic equations, with four books of Euclid; Constitutional History of England, with Paley's *Evidences*. This was passed easily.

Admitted into Haileybury, January 1844, I had at last a definite prospect of moderate success in life, dependent only on average good conduct and reasonable industry. The college course was liberal, if not hard. Empson still directed the study of "law," which consisted of an application of the principles of Paley and Bentham to moral science and general jurisprudence. I do not think we learnt much of English law—Bentham's *Grimgribber*—or that we were much the worse for the omission. Law, as a science, too, was in a somewhat

unreformed condition; though its practical application in England was already showing signs of improvement, its origin and nature were little more observed than in the days of Montesquieu. John Austin had, indeed, begun the work of rationalising, but what has been called his "cast-iron system" was not much to the taste of Empson; and Sumner Maine was then only a brilliant Cambridge man, and no one could foresee the glowing light that he was destined to throw on the rude foundations in after-days. Another teacher, equally able with Empson, and more stimulating, was the Rev. R. Jones, one of the Charity Commissioners, and a commentator on the systems of Malthus and Ricardo. He lectured on History, as well as on Political Economy. Classics we read with James Amiraux Jeremie, a Guernsey man of much culture, who afterwards became Regius-Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and died Dean of Lincoln. He lectured in the Library, where he was able to illustrate the works of ancient poets and historians by constant comparison, and to quote French and English writers in commenting on Cicero and Plato. In Oriental subjects we had the help of other able instructors, and at the end of the term our Oriental work was tested by the well-known Horace Hayman Wilson. Heaviside, afterwards Canon of Norwich, was the Professor of Mathematics. Canon Heaviside died in March 1897.

With such teaching it was the fault of the young men themselves if they failed to finish their education in a manner to qualify them for the important work of their

future lives; and more than one of the men of that time turned out excellent public servants in India, some even attaining European distinctions. Among them may be mentioned Sir Richard Temple, Bart., who, after a distinguished course at Haileybury, went to India in 1846, served in the Punjab after the Annexation, became successively Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay, and since 1885 has been Member of Parliament and Vice-Chairman of the London School Board. A less prominent, but equally honourable, career has been that of Mr. Hodgson Pratt, who retired early, and has for many years devoted his fortune and leisure to ameliorating the condition of the working classes and forwarding the cause of peace and international arbitration. Both these distinguished men I have had the happiness and pride to call my life-long friends; nor should I forget to add the name of the Marquess of Tweeddale, who did such excellent service at Simla during the great Revolt of 1857, and has in later years been a dignified and popular representative of the Queen as Lord High Commissioner in Scotland. But, of all my contemporaries, he of whom I was destined to see the most was John Walter Sherer, son of the officer of the same name who was the friend of Metcalfe, and the nephew of the Rev. George Corrie, already mentioned as the intended husband of my Aunt Alicia. Mr. Sherer served in Upper India for over thirty years, part of the time on special tasks and duties, distinguished himself with Havelock in 1857, and was

made a Companion of the Star of India. A witty and accomplished man, he has produced many interesting books, the latest being a valuable contribution to Colonel Maude's *Memories of the Mutiny*, a work of which his share at least may be expected to take a permanent place in the literature of the subject. Scarcely less remarkable among the students of 1844–46 were some who died before they could attain the full maturity of their abilities, or reap their due reward. Among such I may just mention Fred. Cooper, C.B., distinguished in the Punjab during the Mutiny; Sir T. D. Forsyth (who had been at Anstey's with me) was more fortunate, having been made a Knight of the Star for diplomatic service in Yarkand and at St. Petersburg; the ablest of all being perhaps Fred. Shaw, who died before he had any opportunity of showing what he could do.

Among other privileges which we enjoyed, or ought to have enjoyed had we known our good fortune, was that of hearing, on many Sundays of the year, one of the most famous preachers of the day, Henry Melvill, afterwards "Golden Lecturer" and a Canon of St. Paul's. His rhetoric had a lurid splendour, which was much enhanced by a delivery of great skill and power, and a voice of infinite variety, whereby our nerves were thrilled, if our hearts were not permanently affected. I remember a terrific passage in a sermon on the last hours of Saul, king of Israel; one which the preacher concluded in a truly startling way.

"I will be your witch of Endor: whom shall I raise

up for you? Shall it be the father, whose admonitions ye despised and on whose grey hairs ye heaped the ashes of disappointment? Behold! an old man riseth,—and his face is *covered with a mantle.* DO YE KNOW HIM?" W. D. (who was a son of this kind) ran out of chapel, white with rage, having barely succeeded, he told us, in repressing a shriek of defiance. That surely is what one understands by "preaching"; when a hearer comes away under the delusion that he has been personally addressed. Jeremie was also a moving pulpit orator, though at the opposite extreme in language and manner, substituting a sort of gentle pleading for the somewhat boisterous denunciation of the Principal. The latter lent himself more readily to imitations, some, I regret to say, delivered in unchastened hours by the more mimetic amongst the students, others by ambitious Professors when their own turn came to fill the pulpit. Among these was one who, when one of his own turns of preaching came round, adopted a singular modification of an argument by which Melvill had endeavoured to call us to the communion table. "It has been well asked," said Mr. S., "from this pulpit, 'If you are not fit to partake of the sacrament, are you fit to die?' But I would ask you a further question—Are you fit to live?" This attempt to go one better than his model did not, one fears, bring the preacher so much success as was deserved by his well-intentioned appeal.

Among our pursuits may be mentioned a debating society, in which, besides Pratt and Temple, a distinguished part used to be taken by Holloway, afterwards a Puisne

Judge of the Madras High Court. It is difficult, however, to remember, at this distance of time, how many members of the "Opposition," or Liberal party, there can have been—always excepting the faithful Abdiel, Pratt, whose life has been a consistent whole of sympathy with toil and genuine love of freedom. The rest of us were mostly "Cavaliers," I think, varied by a few Puritans of still deeper and narrower convictions.

Some had gone through both phases, filled in the nursery with ideas of predestination, and then brought under the great revival of Church principles. It must not be thought from this that we were saints; far, indeed, from the truth were that,—a great proportion of the students being Scots, many of them cadets of good families, who brought in that element of convivial free-living which had ever distinguished the well-born Caledonian. But it was better to look back on a romantic past than forward to a hopeless future; and a youth who had been accustomed to regard himself as an atom in a ceaseless stream of human souls rolling into the bottomless pit, might well feel relieved when asked to look up to a vision of holy grails and white-robed angels, as an orthodox penitent who solaced his intervals of mundane enjoyment by reading the *Lyra Innocentium*. The type was an anachronism, perhaps, but it did not seem so then.

Towards the end of 1844 that bright and cultured society of unpractical aspirants, known as "the young England party," came prominently forward, and soirees were held in the Northern Counties, and allotments of land

were given and speeches made by Disraeli and some of his lieutenants, on which even the illustrious commercial traveller, who was then engaged in attacks on the landed interest, "did not disdain to smile."[1] To the College periodical I was a contributor, but enough has been said on this subject in Sir M. Monier-Williams' book above referred to. Perhaps I may escape the charge of excessive vanity if I relate that I, one morning, received from Empson a note congratulating me on a bit of blank verse which had appeared with my signature in the *Observer*. As he was then editing the *Edinburgh Review*, and, moreover, finished his note by saying that he was going to show the lines to Wordsworth, who would, he felt sure, be as much pleased as himself, one was proud of the compliment and probably built more upon it than it was meant to bear.[2] The college was within a short distance of two stations of what is now called "The Great Eastern" Railway, and we had many opportunities of going to London and visiting the theatres. These were less numerous than they have since become, and the plays presented to the public would not always satisfy the present generation. But Shakspere was acted by Macready, Charles Kean, Phelps, and other

[1] Cobden met Disraeli, John Manners, and George Smythe at the Manchester Athenæum, in "October 1844," complimentary addresses being exchanged. Manners—the "Henry Sydney" of *Coningsby*, and afterwards Duke of Rutland—was author of the famous couplet—

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die;
But leave us still our old nobility."

[2] Wordsworth was then rising into his proper authority, after much misjudgment. There was perhaps a grain of truth in Lockhart's humorous complaint that he did not know "the difference between poetry and prose."

competent actors; and Planché's fairy extravagances were a constant delight, with their puns, parodies, and pretty music. Prices ruled lower than now; there was a large "pit" in every house, and by sitting over your after-dinner wine till nine o'clock you could be in time for anything you pleased at half-price. I sometimes feel inclined to think that our enjoyment of the player's art was more purely æsthetic then than now. Of course—with exceptions—the pieces were not only less realistic, but were produced with far less attention to detail. Sadler's Wells was indeed rather ridiculed for its real water; and the scenery and decorations of all the theatres were both dingy and ineffectual compared to the elaborate structure of later times. Yet with Clarkson Stanfield at Drury Lane, and Beverly at the smaller theatres, the artistic element was not wholly wanting; and when it came to acting, we were perhaps as well off as our grandsons are now. Macready was scholarly and earnest, especially in the Shaksperian parts, with what may without irreverence be called melodramatic tendencies—like Macbeth and Lear. Buckstone was the "droll" of the period, carrying on traditions of Liston and Munden; Harley was the favourite eccentric, and William Farren the "Grand Old Man." Charles Mathew and Madame Vestris were at the Olympic, and in 1838 they married and moved to the Lyceum—then called "English Opera House." Webster, Wright, and Miss Woolgar were a constellation at the Adelphi; the Haymarket could boast of the beautiful Mrs. Nisbett, widow of an officer and afterwards Lady Boothby; Mrs.

Glover was an inimitable performer of nurses and elderly matrons; Julia Bennett the most captivating of ingénues.

In 1846 this pleasant phase of life came to an end. Temple, Pratt, and Sherer were gone; and the work of preparing for the last examination loomed solid before a solitary man whose future destiny was at stake. Although more than nine lustres have rolled by since then, the long moment of sustained seriousness and strenuous exertion has left an indelible impression, though, indeed, it matters little now. Determined to leave nothing to chance, I worked at the whole varied curriculum, giving lectures in my rooms to any backward contemporaries who chose to consult me, and sometimes sitting up all night. The result was that—though not taking any prizes, for which indeed I never tried—I was accorded honours in every subject, and my good father was at last rewarded for all his patient exertion on behalf of an unworthy son, by the almost apologetic compliments of the College authorities on his coming down to witness the end of the term. They told him they had for some time done scant justice to his son, of whom—as they were pleased to say—they now felt some hope. The excuse for so much egotism in this narrative is that it holds a double lesson. For the teachers and guardians of youth it is an example of the mischief that may be done by keeping but a very few pigeon-holes into one or other of which each pupil must perforce be crammed. Thus, if a youngster was wanting in application he was assumed to be unsteady, though it might be that his leisure was really occupied by

culture and letters; no allowance seemed to be made for the variations and inconsistencies of which the character presents more in early manhood than after years of sorrow and disappointment. To young men it furnishes an illustration of the anxiety and the surplus labour that they will incur if they fritter away the bright morning of life in the pursuit of butterflies. Many a broken heart, many a frustrated career, these two causes have combined to bring about: the white heads of disappointed parents, to quote from Melvill, the silent sorrow of sisters whose education has been neglected for want of money wasted on the training of the boy—such have been among the too common consequences of a short reckless career, ended in the remorseless bush or the hospital of some great unheeding city. These dangers I had now escaped, but my health was reeling under the effort, and I had to take six months' leave before departing for India. I passed the time partly with my father, partly in Charles Street, where I shared rooms with Sherer's brother, a charming, versatile fellow, who died many years ago.

During those concluding months of my last Haileybury term the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Wyatt, had been drawn in triumph from the studio of the artist in the Harrow Road to be set up over Decimus Burton's Arch at the top of Constitution Hill. The arch then stood a few dozen paces to the north-west, and faced the windows of Apsley House, just where the more recent statue has since been erected. Richard Wyatt had been a pupil of Canova, and his groups of female forms were thought to have much of the graceful suavity of his

master; but these were qualities hardly suited to the representation of the "Iron Duke," and the result was a forced firmness that only attained the dignity of a stiff caricature. A few days after the statue had been mounted on its dizzy height—and a mounted man on the top of a doorway was itself an incongruity—I happened to be riding towards Hyde Park Corner from my lodgings in Charles Street, St. James' Square, when, just as I entered the Green Park and my eye caught the questionable figure, I began to think of the idea that posterity would form of the hero, if that was to become the accepted model. At that very moment the man himself came towards me, with well-brushed high hat, starched white "choker," blue frock coat, and buckskin gloves, trotting slowly on a chestnut cob and followed by a groom. On the horizon was a bronze image, in a grotesque cocked hat, holding a pointless truncheon over the extended neck of an exaggerated Arab charger; in my immediate sight was the neat and dapper little dandy, hastily snatching at the narrow brim of his most conventional head-dress in reluctant reply to my salute. I say "reluctant" advisedly, for it struck me that the illustrious warrior sat a little uneasily, and used both hands to govern his horse. If so, the duty of returning salutes—which he was always scrupulous in discharging—may have a little disturbed the balance of a horseman of eighty. It should be added that the Duke himself did not disapprove of the statue, nor dislike having it opposite to his windows; for when, only a few months later, the Government proposed to remove it, in deference

to public opinion, a motion to that effect in the House of Commons was withdrawn on the express ground that His Grace might regard it as disrespectful to himself. The removal did not take place until more than a quarter of a century after his death, when the statue was taken to Aldershot and the position of the arch was changed. The scornful Heine has spoken of the contrast between Napoleon and Wellington as indicated by their faces,—certainly the British soldier had not the classic, if somewhat theatric, mask of the Corsican. But there was a certain ground of comparison in their careers: each born—within a few months of each other—in a conquered island; the former belonging to the dominant race and taking his domicile as a mere accident,[1] while the latter was one of the conquered, who afterwards adopted the nationality of the conquerors only for his own ends. The ambition of the one was to rule, of the other to serve; "glory" being the desire of the former, "duty" the passion of the latter. It is characteristic of modern France that Napoleon is her demigod; of Britain, that Wellington was her hero. An American critic has somewhere said of the two heroes: "'Give me a man with a big nose,' said Napoleon; and they gave him Wellington. But the nose was a size larger than he wanted."

[1] To some one asking if he were an Irishman, the Duke is said to have answered, "If I had been born in a stable I suppose you would hardly call me a horse." That was mainly a matter of taste, for the *character* of Wellington was distinctly Saxon, or Anglo-Norman, and he had naturally no Celtic sympathies. Still, the sister-island is surely entitled to rank him with her many distinguished natives. It is remarkable that his great antagonist also turned his back on his insular birthplace.

CHAPTER II

1847–1849

LITTLE can be found, in looking back on one's last days of English life, that could be thought in any way deserving of record. It was for the country a moment of diminishing excitement, a stormy state of the public mind tending towards calm. In the beginning of 1846 Sir Robert Peel had conceded the principle of Corn Law repeal, avowedly as a measure of conciliation between different classes of the community, but under a peculiar and immediate stimulus from the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, with ensuing famine. In so doing he undoubtedly laid a chief corner-stone of the great social revolution of which we have not yet seen the end; but this is not the place for anything like party politics. The policy of Peel alienated his followers, and he resigned in the middle of the year, leaving the movement in the more appropriate hands of Lord John Russell. A political lull followed which lasted for more than five years, during which, however, much tumult prevailed on the Continent, arousing echoes in Ireland and even in England itself. Money was abundant and speculation eager; the extension of railway projects became almost a reproduction of the "South Sea Bubble"

of the previous century; George Hudson, Mayor of York, taking a prominent part which procured him the title of "Railway King"—with dethronement in the not very distant future. The literary event of the time was the bright forenoon of Thackeray's genius, long obscured by such clouds as often surround the rise of originality. About 1846 he came over from Paris and set up house in Young Street, Kensington, where he was sometimes to be seen of an afternoon, a placid giant, looking at everything through inseparable spectacles. Early in 1847 appeared the first numbers of his *Vanity Fair*, recommended by the popularity of *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* and the *Snob Papers* in *Punch*, to say nothing of a friendly criticism in the *Quarterly Review* by Abraham Hayward, then the infallible vice-chancellor of English letters. The Gardens of Vauxhall—situate, I think, where Sanger's circus has been in later days—were no longer the fashionable resort that they had been in the reign of George IV., when the celebrated Mr. Simpson stood at the entrance to welcome visitors to the royal property. But there still was music and dancing, ten thousand additional lamps, fireworks, and Joel il Diavolo in his terrific descent enwreathed in coloured flames. The last time that I saw the gardens was in 1847, in the company of Balfe the composer and Col. Michael Bruce of the Coldstreams, an ardent amateur musician. As we strolled along listening to the band, we were hailed from a box where we found a postillion of Long-jumean supping with a lady. The postillion was Albert Smith of Mont Blanc celebrity, and he sang us a comic

song while we had some champagne. The drama of those days was of a less overpowering character than has been since the case. There was no Garrick or Irving, taking rank in society by reason of mimetic popularity; but Macready, a Rugbeian, enjoyed a modest social and popular success; and Buckstone, at the Haymarket (of which house he became lessee and manager a few years later), was recognised as the successor of the famous comic actor, Liston. Charles Mathews, William Farren, and the Keeleys, were all in their meridian. Of all these Mrs. Keeley is now (1897) the sole survivor. As regards the musical drama, its home was also in the Haymarket, opposite the "Little Theatre"; it was known as "Her Majesty's," a house now utterly demolished, but then the Mecca of music and its bright and beautiful temple. The chief celebrants were Lablache, the queen's singing-master, a big Neapolitan *basso profondo,* whom his royal pupil called "Gros-de-Naples"; with him sang Mario, the greatest tenor on record, though inferior as a musician to Rubini; the chief baritones were Ronconi and Tamburini. Among woman-singers the first place belonged, as of right, to Heine's "Singing-Flower," Giulia Grisi, beautiful, passionate, but not quite accomplished as a musician; she was surpassed in knowledge and skill by Persiani, whose improvised embroideries often suspended the orchestral music and captured the listening house. The favourite contralto was Mrs. Alfred Shaw. Of the works produced with this splendid cast much might not be thought at the present day: there was, indeed, that immortal work which never fails

to please, the rich and truly dramatic *Don Giovanni*, in which Lablache was an incomparable Leporello. Some of Rossini's masterpieces were also in favour,—especially, I think, *Semiramide*. But no less popular were the ballad-operas of which one now hears no more; the luscious monotony of Bellini, and the more varied and inventive work of Donizetti,—facile Italians who could not write an overture, and who made up, as best they could, by charming melodies for their comparative failure in concerted music. In such a state of things there was evidently room for improvement, and it was this very period of conventionalism and commonplace which gave rise to the art of Verdi, Wagner, and Jenny Lind. The advent of the celebrated *prima donna* had been heralded by the praise of Meyerbeer and the enthusiastic success obtained at Vienna. Coming to London after rapturous receptions in the *Figlia del Regimento* and *Puritani*, Miss Lind appeared in Meyerbeer's *Roberto*, May 4, 1847, and was announced for the part of Norma, hitherto held sacred to Grisi, who was reported to be fired with indignation at the bare proposal—"Che cani siete voi!" so the passionate Italian was said to have apostrophised Mr. Lumley and his advisers;—"è una sola Norma, ed io son la Norma." ("Dogs that you are! there is but one Norma, —myself.") The highest expectations arose, and with them the prices at Her Majesty's. The first night was fixed for June 15, 1847, and I was to go on board at Portsmouth, outward-bound, the following day. By an outlay of thirty shillings I succeeded in obtaining a ticket for the gallery,

armed with which, late in the afternoon, I joined the expectant throng anxiously but patiently arrayed at the entry, and in due time found myself in my place. The spectacle was gorgeous; the house had been newly painted and decorated, the boxes were draped in amber silk, the greater part of the audience were in court costume. On the right hand side of the proscenium the stage-box was occupied by the Queen and Prince Albert; Yeomen of the Guard, in their quaint mediæval garb, stood on the stage below; the boxes immediately above had special drapery in red, and were filled with members of the Household and officers of the Blues, all in full uniform. When the curtain drew up it was soon made evident that the performance was to be worthy of the audience. Grisi's rendering of the part had been intense in the sense of a southern volcano; and such a passage as her "Qual cor tradisti," delivered with a rush to the footlights and a statue-like pose, had often thrilled the house. But the Swedish peasant had a reading of her own, in which it was soon clear that earnest study was supported by natural aptitude; and her pale face, sweet smile, and golden hair went in harmony to realise a convincing picture of what a British maiden might be supposed to have looked like in the days of Boadicea. When this impersonation was added to a wonderfully sustained breathing, a chaste and bird-like vocalisation, and consummate though unostentatious knowledge, the sympathies of all hearers were won, whether competent critics, or only casual visitors attracted by curiosity or fashion. The rest of the cast was as good as

the world could show—with Lablache as Oroveso, and Mario as the young Roman soldier; the Adelgisa I forget.

The curtain fell on the joyous finale, following the really beautiful duet of soprano and contralto; and the house was in a tempest of delighted admiration as I wandered out, with no heart for the ballet which was to follow, according to the custom of those days. There was a basis of sadness at my own solitary position on the eve of exile, and there was the artificial sadness of a great excitement ended, as I stepped into the colonnade. Here my reverie was roughly broken by a gruff voice saying, "Get out of 'ere, young man"; and, on looking up, I found myself in front of a towering form with cocked hat and nosegay, a sword and scarlet dress, in whom my dazzled mind slowly realised a royal footman. As I stared in silence, the gorgeous vision spoke again: "The Queen, sir—the Queen!" and there, a few paces in the rear, was the noble girl I had so often seen at Tunbridge Wells, fairer than ever in the calm beauty of young matronhood, leaning on her husband's arm and surveying the scene with a smile of quiet amusement. There was no time for reflection: behind me stood the British monarch, waiting to walk to her carriage; in front was the escort of gigantic men-in-armour, on their black chargers, lining the lower part of the street, and gleaming in the gaslight with drawn sabres. On either hand the colonnade was blocked by scarlet flunkeys. On the spur of the moment I made a desperate charge upon the

horsemen in front, broke the line of the valiant Blues, passed their rear and flank, and flung, breathless, into Charles Street, thus finishing my last evening in London by something like a personal encounter with my sovereign.

Next morning I set out for Portsmouth, accompanied by my chum and faithful friend, and in due course found myself on board "Dicky Green's" ship *Wellesley* at Spithead, where I was to share a cabin for the Indian voyage with Fred. Cooper. The so-called "Overland Route" was by that time a certainty, Waghorn having, nearly two years before, brought the mail of 1st October 1845 by that channel in thirty days. But the discomfort and fatigue was still such that many passengers preferred the longer but easier voyage round the Cape; and the ships maintained for the service, though small, according to modern usage, were well found and well manned, with a high class of officers.

The *Wellesley*, on board of which Cooper and I shared a cabin, was a fine model of a ship of 1000 tons burden, commanded by a very competent man, afterwards, as Sir Frederick Arrow, Deputy-Master of the Trinity House. He had a good staff of mates and midshipmen, all gentlemanly fellows, and the crew consisted for the most part of British seamen.[1] Small as the vessel would now be thought, she had considerable accommodation, for

[1] Arrow was a slight, nervous, highly intelligent man; and Fred. Cooper said of him that his name was most appropriate, seeing that he was thin, sharp, and always in a quiver—the last point being somewhat forced, for no one could be steadier in danger or in any form of duty.

she carried a company of Foot, the 18th Royal Irish; four of us "writers"; several married officers, returning with their wives to India, and taking one or two children, among whom was the present Earl of Lauderdale; also some young ladies and some bachelor officers, with a few non-officials, including an amiable French couple going to Calcutta to conduct a candle factory in one of the northern suburbs.

Nothing can be duller than a long sea-voyage, except perhaps the description of one by a hand that does not hold the pen of a ready writer. After we lost sight of the coast of Portugal we never saw land again for months, but sailed through soft airs over the burnished surface of the sea until we came a second time across the Equator, on, or near, the 80th meridian of E. longitude—and here the great calm fell upon us which has since obtained the name of "the equatorial belt of low pressure." The autumnal equinox was past, and the sun, swinging southward, appeared almost over our heads. Idly the good ship floated, while the more practical of her inmates could only swear or whistle for a wind, and the sentimental thought of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and realised his phrase—

> "Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck—nor breath nor motion—
> As idly as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

Locksley Hall was then in the height of its vogue, known to some by its own vigour, to others by Aytoun's

amusing parody; and its influence inspired me to a sort of echo in this dreary season. The verses were afterwards published by *Blackwood*, in a volume of poems produced in 1854, but they are quite cold now, and need not be recorded here when nothing could warm them up. The subjoined extract will perhaps be more than sufficient:—

"Thus I dream—cast out from action—nothing more is left to do;
Gazing at the sky and ocean, looking up from blue to blue,
Watching in the constellations circles of the wheeling mast,
Nourishing a moody fancy with the visions of the past,—
Or, if visions of the future sometimes seem to glide between,
'Tis but memory, and the To-be takes a shape from what has been;
That which was had cold obstruction, clouds of doubt and storms of sin,
Till one thinks—Perhaps the outer throws a shade on all within:
But the country we are seeking is the home of warmth and light,
And the soul can spread her pinions there more liberally bright:
Still I erred; I know that change of climate is not change of soul;
Every ship has care for cargo wheresoe'er the waters roll,
If storm toss or calm entrance her, from the Line to either Pole."

and so on, according to a boy's mimetic skill.

In the beginning of the cold-weather we landed in Calcutta, a little tired of one another and the ship. I found Sherer, Shaw, and Couper[1] still "in College," chumming together in a house in Chowringhee, where

[1] ...wards Sir George Couper, Bart., and Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. To be carefully distinguished from the exuberant Fred.

they offered me quarters; but I went, for the next few weeks, to stay with the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Peel, who had a beautiful house and grounds at Garden Reach, nearly opposite the Botanical Gardens. This suburb was then a fashionable quarter before it became the centre of steam-navigation offices and the abode of an exiled Mussulman family. Sir L. Peel occupied one of many fine places there, on the bank of the river, a peculiar feature of the neighbourhood being the floating by of charred corpses of Hindus, whose heirs had lacked the means of giving them rites at the adjoining "burning-ghats," and had committed them to the keeping of holy Gunga after a symbolical cremation.

This winter was a kind of *entr'acte* to one's life-drama. The curtain had fallen on Europe, and all the actuality of its interests. There was no submarine telegraph or "alternative wire," and news that was more than a month old was a little faded ere it reached Calcutta—like the noises of the street to a man dozing in his stall at a theatre. On the other hand, the curtain had not risen on the performance that was to come, and the playbill told us little that we could understand. Lord Hardinge was just returned from Simla, where he had summered after his work in the Punjab,—a bright-eyed veteran, with broad brow and hairless face, whose empty left sleeve told of Ligny and the last campaign of the mighty Corsican. Lord Dalhousie took over charge a few weeks later, the very model of a young aristocrat of genius; and, among the comments of an

able but ill-informed journalism giving welcome to the new ruler, it may be enough to note the following:—

"India," wrote the *Morning Herald*, then the leading Conservative organ of London,—"India is in the full enjoyment of peace which, humanly speaking, there seems nothing to disturb."

A greater authority—the late J. C. Marshman—told us in *The Friend of India* (20th January 1848), writing of the new Governor-General, that he "received the empire from his predecessor in a state of tranquillity which has no parallel in our annals. He arrives at a time when the last obstacle to the complete, and apparently the final, pacification of India has been removed, when the only remaining army which could create alarm has been dissolved."[1]

When it is added that Marshman wound up with the conclusion that "the peace of the country rests upon the firmest and most permanent basis," enough has been said.

I do not recollect much of this period, during which we youngsters were still in pupillary status, under the system which had survived Lord Wellesley. His College of Fort William had lost its academic character, and "Writers' Buildings" had become an abode of commerce; but the name of the college still subsisted, and the young civilians were expected to present themselves from time to

[1] These quotations are to be found in Hunter's *Dalhousie* (67, 68), where they are said to be taken from Sir E. Arnold's book on the same subject.

time for examination in Persian and in the vernacular of their respective Provinces, mine being Lower Bengal. Hardinge left on the 18th of January, a man characterised by the Duke as one who "never undertook anything that he did not understand." So general was the belief in the durability of Punjab arrangements, that Henry Lawrence had withdrawn from the direction of affairs at Lahore, and now took a passage with the retiring Governor-General, their vessel being a steamer called *Muzafar* belonging to the East India Company's "Marine." In three months from that date the bloody rising of Mulraj had begun, and a few days later Dalhousie had made the speech at Barrackpore in which he uttered the memorable declaration: "The conquered Sikhs desire a new war; and, gentlemen, war they shall have with a vengeance." A day or two later he set out for Ambala.

The winter in Calcutta was a time of what a historian has called "deep commercial gloom." The previous twelvemonth had been marked by bad trade and general disaster at home, and these things were bound to find an echo in the East. The failure of several prominent London houses had been followed by a panic in the City; Exchequer-bills had been sold at a heavy discount, and the Bank-rate had risen to 8 per cent., while Consols fell to 84; for a moment the Bank Act of 1844 was suspended. All this became known in India before the end of 1847, and ere long the effect in Calcutta was the insolvency of several considerable firms, and the crash of the Union Bank. Some of the leading people in the

English colony were implicated in serious charges — a Master in Equity was suspended, the Administrator-General lost his place for misuse of estates intrusted to his charge, and was menaced with criminal proceedings.

While these things were afflicting the metropolis of British India, Cooper, Shaw, and myself had gone for another sea-voyage, being taken to the Isle of France by a good fellow named Buckle, commander of a country ship called the *Samarang*. This was a former passenger-vessel of 700 tons, which had been chartered by an Arab syndicate to convey rice to the island; and her crew was composed of Asiatics, classed as *serangs*, *topasses*, and *lascars*, with a Maltese gunner, a Scottish carpenter, and a couple of Persian supercargoes. The chief officer was a gentlemanly young Englishman named Hayter, of whom I have never heard since, with a second mate, afterwards known as a popular P. & O. captain, by the name of Tom Beasley. These two messed aft with the captain and passengers, but the writer of these lines is now probably the sole survivor. The voyage was even more uneventful than that in which Cooper and I had shared a cabin the year before, until the last week, when our repose was broken by an event which was very near bringing the ship and all it contained to a dark and premature conclusion. It was on Good Friday, as we sat at the cuddy-table in the afternoon, that there suddenly fell on our ears the sound as of distant church-bells. The laity among us took it for a sign of approaching land, but the ship's officers, having the tendency to superstition so seldom

absent in those who occupy their business in great waters, looked at one another and were mostly silent. Next day, while we were at our one o'clock dinner, the gale they had been expecting swelled against us, and the wind brought up a sudden core of black storm. Buckle rose from his seat and went out on deck, followed by Hayter. It happened that, shortly before the *Samarang* sailed, an ancient mariner, named Piddington, had published in Calcutta his *Law of Storms*, in which—I believe for the first time—the scientific theory of cyclones was attempted, if not explained; and Hayter was provided with a copy of the work. In a pocket attached to the cover was a small sheet of horn inscribed with circular diagrams, and the idea was that, by applying this to the neighbourhood of your vessel on the chart, you could find out the probable course of the hurricane and take your measures accordingly. Hayter now produced his hornbook, and proceeded to argue that, by laying the ship to with her head to the wind, we should have a chance of letting the hurricane blow over. Impressed by this reasoning, our skipper resolved to turn his ship's head to the E.N.E., in the hope that the storm might pass over us without delay or avoidable danger. The glass was now falling rapidly, as Buckle wore ship, and lay to with topgallant masts lowered, and courses and topsails tightly brailed to the yards, in which position we encountered the swift approach of night and tempest. To leeward the sea seemed to rise in illuminated glaciers, but as the ship rolled the wind on the other side lifted waves that swept the deck. In view of all this,

manropes had been rigged from bulwark to bulwark, by help of which Buckle and his officers crept about, while goats, sheep, and poultry were borne into the howling abyss. Every now and then the roar of the rain and the wind slackened, but only to be renewed with louder clamour as a sail that had been badly brailed was torn from the bolt-ropes and carried away into the storm like a puff of vapour. Meanwhile, as the ship leaned under the blasts, the bulkheads of the former cabins below the quarter-deck gave way under the pressure of the damp rice, which broke away to leeward and clung there, increasing the "list," or angle, at which we were laid. Every now and then Buckle came into the cuddy, in "sou'-wester" and dripping waterproof, to consult the barometer and apologise for having brought us into such a pinch. The Persian supercargoes cowered in a corner with their legs crossed upon the deck; the one, who had played whist and drunk sherry, and altogether been a lax practitioner of Islam in fine weather, silent, or only crying "Bismillah!" when a charge of crockery was shot down upon him by a sudden lurch; the other, a Haji of devout habits, clasping his Koran in its silken cover, and calmly declaring that he meant to hold it over his head as we went down, so that the holy Volume might be the last to sink. As for the native crew, they displayed the usual varieties of human character, some—as Beasley said—"behaving like Jacks," while others crept into any shelter, some even crouching supine under the cuddy-table. About midnight Mr. Lillingstone, the Scottish carpenter, came aft with his

axes, prepared to cut down the mizen-mast; and very seriously he took the matter, as we were sorry to perceive. But, before this extreme measure was adopted, Beasley, in the intervals of swearing at the sea for rushing into his cabin, suddenly proffered a happy thought. The timbers of the vessel were still staunch, but although there was no leak, the water washing in the hold was so deep that we were in danger of being swamped if more came in. She was now almost on her beam-ends, but it seemed to him that this was caused by the shifting of the cargo, and the obvious remedy would be to throw it overboard. My elementary knowledge of Persian was accordingly put in motion to lay the case before the supercargoes, who hastened to accord the desired permission, to be entered in due course in the log-book, and hold the skipper free of responsibility in the possible, if not probable, event of our ever getting to land. The bewildered believers in *kismet* saw at once that this was a case where a benevolent destiny might be aided by human exertion. They implored us to do whatever we liked, and we proceeded at once to avail ourselves of their liberal assent. There was a hatchway in the cuddy-deck, sheltered by the poop, and it was possible to open the stern ports; all the Europeans helped; and the rest of the night was passed in descending to the lower deck, raising the dislodged rice bags, and heaving them into the sea. About four in the morning, partly by this and partly (I believe) by a diminished violence in the wind, the ship's inclination was sensibly decreased, and we turned in; Shaw, who was a man of a

very cheerful courage, exacting a promise from the officers that he should be awoke before the ship went down.

Fortunately this unpleasant awakening was not required. My own cabin was on the leeward side, completely under water, but fatigue overpowered all other feelings, and I went to sleep with the raging waters audible above my head. When we woke the sun of Easter was shining on the ocean, still swollen with the agitation of the past night, and the Europeans on board the *Samarang* had " Church " on deck, and discussed the storm with thankful hearts. What had happened was soon made plain. In the novelty of Captain Piddington's inventions it had not been borne in mind that we were now many degrees south of the Equator, where the " law " acted exactly in an opposite direction from what it did in the Bay of Bengal. In applying the horn diagram to the chart, Buckle and Hayter had forgotten this, and the ship's head, when she lay to, had been pointed in the wrong direction. Such had been the force of the wind that, on taking their midday observation this Sunday, the officers found that we must have drifted about two hundred miles since the vessel was hove to.

In a day or two after this we entered Port Louis, the chief harbour of the Mauritius, situated on the north-west of the island. As we gazed in the spring morning at the beautiful low-roofed town, nestling at the foot of an enormous mountain-wall, we realised the difference between life and death, while hoping that we might never again hear chimes at sea. The alarm that had preceded our

great storm appeared now to be traceable to a simple cause. In the harbour was a bell attached to a huge floating buoy, and the strength of the trade wind must have brought to our ears what the ship's officers were quite justified in taking for a presage of tempest.

The island of those days was different in some respects from what it has become since. There were no railways, nor was the cool central plateau of Curepipe generally available for a health-resort. But the soft landscape immortalised by Bernardin was occupied by the plantations of a courteous old-fashioned breed of Frenchmen, who remembered the old corsair days before the British conquest, when Surcouf and Lemême were the terror of Indian commerce; manners—if not morals—were still in a state of Arcadian simplicity. The slaves had been emancipated, and the negroes were taking up the higher branches of skilled labour, while the coarser work in which they had once been employed began to devolve more and more upon "coolies," men imported from India. The main island produce was sugar,—it is so still, I believe, though other industries have been developed,—but the growth of the cane and the sale of its produce were, even then, attended by great and growing difficulties. The manufacture of beet sugar was, indeed, far from showing its present vast proportions, and the price of all sugars was more than double of what it has since become. But the want of slave labour was already making itself felt: the coolies, rigorously protected by law, preserved the infantile waywardness of backward

races, who will not work steadily without compulsion. A strike for raised wages—perhaps merely for a holiday —was almost certain to succeed if it took place at the proper moment, that is to say, after the cane had been cut and while it still lay on the ground awaiting removal; for, lying there untouched in the heat of a tropical sun, it would soon ferment and be of no further use, excepting as manure, unless the men were quickly satisfied and induced to renew work. Added to this, the panic in Calcutta had already spread to the island; money was "tight," and the planters—mostly of French extraction—were in a bad way. Nevertheless, the old-fashioned urbanity and hospitality remained; not only did the merchants in Port Louis keep open house, but the good Creoles [1] were ready to offer bed and board to any fairly recommended guest who chose to visit their plantations. Thus the four months of my stay made a most agreeable time, on which it is very pleasant to look back. I was an honorary member of the officers' mess of the Fifth Fusiliers, of which one wing was at Port Louis and the other at Mahébourg. A worthy Scot took me into his house at the former town, armed with whose letters I made a tour in the interior, where the life was easy and almost idyllic. With a Hindustani to carry a small valise, one wandered through woods of ebony and iron-wood, and across plains covered with palm trees and

[1] White colonials. *Homme blanc, originaire des colonies*, Littré. In Mauritius the word applies to any colonial product—horses, rice, potatoes, etc.

loquats—locally known as "bibasse"—whose fruit, with water tapped from "the travellers'-tree," furnished the midday meal. Sometimes the way was shaded by gigantic tree ferns; arriving on a height, one often beheld a river winding at the foot of wooded hills, or leaping down from rock to rock in a precipitous cascade. Far away across the bright green of the low-lying canefields the blue level of the distant sea was broken by lines of white, as it surged against the black basaltic reefs which rose above the water. At the end of the march appeared the enclosure of the planter's grounds, with a formal drive leading up to an artificial tank peopled by ornamental fishes; a one-storeyed house, or "bungalow," facing the approach, and on the sides a pavilion for bachelor guests, stable, coach-house, and storerooms. In the decay of their fortunes the owners would have little luxury in the shape of food; what they had they shared willingly with their visitors—often no more than a fish or a pair of pigeons, a dish of greens boiled with a little bacon, and a bottle of thin but genuine Bordeaux wine. But old-world French refinement was not wanting; harp and song made music, furnished by ladies often educated in Paris; and interesting was the talk with the host, who —if old enough—would speak with kindling eye of days *quand j'étais corsaire.*

A clean bed in the pavilion aided the pleasant fatigues of the day to minister refreshing sleep, and in the morning, after a cup of coffee, one went on a similar day's journey to the next plantation. The climate

at that time of year was perfect. The island rises in the centre, and the rise is marked by a proportionate fall of temperature, so that when Fahrenheit registered 85° at Port Louis, the mercury at Curepipe would be nearly ten degrees lower. Sometimes the rural repose would be varied by a *chasse* in the deep woods, where an occasional hare would scuttle into the adjoining cane-field, leaving a momentary track in the dewy grass; or a rare deer might be driven across a glade in the forest, only to be shot by a happy combination of nerve and luck. Even if we went home to lunch with an empty bag, yet the early walk had been its own reward.

Such an Arcadian state of society was naturally recommended by the charms of the Creole ladies, famous ever since the days of "Paul and Virginia," that hapless pair whose supposed tomb at Pamplemousses was an established place of pilgrimage. But Cupid had adopted business habits since the enactment of the *Code Civil*, which—despite the conquest—continued to be the law of the island; and the great facility of divorce led to laxity of manners and sometimes to serious events. A case that came under my notice may be mentioned here, though the end was not apparent till some time after. The purport of the law was—and, I suppose, is to this day—as follows. A man and his wife could go before a magistrate, and, for a Court fee of two shillings and sixpence, lodge a petition for divorce in their joint names. This petition, however, would not be at once granted, but the incompatible parties would be dismissed after

a friendly admonition from the Court, and permission to return and claim a decree absolute after the expiry of a twelvemonth should they unhappily fail to compose their disputes during that interval. A gentleman with whom I became somewhat intimate during my wanderings had gone through this experience, being the husband of a lady of the most impossible habits and character, according to his representation of the case. On the completion of the year's probation, therefore, M. and Madame D—— had made their last appearance as a married couple, and had received their decree absolute; they parted at the door of the Court, and madame had taken charge of her little girl and immediately left—for India, as was supposed. M. D—— was now in a melting mood, and made me promise that, when I got back to India, I would institute inquiry for his erring partner. I bore his request in mind, though unable to carry it into effect till some years later, as will in due course appear.

Amongst excursions in the interior the most memorable was that to the foot of the Pieter-Botte mountain. This remarkable peak, crowned by an almost detached crag looking like a Cornish logan-stone of gigantic size, towers over the harbour of Port Louis, but is usually approached from the east or landward side, and, at the time of which I speak, it had not often been ascended. This was not due to its height, which was, I suppose, not much superior to that of many of the hills of Great Britain, but was caused by the peculiar conformation of

the mass. Our party comprised Hayter, Tom Beasley, Lillingstone the carpenter, Cooper, and a charming and accomplished artilleryman, Captain Swinney, who unfortunately died soon after. We slept in a hut on the plains of Moka, and the bulk of the party rose at 5 a.m. to begin the ascent; but I was too tired, or too lazy, and they had to depart without me. When at last I rose, I could watch them as they emerged from the forest which appeared to reach about half-way up the hill; and when I lost sight of them, I found occupation in getting luncheon ready against their return. They had much to relate when they came back, having carved the name of the *Samarang* on the summit of the detached crag; they had succeeded in mounting, by the help of a rope-ladder, which, with nautical ingenuity, the sailors had contrived to throw up. Beasley, who was a skilful artist, drew the scene for me, but I have long ago lost his sketch.

The *Samarang* returned to Calcutta, and we settled down to town life during the midwinter months of June, July, and August, when the climate of Port Louis is more than tolerable. I bought a horse out of the stables of the Governor, Sir William Gomm, afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Armies, and this animal I trained for the forthcoming races. The meeting took place on the Champ-de-Mars, in front of the Malartic Monument, and my little nag won his race, to the delight of Lady Gomm, who watched the running with keen interest from the grand stand.

Of the officers then in garrison I do not know that any

now survive, unless it be General Milman. He perhaps has forgotten a certain night when the gallant Fifth entertained the officers of a French frigate which called at Port Louis, where they received the first news of Louis Philippe's fall and exile. The French navy of that time was an aristocratic body, and the officers professed much indignation at the idea of being transferred to the service of a Republic. We offered respectful sympathy, and many speeches followed the dinner, in one of which expression was given to royalist feeling by the senior officer present. The captain had been detained on board, but the first lieutenant, speaking on behalf of the whole ship's company, assured us that they would maintain their loyalty with their lives. The wine went round—there was no smoking in messrooms then; the night wore on; at last it was time for our guests to seek their ship. We caught up the first lieutenant, who was asleep on his chair, and carried him in triumph through the sleeping streets, which we roused—I regret to acknowledge—by the inappropriate strains of the "Marseillaise." Arrived at the landing-place, we found the ship's boat, in which we left the helpless and still unconscious officer in the charge of his astonished followers. Next day a number of us went on board, by invitation, to inspect the beautifully kept vessel, and to lunch in the ward room. It says much for the tact and breeding of our hosts that no allusion was made to the reprehensible orgie of the previous night. The next war-vessel that came to the port was a fine British corvette, the *Brilliant*, broad in beam, built on what was then known

as the "Symondite" pattern, and a very beautiful object when her "royals" tapered into the sky above her shapely hull. But we did not make the acquaintance of the officers as long as my stay lasted.

It became necessary to think of returning towards the end of the southern winter, so as to reach Calcutta by the beginning of the cool season, when our leave would expire. Cooper had already left, but I found him at Madras, whither I went alone in another "country vessel." We passed a few pleasant days at the Madras Club, then—and I doubt not still—one of the best in India. There were many clever and agreeable men there in those days, among whom one particularly recollects Major Philip Anstruther, and Messrs. J. B. Norton and Osborne, leading barristers. Anstruther was a stout field officer in the Madras Artillery, who had taken part in the Chinese War of 1841. He had been captured by the enemy and carried about in a cage, to be shown at the fairs like a wild animal. He was a kindly fellow, with a taste for brown sherry, and clever as a caricaturist, one of his favourite subjects being himself. By and by the old *Wellesley* turned up, on a fresh outward voyage, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to return to Calcutta on board the vessel that had brought us out a year before. It was a season of terrific storm, and I well remember one special hurricane that caught us just off the Sandheads, and the tragic sight in a trough of the sea as night was falling. An Arab ship, having lost all her three masts, was drifting helpless, and the crew, in their very predestinarian apathy, lay scattered about the

deck, some in an attitude of prayer; one glance only as we passed; the ship and crew were probably never seen again by mortal eye. Many craft were known to have been lost that night off the Sandheads.

Our good *Wellesley* was safely conducted to the mouth of the Hooghly by her able captain, and there handed over to the pilot, a gentlemanly fellow who played to us on the flute as we slowly ascended the river, brimming with monsoon water, whilst his assistant hove the lead.

I rejoined the College of Fort William in November 1848, with health greatly benefited by the voyage. A few days later an apparent trifle determined the course of my after-life. My old friend and comrade, Fred. Cooper, had asked me to a luncheon that he was giving at Spence's Hotel, and among the guests was Captain Arthur Broome, of the Bengal Artillery, at that time in charge of the Honourable Company's gun foundry at Cossipore, a suburb of Calcutta, on the Barrackpore Road, with whom I had a slight visiting acquaintance. After we had risen from table, Broome took me aside and spoke with blunt kindness of my fatigued appearance, which had so struck his wife and himself, that they were impelled to ask me to come out to the foundry and try whether country air and a quiet life would give me strength. I was not unwilling to leave town; the group of my friends there had broken up, most of them having passed through their college probation, and had gone up-country to begin their official careers, and I knew that the time was at hand when I must do likewise,—I was now approaching the age when

Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I had hardly left school. So I thankfully accepted Mrs. Broome's invitation, thus seasonably pressed upon me by her good husband, removing my small paraphernalia to the pleasant house in a riverside garden, where they proposed that I should pass the winter as their guest.

Broome has long since passed away, and has left no monument such as might have been expected from his talents and his distinguished nature. A friend of Henry Lawrence, and an officer of intelligence and courage, he had married a beautiful woman, the young widow of a Dr. Kent, and had retired from military life to occupy the pleasant and well-paid administrative post at which I now found him. The foundry stood on the bank of the Hooghly, quite out of town, and between the foundry and the mighty river stood the house, one of the usual Bengal type, raised on a basement some eighteen feet high, containing kitchen, offices, storerooms, and spare chambers; while the upper part, where the reception-rooms and best bedrooms were, was protected from the sun by broad verandahs and green venetian blinds, looking on the river and the grounds, shaded by the boughs of blossoming mango-trees and the spreading banyan. Here, in the society of a scholarly man of the world, I passed my time during the cool months, sometimes reading Bengali, sometimes accompanying Mrs. Broome on visits to Calcutta. Broome was, like his friend Lawrence, a student of history, and his work on the Bengal army—unhappily incomplete—is a valuable and attractive relic of what ought to have

been a far greater achievement. In our frequent conversations he used to praise the work of the versatile Resident of Murshidabad—the late Mr. Henry Torrens—on *The Scope and Uses of Military History*; while he would urge similar studies on his youthful hearer, particularly selecting, as a virgin subject, the lives of the European adventurers in the East, such as Gen. de Boigne and George Thomas.

One morning, as I was dressing, I saw a carriage drive up to the door, carrying a charming young girl, who was —to judge by the trunks and boxes—coming to stay. Doubtless, I put on a smart necktie and gave my nascent moustache an extra twist before going up to breakfast, where, in due course, I was presented to the newcomer, a young lady who had lately lost her father, Brigadier-General Moore, commanding the Rajputana Field Force. The little lady was rather subdued by her father's death and other recent sorrows, but her resolute, clear-cut face told of a heart for any fate, and its delicacy of complexion was compensated by a rounded form and a springy footstep. Cooper, who was a constant visitor at Cossipore, shared the general admiration excited by this charming creature, but the deeper and more serious attractions of her mind were revealed only to inmates of the house. As for anything but a passing appreciation, I was protected by the broken state of my health and the fact that, being attached to the Lower Provinces, I had no reason to expect that it would long resist the hot and steamy climate of Bengal. Doomed to an early death, I plodded on at the language, corrupt and barbarous as it seemed, and without

a literature, so that all the agreeable features of the situation were hidden in a despondent gloom.

One day, as I was sitting with my Munshi struggling with the difficulties of Bengali, I suddenly laid down the book and told him I really could not study any more for the present at such an obscure and uninteresting task. "The fact is, Hari Mohan, that your muddy country does not suit me, and it is the curse of my life to have to prepare for examination in its vernacular." "You would prefer Hindustan?" asked the Munshi. "Yes," I answered; "my best friends are gone there, and I hear all sorts of glowing accounts of the lovely cold-weather and the beautiful historic buildings that you find there." "Why not get an exchange?" he asked, showing no annoyance at the disparagement of his mother-province. I answered that I had applied for a transfer and been refused. "Yes," he said, "you will not get the Government to move; but why not effect a private exchange? There is Mr. Naesmyth—you know him; he wants to marry the daughter of the Judge of Chinsura, and the only obstacle is that he is for the Upper Provinces, and the lady does not wish to be parted from her parents." It seemed worth an effort; I wrote a hasty note, and sent it by a special messenger to town. Unexpected success followed, the messenger bringing in due course a kind reply. My friend received my missive while conversing with another man on the same subject. "But immediately I had read your note," said he, "I threw L. over, and am ready to exchange with you." Mr. Naesmyth and I accordingly sent in our papers, and the exchange

was at once effected. He married, and I suppose the lady ultimately conceded to the husband what she had refused the lover—they went to the Punjab, and he retired at the end of his twenty-five years to settle as a country gentleman in Scotland. He is now—1894—Sir James Naesmyth, of Dalwick, Bart.[1]

At Christmas the Broomes took us to stay with Sir Herbert Maddock at Barrackpore; Lord Dalhousie was still in the Punjab, and Sir Herbert was conducting the affairs of the Lower Provinces, and occupying the gubernatorial residences. Cooper and others were included in the invitation; and among the other guests were Mr. D. Bethune, law member of Council, and Sir Arthur Buller, a judge of the Supreme Court, and former pupil of Thomas Carlyle. Lady Buller, who accompanied her husband, was a charming woman, and the visit proved a very delightful episode. I was by this time relieved of my anxiety; had become an all but recognised admirer of Miss Moore; Cooper playing a part—to compare small things with great—resembling that of Goethe with Lotte and Kestner in the drama that led to *Werther*.

One would not wish to prose about matters of no general interest, yet the memory of that bright moment is sadly sweet, and its perfume rises round the pen that stirs it. In the daytime we wandered about the delicious grounds, now consecrated by the monument of the beautiful Lady Canning; in the evening there was music, and the energetic Cooper organised a performance of the

[1] Sir James died in 1896.

Midsummer Night's Dream, in which he played the part of Bully Bottom with rare humour. I left Barrackpore an engaged man, and went into lodgings to live quietly and studiously until I should pass in Hindi and start in active service. After a successful examination I was gazetted to the North-West Provinces. We were married very quietly at St. John's Church, then known as "The Old Cathedral," on the 8th of February 1849, Cooper being my groomsman; and, after a few days at Barrackpore, my bride and self set off for Agra (the then seat of the local government), taking a couple of horses and a man-servant, and driving by easy stages as far as Benares.

Excepting for a few short meetings, I never again saw anything of Cooper, and he has long since passed away; like Broome in this, that he has left no mark commensurate with his talents and the expectations which they created in the minds of his friends. The son of a London clergyman, he had been educated at Westminster, and had been contemporary with Shaw, Temple, Pratt, Sherer, etc., at college. Of his scholastic course there was nothing to be noted; perhaps his versatility impeded distinction in any one line. But, in truth, it was that quality which made him so noticeable. With a slight frame, he was muscular as a tiger; excellent at billiards, cricket, field sports, and arms; with a perfect ear, a fine touch on the piano, a voice of much compass and strength, equally suited for singing or ventriloquism, witty in conversation, and gifted with an inexhaustible faculty of speech. Nor were all these gifts merely superficial; on the contrary, they were the outcome

of a strong will, and when the time came we saw that they were part of a character full of resource. During the troubles of 1856 he was one of the most distinguished of the many able provincial administrators of the Punjab, where his capture of a mutinous regiment was a brilliant feat for a civilian, however people less tried might shake their heads at the wholesale slaughter that followed. What was wanting to complete glory proved to be a lack of prudence and of dignity. His natural high spirits got so much the better of his taste as to hurry him into publishing a description of the tragedy, which led Lord Canning to say, in his report on the subject, that he recommended for recognition Mr. Cooper, whose deeds would, "His Excellency hoped, be an excuse for his method of relating them." Cooper was made a C.B., and from that day his star appeared to decline. But I must hurry on with my own recollections.

We followed the "Grand Trunk Road," then recently completed, driving some ten miles a day, and resting at the travellers' bungalows erected for the purpose at every stage. After leaving Burdwan we found the way surrounded by picturesque hills; the chief among them being the sacred place of Jain pilgrimage, Párasnáth, since then the scene of an abortive attempt to found a convalescent station for European soldiers. At Sherghâti we descended into the level plain of Bihar, and drove tandem through the broad Sôn in a dust storm. At Sasseram we visited the grand mausoleum of the famous usurper Sher Shah, and arrived at Benares about a month after we left

Barrackpore. Here, as the weather was now becoming hot, we resolved to push on; an enterprising Babu had recently established a service of horses—or rather ponies—placed in relays, to take travellers from stage to stage. Leaving our horses and buggy to follow us by ordinary marches, we set off for Agra by the new system, and, arriving in due course, became the guests of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable James Thomason. The life of this good and able public servant has been related at sufficient length by Sir Richard Temple, aided by the recollections of others; and those who desire to know more about "a forgotten worthy," as Mr. Thomason has been called, will find much of interest in Temple's monograph. How well he deserved the monument raised to him by his distinguished pupil and biographer, may be supposed if only by noting the words recorded at his death by Lord Dalhousie. "Conspicuous ability," wrote the Governor-General, "devotion to the public service, and a conscientious discharge of every duty, have marked each step in his honourable course; while his surpassing administrative capacity, his extensive knowledge of affairs, his clear judgment, benevolence of character, and suavity of demeanour, have adorned and exalted the high position which he was wisely selected to fill."

Such was the patron and preceptor under whom civil officers of that time started in the North-West Provinces; far in the remote past are the days when we sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and learned the lore to be applied, in discomfort and drudgery, to the service of the poor. The

matters to be dealt with were obscure, and the details difficult: the skill and knowledge of a handful of foreigners must have often been at fault, but at any rate our master was not to blame. Brought up in traditions of benevolent and unsparing labour, he became (in the best sense of the word) a specialist. Grasping the principles of great predecessors—however they might vary in their practice—he learned from Sir Thomas Munro the importance, to rulers and ruled alike, of a strict administration of the land, while, in the school of Lord Metcalfe, he acquired a conviction of the advantage to be obtained from holding the people of each village together in joint management and common responsibility. It was this conviction, based on intelligent study and observation, that gave interest and even romance to a subject in itself dry and technical. "Settlement"—in other words, the adjustment of State demand upon the land with general organisation of agrarian economy—was more than a science to Thomason, it was a benevolent scheme, which has been largely realised. Wherever, from the borders of Bihar to the Punjab, a community of industrious yeomen till the light soil, while their children are instructed in the village school, and the traveller pursues his unmolested way along the Grand Trunk Road, all attests the wise and well-applied forethought of the Lieutenant-Governor of 1843–53.

Mr. Thomason lived in a handsome house of one storey, with wings for the staff and visitors, and standing in extensive grounds. The last time I was at Agra it was still standing, and the property of the Maharaja of Jaipore.

In those days the seat of Government had been moved from Allahabad,—whither it has been again transferred since the Mutiny,—and the Lieutenant-Governor was expected to live there all the year round, unless when touring about his province in camp. Mr. Thomason was a widower, but the household was admirably managed by Captains Minchin and Grant, his staff-officers. Among the other high officials of the station of Agra were Mr. Lushington,—since Sir Henry Lushington, Bart.,—who was a judge of the Chief Court; Messrs. T. J. Turner and F. H. Robinson, of the Revenue Board; and Coverley Jackson, afterwards the first Chief Commissioner of Oudh after the Annexation. Mr. Turner's family I remember well; one of his lovely daughters afterwards married Mr. Philip Trench, the able and accomplished brother of the late Archbishop of Dublin; they were four in all, and very fine girls.

After a short initiation into Mofussil society, and into the art and craft of "Settlement," I found myself posted to Muttra, where my friend Sherer was already joint magistrate, in succession to Temple, transferred to the Punjab. This appointment was partly my own choice, Mr. Thomason not altogether adopting the arbitrary methods of some dispensers of place, who make their arrangements without consulting those interested any more than if they were pieces on a chessboard. He gave me my choice of at least two vacancies, and of the two I chose Muttra.

INTERCHAPTER

DECAY OF DUELLING IN INDIA

NO account of the days with which we are here concerned would be at all adequate, that did not make some mention of the practice of private warfare which hardly (in India) came to an end before the great Mutiny of the Bengal Army. The middle of the now departing century was marked, in India, by several serious duels; and it may be well that one of the few remaining survivors of that vanished time should preserve some record, however faint, of a state of things so foreign to our island character.

How the system of private encounters arose and took root on the Continent has often been told. A lively Scots lawyer—Mr. George Neilson—has summarised the mediæval accounts in a little book, *Trial by Combat*, published by Williams & Norgate in 1890. The rude Burgundians of the sixth century devised wager of battle as a rough and ready way of settling disputes, before the idea of judicial evidence had occurred to their uncultured minds. As the abuse of which the system admitted began to declare itself, a more scientific way of getting at the truth in litigation took the place of club-law, and the duel became a luxury for men of noble birth accusing one

another of political offences. This, too, gradually gave way, until the treason-duel of chivalry followed the wager of battle in law; but the pugnacious instincts of French and German found another vent, and duelling became a method of voiding private quarrels amongst gentlemen. As continental manners became fashionable in England, duelling—aided by the custom of wearing swords in civil costume—took root among the higher classes. But ere long the prosaic English nature prevailed, the use of the rapier declined, and single combat, confined for the most part to the determination of serious quarrels, was carried out only by the pistol, the unconcealed object being the death of one or both of the combatants. The classical instance of an Anglo-Indian duel of the eighteenth century was that between the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, and his bitter rival, Sir Philip Francis. Hastings was anything but a bully, nevertheless he sought this encounter of set purpose. The conduct of Francis in Council having become an intolerable obstacle to the administration, Hastings called him out with the undisguised intention that one of them should fall. This is shown by his objecting to the shady spot first chosen by the seconds, on the express ground that there was not sufficient light, and by his demeanour before the duel, though he showed anxiety for his adversary's life after he had "winged" him. The whole details will be found admirably related by Dr. Busteed in his *Echoes from Old Calcutta* (2nd edition), p. 109 ff.

Reverting to the British Islands, we find that duels

with the pistol—frequently attended with lethal results—continued to be fought down to the period of Queen Victoria's Accession. In the first decade of that reign, however, a strong feeling began to show itself in the press and in society as to the obsolete and scandalous nature of the practice. There were experts in duelling, like "Fighting Fitzgerald" in Ireland, who wore a hidden shirt of mail, and was finally hanged. Such men would fasten on a young fellow, cheat and fleece him at cards, and then insult him in order to get money for letting him off fighting. These and other considerations led to the slow decline of the practice. O'Connell was challenged in succession by Peel and by Disraeli, but contrived to avoid fighting. In 1843, however, Lieut.-Colonel Fawcett, of the 55th Foot, was killed by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Monro of the Blues, on a family dispute. Public opinion was highly excited, and the coroner's jury found a verdict of "Wilful Murder." Monro's commission was forfeited, and, being found guilty in the criminal trial which followed, he was sentenced to death. The sentence was afterwards commuted, but the scandal forced the Government to action, and Prince Albert, in spite of his continental origin, is believed to have done his best to stimulate the Horse Guards to put an end to doubts upon the subject. The chief offenders were usually officers of the army, who, rightly or wrongly, were under the impression that, if they obeyed the law of the land in abstaining from seeking or giving "satisfaction," they would render themselves liable to be brought before a court-martial and deprived of their

commissions. This dilemma was abolished by the issue of amended Articles from the War Office in April 1844. By these it was at last definitely laid down that it was "suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept, frankly and cordially, explanation and apology for the same."

Obedience is of the essence of military discipline, and if the officers could be got to obey, the civil gentry would be likely to follow their lead. Accordingly the practice of duelling already described did not long continue general in England, though some sporadic cases continued for a while to testify to the difficulty which awaits abrupt and total change. The last duel attended with death in the British Islands was fought in May 1845, the combatants being an officer of the Royal Marines, named Hawkey, and a retired officer of Hussars. The encounter took place on Gosport Sands, when, in spite of the cause being nothing but such a trifling quarrel as must constantly arise amongst young men, the ex-Hussar fell, mortally wounded, at the first fire. The surviving principal was tried for his life in the following July, and, being acquitted by an old-fashioned jury, escaped legal consequences. But the mind of England was stirred, all the more by reason of this impunity, and it was made generally and unmistakably manifest that authority would be supported by public opinion in the sternest measures that might be required for the suppression of the evil.

But in those days Anglo-Indian sentiment was slow to

receive impulse from home, especially when it was wise and of a reforming tendency. Experience has shown that a military caste is always tenacious of its usages, and there were peculiar obstacles to the adoption of such a change on the part of the military caste in India. Most of the European males were in the prime of life, leading idle lives, military officers who had entered the service when the system of duelling had been an ingrained element of soldierly feeling. The Anglo-Indian ladies, too, for various reasons, were not altogether suited to exercise the salutary effect on society that may be usually looked for at the hands of civilised woman. This is a somewhat delicate subject; it may be enough to say that what is here implied is based on personal experience of society at that date. Such as the Anglo-Indian ladies were, the young officers were eager competitors for their smiles, and for this and other reasons were high-spirited, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat quarrelsome. In the opinion of such a community disputes naturally presented more reasons for fighting than for apologising; there were, indeed, many who would have thought it derogatory to offer an apology, however wrong they might know themselves to be.

Nor did these young fire-eaters, perhaps, believe in the sincerity of the newly expressed disapproval of duelling on the part of the authorities. And, so far as India was concerned at least, there may have been some sort of justification for their scepticism; the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, being a veteran of the old school, distinguished in the Peninsular War, and wounded at Ligny.

And, in case of reference to London, the head of the army there was the Iron Duke himself, who was known to have been "out" in person, this very Hardinge having been his second.

Altogether it is not wonderful if Anglo-Indian feeling should have been distinctly favourable to duelling at the very time when the practice was being condemned in England. You heard people discuss the question, it is true; and the fact of a custom being held to admit of discussion may now seem a sign of weakness, though no suspicion of the fact may have been general at the time. The defenders of the practice had the advantage, their assailants being in the position of faddists, not to say milksops. It was granted by the "chivalrous" party that duelling had been pushed too far, but that a thing was open to abuse did not seem necessarily to prove that it was intrinsically bad. You need not, it was admitted, be always on the look-out for offence; but if a gentleman wilfully misunderstood you, there would be meanness in explanation. A case in point was that of one who was asked what he meant (by some expression that had escaped him). "I meant," was the instant reply, "exactly what you thought I meant when you resolved to ask me." That conversation went no further, the inquirer apparently not being of a quarrelsome humour. But it was just the sort of thing that often seemed to justify bloodshed. Then there were more serious disputes—What were you to do if your sister were insulted? Or your wife? In those days sex was not always respected. One is reminded

of the orator in the old Irish Parliament, who, having occasion to question the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, did it in this figurative fashion:

"Sir! the P—s have been always prostitutes, politically and physically; from the toothless harridan that grins in the gallery to the white-livered scoundrel that trembles on the floor."

An encounter naturally followed, fortunately bloodless, after which the eloquent member, being asked how he knew that Miss P. was in the gallery, airily replied, "Did I not walk down to the House with old P. arm-in-arm, and did not he tell me she'd be there?"

Those were the days when an inevitable question on the nomination of a candidate at the Kildare Street Club was—"Did he blaze?" Before the Liberator could avoid Peel's challenge, he had proved his manhood by shooting Desterre; and even then hard things were said as to the police proceedings by which the encounter sought by the Chief Secretary had been obviated. The Liberator was pleading soon after in the Court of Norbury, a judge who heard cases with a pair of saw-handled pistols on the table before him. While the advocate was speaking the judge took up a newspaper, and affected to be absorbed in its contents. O'Connell paused, but was blandly requested to continue. "I was afraid," said the learned gentleman, "that I was not apprehended by your Lordship." "Oh!" replied his Lordship, with much suavity of manner, "there's nobody so easily apprehended as Mr. O'Connell when he wishes it."

In the India of Victoria's early years the tone may have been given by the officers, but the members of the Civil Service and the Bar were as ready to adopt it as ever could have been desired by lawyers and legislators in Ireland.

There is a Bengal civilian still living in vigorous retirement who had several scalps to his wampum; and an officer of the days here referred to was to be seen limping about Calcutta maimed for life by this civilian, with whom he had a dispute in a ballroom, which led to the latter declaring that he would "spoil his dancing for him." The same gentleman had a brother in the Bengal Cavalry, a man quite of his own kidney, of which frolicsome pair a story used to be current which may be worth repeating. It was to the effect that they met, at a dinner-table of a certain native regiment's mess, a pair of cadets who were on their way up country to join for the first time. These two youngsters amused, or perhaps bored, the duelling brothers by a warm fraternal cordiality and an apparent ignorance of the world; and on this they resolved to practise. After the rest of the company had left, the four with whom the story deals were playing out a rubber, in the course of which Damon and Pythias, being antagonists, got into a wrangle, which the wicked seniors assured them required instant solution by single combat. It was faintly objected that the night was too dark, but the brothers overruled the objection with the remark that each of them would hold up a wall-light. Accordingly the party proceeded to the mess compound, but on the

way one of the cadets contrived to nudge the other, and they exchanged furtive but meaning looks without being observed. On reaching the field of honour, the intended combatants were placed opposite to each other, with loaded pistols in their hands, at twelve paces, while their friendly advisers took up the other corners, each holding up a light. The word being given, the youngsters fired; a sound of broken glass was heard, and each lamp fell down, extinguished, to the ground, from the simultaneous and well-aimed discharge.

A curious picture of manners and character in times of which living witnesses are still extant, is presented by a duel shared in by a gallant Lancer who died a few months ago. Of this encounter a few details will be seen presently. But first, perhaps, one may give a few words to the once famous "Banda duel," which was one of the last between Indian officers, certain of its features being such as to bring discredit on the system and led to its final abolition. Allowing for the lapse of time and weakness of memory, it was something of the following nature:

In a native infantry corps quartered at the dull and unhealthy station of Banda there was a senior subaltern, who, without any extraordinary merit of head or heart, had become a leader of his comrades. He was not braver or more clever than most of them, yet they deferred to an ascendancy due chiefly to his thick skin and phlegmatic temperament. A youngster had lately joined, who, having been well educated and having

entered the service a little later in life than usual, held aloof from this hero-worship, and was generally considered to give himself airs. Little by little he found himself in a minority of one, till the other young fellows proceeded from passive neglect to overt hostility, not discouraged by the mighty L. himself. Another senior, a man who liked to stand well with each and all, alone affected sympathy with poor "Johnny Raw," to borrow a name from a comic book of the period. I fancy he had once acted as adjutant of the regiment, and believed himself justified in an amount of interference not dreamt of by the ordinary subalterns. At all events, he told the ill-treated ensign one day that his persecutors were encouraged and egged on by L. The young officer, desirous of putting a stop to things that were making his life a burden to him, took the first opportunity of resenting some offensive speech of the man whom he (rightly or wrongly) regarded as the author of his troubles, and an immediate challenge was the result. The meeting took place next morning, when L., who was a practised hand, lodged a ball in the victim's hip. The matter could not be hushed up. It was, in fact, reported by the man who had carried the tale out of which it arose, and who seems to have remembered his acting incumbency so far as to have conceived himself a sort of amateur adjutant. His meddling, however, had one good effect. In the court-martial which ensued he was able to give evidence which told in favour of him whom I have called "the

victim." Sir Charles Napier was then the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, and, on the proceedings coming before him, he ordered that principals and seconds alike should lose their commissions, but reinstated the victim in a subsequent order.[1] The other three were ruined for life, and their sad example must have made an important factor in the decay and ultimate extinction of the baneful custom.

The Banda duel was, indeed, an instance of the worst and most abusive applications of duelling, and was an encounter which would not have taken place in the German army, where differences between officers have to be submitted to Courts of Honour. There was no dispute in which any one's character was seriously involved, and the duel was almost as much of a grim pleasantry or practical joke as the lantern fight of Damon and Pythias. Hence the punishment of L. and his associates did not give a final quietus to Anglo-Indian duelling. I remember at least one case which occurred quite three years later,—a very short time, in fact, before the Mutiny, in which a very gallant officer was wounded by the son of a Calcutta barrister, himself a famous man of the pistol.

At a date, however, but little anterior to these cases, duelling was so universally regarded as the appropriate satisfaction of honour amongst Indian officers, that

[1] The remarks of Napier are to be found in a collection of his acute but eccentric Minutes, published many years ago by Mr. Manson of Bombay.

generals themselves went out with young officers under their own command.[1] One amusing instance occurred when Sir Samford Whittingham was General of the Meerut Division. There was a young Ensign H. on leave at Mussoorie when Sir Samford was making one of those prolonged inspections of convalescent depôts which officers in similar positions are still in the habit of finding necessary during the hot season. One afternoon the Ensign had been to Rajpore, at the foot of the hills, to partake of a farewell tiffin with a brother subaltern returning to his station on the plains. The meal had been rather plentiful than prudent, and, after taking leave of his friend, H. was riding back in the condition described by N.-C. officers, giving evidence, as "under the influence of refreshment." The afternoon being hot, he had taken off his coat and thrown it over his pony's shoulders. His way home lay along the Mall, and, as he cantered carelessly on that frequented thoroughfare, whom should he come across but his General, attired in choice mufti, and escorting a lady! Thoughtless and unprepared, H. happened to jostle the veteran, who, almost instinctively, hit out with his riding whip and unfortunately caught Mr. H. across the face. H., riding home in a boiling passion, related the incident to his chum, and the two hot-headed youths persuaded themselves that the General must be called on to give

[1] It may be remembered that the Duke of York, when Commanding-in Chief at the Horse Guards, fought a duel with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond.

satisfaction for the blow. The challenge being duly delivered, Sir Samford had no hesitation in accepting, in accordance with the views of honour prevalent at the time. This was the chivalric attitude, learned from the France of Louis XIV. A blow having been struck, it was incumbent on the parties to finish the affair by an attempt at mutual slaughter. So the antagonists met next morning behind the Camel's Back, and there the old man received the subaltern's fire. Having done which, he resumed his official position, and ordered the Ensign to his bungalow under close arrest, on the ground that he had appeared the previous day in a place of public resort half dressed and more than half drunk. In the end H. was allowed to go into the Invalids, and he lived for many years after on a small pension at Mussoorie.

This was not the only instance of a hostile encounter between a general and a subaltern. The case of the Lancer, already mentioned, was of a more serious origin, in relating which one must suppress names out of respect for the feelings of many survivors, although the actual parties have passed away. But the facts shall be related without prejudice, as they were universally believed to have occurred. The younger officer had wronged the senior in a way that wounds a man's pride most deeply, though the actual injury may not be so great—namely, by relieving him of a wife who, presumably, had ceased to care for her husband. Being challenged to fight, he accepted, with the full intention

of receiving the General's fire without return. The meeting was held on the old racecourse at Meerut, and the senior fired with such accuracy as to hit his adversary's cap, so that it flew off his head and fell to the ground a little behind where its wearer was standing with his undischarged pistol in his hand — cavalry officers wore a convex peak of hard leather in front of their caps in those days, and the ball had glanced off without penetrating the obstacle. The Lancer's second was naturally uneasy at this combination of skill and malice on the General's part; and, seeing that his man had not fired, proposed to terminate the matter by taking the combatants off the field. In this, however, he was violently opposed by the General, who insisted on going on; and the discussion was closed by the Lancer, who drew himself up and said, with a smile on his handsome face: "Give the old gentleman his whim." He then folded his arms and prepared to receive another shot; but the veteran's nerves were upset, and his hand shook so much with excitement that the next shot missed altogether. Both seconds then agreed that the affair could proceed no further, and the General was forced off the field tremulous and pale with unsatisfied anger.

After these high tragedy scenes one's own little experiences are of the feeblest. Nevertheless I shall set out that little, not so much for any direct interest that it may possess, but as an instance of what a power seconds had when duly alive to their own responsibilities.

It happened that I was living a somewhat retired life, in the house attached to the Cossipore Foundry, as the guest of Captain Broome of the Artillery, when a brother officer drove rapidly to the door and asked to see me. In a state of some excitement he stated his business. He had been driving all over Calcutta, he said, vainly seeking some one who would carry a challenge in his name to an officer of Native Infantry stationed at Barrackpore. The nature of the offence given was neither clear nor grave; my visitor and I were by no means intimate; in fact, the military man was more my friend of the two, and altogether the affair was anything but attractive. I asked, therefore, if Mr. O. would let me consult my host, and on receiving permission went to Broome, who happened to be at home, and on hearing of the matter unhesitatingly assured me that I had no option or alternative but to see a brother officer through his trouble. Consenting therefore, though with some reluctance, I got into Mr. O.'s buggy and was driven by him to Testelin's Hotel at Barrackpore, where I left my companion to order dinner, while I proceeded in search of the opposite party. The officers of the —th had gone in to dinner, so I proceeded to the messhouse and sent in my card for him whom I was to call to account. This gentleman divined my purpose, and sent a brother officer to see me in the anteroom. This proved to be a jovial blade, one of those who did not wait for dinner to inspire himself with adventitious gaiety; in fact, though dinner had but just begun, he

was already pretty well primed. With elaborate politeness Captain D. assured me that his friend would have challenged mine if we had not anticipated him; there was nothing to be done in the way of apology; a meeting was the only satisfaction, etc. I let the pot-valiant gentleman talk himself out, and then took leave of him with the feeling that nothing could be gained by a discussion in present conditions. Returning to the hotel, I made my report, which seemed to give my companion much more enjoyment than it did myself. For my part, I passed a very bad night, not seeing how to prevent a meeting, and foreseeing in my anxious mood nothing less than wounds, death, and dismissal from the service for the whole party. The quarrel was very paltry, and although I had heard only one side I was by no means confident in the goodness of our cause; in short, I made up my mind to do all in my power to prevent a meeting. I had, of course, taken the precaution to make my principal understand that he must be bound by whatever I might say or do on his behalf, a condition to which he, perhaps, subscribed the more readily that he supposed that it pointed to his being engaged to fight. Be that as it may, the morning saw me back in cantonments, where the other side, having slept upon it, were in a milder frame; and we exchanged written explanations which seemed more satisfactory to the seconds than to the parties themselves, but which ended the affair. The story may sound the reverse of heroic, but I look back upon it with complete approval, as a

good illustration of a saying of those days, to the effect that the chief danger of duelling was from the seconds.

In France, the native land of the duel, these ideas have not yet taken practical shape; perhaps in the country the progress of democracy has tended to enlarge the sphere in which the custom is almost a religious rite. Every man above the rank of a peasant knows something of the use of the small sword, and seconds incur no risk to themselves, but rather credit and glory. The few duellists who are in deadly earnest may favour the use of the pistol, but even when a man is shot the seconds are not punished. Otherwise duels are little more than fencing-bouts without buttons; quarrels often slight enough can thus be settled in the romantic manner so dear to our lively neighbours, with a minimum of peril to either principal or second. The first drop of blood ends the combat, from which all retire to the nearest restaurant, and enjoy their breakfast and their pint of claret in good humour and general amity. Of course, there are occasional exceptions.

It is not such a purely decorative usage with the more phlegmatic races of Teutonic blood. The English and their trans-Atlantic cousins, when they did fight, used to mean business; and the North-Germans, among whom militarism has maintained the custom, are putting the practice under restraint, while some of their newspapers are calling for its entire suppression. There is a story, believed to be authentic, which serves to show the different views and characters of Latin and Germanic

races. The Belgians, while using, in good society, the same language and laws as the French, are so much less given to single combat that the custom may be said to be almost unknown among them. But a singular exception is related. It is said that when the King's sister went out to Mexico with her ill-starred husband, she was accompanied by a bodyguard of volunteers, consisting of some of the best-born young men of the little kingdom. When they reached their destination they naturally came into close contact with the officers of the French Expeditionary Force, who treated them much as Scottish boys might be treated in an English public school, laughed at for their accent and for alleged solecisms of manner and bearing. This was for some time borne with good-humoured equanimity, until it began to be clear that it was intentional rudeness, likely to grow from bad to worse. At length the Belgians, losing patience, began to call out their ill-bred comrades, and some of the latter were killed in the combats which ensued. The Frenchmen professed great annoyance at this, and accused the others of not playing fair, or following the rules of the game; but it was replied that those who had not originated the sport could not be blamed for ignorance, and that so long as the offence was continued they should take their own views of the matter. Frenchmen, adds the story, took the hint, and the belligerent neighbours thereupon became better friends.

In a similar spirit was conceived the well-known tale of Lord Charles Hamilton's duel at Paris, when, being

debarred the use of pistols against a French opponent, he is said to have cut the little man on the shoulder, so that he could not use his sword.

It being pointed out to the Scotchman that rapiers were used only for thrusting, he coolly answered that he had told them at starting that he was not acquainted with the use of the rapier.

The conclusion appears to be that there was in the blood of the British in India something that indisposed them to single combat, unless it was to be a matter of grim and deadly earnest. When public opinion and the authorities allowed of that kind of duel, our youngsters were as ready for them as any officers of the German army could be. Hence the class of "dandies," whose conduct at Waterloo was commended by Wellington, and of whom a brilliant picture has lately been drawn by Dr. Doyle in his delightful story, *Rodney Stone*. Such men, however, would not lend themselves to the theatricals of the duel *à premier sang*. Alike in England or in India, their feelings would be—"If you gave a man, begad, the trouble of making his will and getting up in the middle of the night to take an infernal cold drive and stand up in a dirty field to be blazed at,—why, you must take the consequences and be d——d to you." If this was generally objected to, "it would be better to drop the thing altogether, don't you know?" A few sentences on seconds did the rest; but it is not understood that, either in England or in India, any evil result has followed. Men of the home services had the

Crimean War to brace their nerves; and then, in India, came the terrible year of 1857 to draw the officers together. Soon after that the Indian army was entirely reorganised; officers in native regiments became much fewer; and, instead of being what a British general bluntly called "the refuse," were taken from among the best: where staff officers used to be sent to regimental posts as a punishment, to grow rusty and ill-tempered in a life of idleness and drink, these posts themselves became staff employ to be gained by competition and carried on in constant labour. The morale of the service rose at once, and the civilians, barristers, etc., took their tone from the military men who formed the large majority of Anglo-Indian males. The last Anglo-Indian duel was about 1855.

I proceed with a more purely personal narrative.

CHAPTER III

1849–1856

THE next seven years were apprentice years, during which one had a certain share of power and responsibility, but was kept, very properly, from uncontrolled work, excepting on occasional necessity and for a very short time. The glamour of the past gilds the mists, and the vague memory of early manhood comes to mind with an almost romantic pathos. But reason reminds one that there was really much dulness and much difficulty surrounding the daily task in so strange a scene. As a station for Europeans, Muttra was in those days open to many objections, and one's life, for six or seven months of the year at least, might have been curtly described by the first line of Goldsmith's, *Traveller*—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

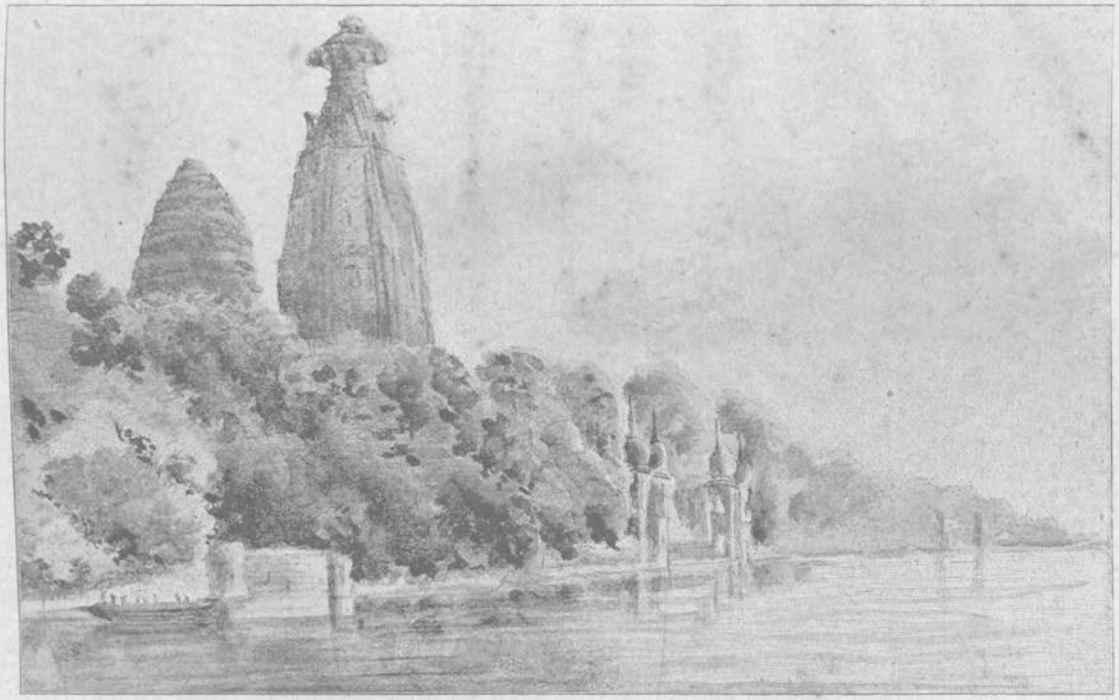
Or, if "unfriended" be too strong an expression, another word may be sought, which should indicate that one saw few friends, and of them sometimes saw too much. Coupled together in work, meeting again when they got home, fellow-sufferers from boredom, heat, and ill-health, men (not to say women) in small up-country stations

before the days of railways, must have often longed for a larger circle of existence. A few years later it was my fate to pass one hot season in a station to which there was no carriage road, and the only other white resident was insane.

Muttra, before the Mutiny, was not quite so bad as that. Although railways did not exist either there or in any other part of India, there was a metalled road from Agra. The city and neighbourhood were interesting, and the European society contained, besides the civil staff, a regiment of Native Cavalry, and a troop, as it was called, of Bengal Horse Artillery; some score of European officers were attached to these corps; there were several accomplished men among them, and some agreeable ladies. On the whole, it was possible to pass a summer in Muttra Cantonments without hating anybody, even one's most intimate friends.

The antiquarian and historical interests of the town and District may be found in the *District Memoir* by the late Mr. F. J. Growse, C.I.E., a profound Hindi scholar, who long held office there, and who, wherever he might be stationed, always devoted himself to local studies with honourable zeal. Enough for the present purpose may be stated in a few words. The District is the Holy Land of that large section of the Hindus amongst whom Vishnu is the chief object of adoration, and the chief representative of that deity is the demigod Sri-Krishna, alleged to have been born there, the exact site of his birthplace being traditionally ascribed to Mahában, a village on the opposite

bank of the Jumna to Muttra city, and about six miles lower down the river. Down to the later times of the Moghuls the District was still largely uncultivated and covered with forest, and it had been a sacred home of Buddhism probably before the Krishna myth arose. The circuit of over 150 miles, of which Muttra may be called the centre, is known as "Brij Mandal," and it teems with monuments and shrines connected with the hero and his kindred. The circuit of pilgrimage is partly coincident with that pursued by foreign tourists, and the first stage westward is a small but very holy town called Govardhan, where there are two large masonry reservoirs, each surrounded by temples, tombs, and stone steps for the use of bathers. In the autumn feast of the *Diwáli*, when the new moon of the month of Kárttik is seen, the Hindus of the neighbouring towns and villages collect at Govardhan to worship Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune; bathing and lighting lamps; and it was the custom for the District Officer to go to the place and pitch tents, where he not only watched the celebration in the cause of order, but entertained such of the European ladies and gentlemen as might desire to be spectators. It was a curious and interesting experience. The camp of the local magnate—an accomplished man named Robert Alexander, one of the Caledon family, who afterwards became a Companion of the Bath—was set up at "Suraj Mall's Chuttry," in the depth of a wild wood, where the monument of the founder of the Bhurtpore State fronts a vast reservoir with stone steps and carved jetties; a venerable banyan tree shading



THE RIVER JUMNA AT BINDRABAN (Muttra). OLD TEMPLES OF SHIVA.

the southern side, with pendent branches sending shoots towards the ground, and affording shelter for the tents. Hence, after dark, we proceeded on elephants to the tank of Baldeo Sing, the last but one of the Bhurtpore princes, where we found the vast multitude collected on the lofty stairs that led down to the water. All the walls and towers were illuminated, and from time to time someone would send a clay lamp floating on the murky water, when a muffled roar, accompanied by a clapping of innumerable hands, would break the silence.

Turning to the military aspects of our society, it should be noted that, ever since Lake's wars, Muttra had been the cavalry station of the Agra brigade, and the corps which was there when I first joined was the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. The officers kept no band, no mess, and—with the single exception of the adjutant—no charger. One married officer drove a troop-horse out of the ranks in his wife's carriage. They seemed to hold no intercourse with their men, leaving all details to the sergeants and the native officers. Parades were unknown; but at the beginning of the drill season, when the Brigadier came round to inspect, the gallant fellows procured horses from their respective squadrons, and jogged round the riding-school for a week before the inspection. Yet they were good men individually; the regiment had done excellent service at Aliwal, under Sir Harry Smith; and although bad characters and bad handling led most of the troopers astray in the Mutiny, yet many of the officers greatly distinguished themselves, some eventually rising to high command. The

temporary eclipse at Muttra doubtless admits of explanation, though it need not be attempted here.

One of the officers, Hippisley Marsh, deserves a passing note. He had been associated in the inception of the *Calcutta Review* with Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Kaye; and that well-known author had sketched his character, under the easy *alias* of "Captain Palus," in his novel of the Afghan war called *Long Engagements*. Marsh was an accomplished man and a good writer, but his accomplishments and skill neutralised themselves by the intemperance of his attitude towards authority. Yet he was a lover of justice, and cordially sympathetic with the people of India. His taste in art and literature was pure and delicate, and some of us clung to him as to an exceptionally agreeable companion. I remember his saying of Tennyson—then a sufficiently new writer to be criticised in conversation: "I like this fellow; he uses his own epithets." This, if examined, will be found a just and pregnant comment. Marsh died at Penge about ten years ago, leaving, I believe, two sons in the army. A third was killed at Aligurh during the Revolt.

In the following spring I had my first experience of District-work in the fields and without immediate guidance. The season was hot and dry; heavy hailstorms accompanied the setting in of the hot weather, and the people complained that their crops were ruined, so that they could not pay the share of the rent which, in the East, forms the backbone of the State revenue. Accordingly Mr. Alexander sent me to examine the afflicted tracts, making notes of the

state of the harvest, so as to write a report for him to submit to the Board. The service was trying, but it was one that had to be intrusted to someone who, whatever might be his deficiencies in point of experience, might be trusted to be more impartial than the native Sub-Collector. A word of explanation may be permissible here. The word "Collector" suggests to English ears an official—however respectable—who is in a strictly subordinate position, calling on householders for their rates, with an inkhorn fixed in the buttonhole of his coat. In India it means something considerably higher, though quite unknown in British institutions, combining the position of a Deputy-Lieutenant with some of the duties of a Chairman of Quarter-Sessions. At the time of which I am writing, the Collector-and-Magistrate of a District was the representative of the Government in a region of perhaps 3000 square miles, with an average population of, say, a million of human beings; and an administrative factotum to a greater extent than now, when the division of labour is better understood and more practised. Thus my Chief was not only the head of the correctional tribunals of the whole District and of the police, he was also responsible for the roads, the ferries, the jails; he had to control the accounts of the local treasury, being further responsible for the collection of the dues and taxes by which it was replenished, and for the periodical transmission of the contents to headquarters. He had even to inspect the public dispensaries, to direct the rude municipal management of large towns, and—since Mr. Thomason's educa-

tional reform—to inspect and stimulate the national schools. To aid him in these multifarious occupations, he had usually two European members of the "Covenanted Service" at the central station; while the District was divided, for administrative purposes, into some half-dozen *Tahsilis* or fiscal unions, each under a native officer, called —in that part of India—*Tahsildár*, the same that has been above called "Sub-Collector." This official controlled the actual agrarian affairs and the payments of the heads of villages and other landholders, and was also an "Officer of Police" and often a "Deputy-Magistrate." Such was the rural magnate whom I was now to accompany in his inquiries, ascertaining the extent of the calamity in each estate or township, and preparing the materials on which Mr. Alexander was to base his report to the Board, with recommendations as to the amount of demand to be suspended, or altogether remitted, as the case might be. It was my first responsible charge, and I hope that it received all due attention. The Sub-Collector was a high-born Saiad, claiming descent from the prophet Mahomet; and I recollect how, after the labours of the day were ended, we sat together and exchanged opinions and information on many matters beyond the immediate object of our mission.

The occupation was instructive, if somewhat exhausting, and I returned to Muttra, when it was over, improved in local and general knowledge, but considerably affected in bodily strength. I succeeded, however, in producing a report which satisfied my superiors, and received, in due course, the favourable acknowledgments of the Board. The

year wore on, in sickness and depression for myself, in drought and distress—which was far worse—for the people of the District. Clouds gathered, to be anxiously watched, as we sat gasping in our gardens of an evening, after the sweltering day was done; but the rain held off till all expected one of those periodical famines for which India has such an unhappy reputation. The last calamity of this kind, in Hindustan proper, had come to an end in 1838, and another was now about due, as droughts in that region occur usually at intervals of eleven years. The present drought, fortunately, proved to be neither of wide extent nor of long duration; nevertheless it was a time both of mental anxiety and of physical suffering while it lasted.

One personal consolation I had in the conclusion of my last period of probation. The systematic examinations which have since added so much to the troubles of young officers, were then only impending; in the meantime we were judged in a less formal, but not perhaps less effectual, way. By the method adopted soon after—and still, I believe, in force—a young man has to prepare by study for a set of questions on law (police and revenue), and for written and colloquial tests in the vernacular of his Province, and he can hardly attain proficiency otherwise than by actual study. In the earlier days the problem was dealt with in a rougher, but more practical, manner; "solved in walking," so to say,—the object being to ascertain the amount of zeal and intelligence which the young officer had brought to bear upon his work during his pupillary stage. It might be objected that his knowledge must have

been gained at the expense of the people, but in all learning of this kind there must be experiment, even if the experiments occasionally involve vivisection. Besides, we had very little power, and if a competent and conscientious chief was at hand to control, and a more experienced colleague was ready to advise on reference, the mischief done might be reduced to a minimum. The native staff was composed of able and practised hands, who doubtless took some advantage, to their own profit, of the young officer's ignorance; but, with due vigilance on his part, and a knowledge on theirs that they would undoubtedly suffer most severely if their machinations came to light, one hoped that here also less harm ensued than might be feared on first judgment.

In any case, my probation came to an end. Accompanied by a confidential report from Alexander, some of the notes of revenue work and judgments in petty trials went before the Lieutenant-Governor; and he, on due consideration of this material, was pleased to find one capable of exercising "full powers," and to gazette one's name for transfer to another District as "Joint-Magistrate." The new District was Mynpoory, where I found two friends, both of whom afterwards obtained distinction as puisne judges of the provincial High Court. The senior was Robert Spankie, son of a well-known lawyer and politician, Mr. Serjeant Spankie, M.P. Him I succeeded as Joint-Magistrate and Deputy-Collector. The junior was the gentleman who has since become Sir Richard Oldfield. Our Chief was Charles Raikes, a good officer and skilful

writer on professional subjects, whose *Notes on the North-West Provinces* had lately attracted attention, and may be still read with pleasure and profit by those who care to have an insight into the rural life of Hindustan. Mr. Raikes, with equal knowledge and sympathy, exhibits a condition of society still, I suppose, maintained in the more sequestered parts: the homestead and the wells bathed in rich crops and shaded by odorous mango trees; the tribal hospitalities, the family jars, the accountant, the banker, and all the simple machinery of village economy. Mynpoory was a more accessible District than Muttra, and the duty of providing for the peace and plenty of the Grand Trunk Road devolved on its Collector. This vast undertaking, already mentioned, has been entirely eclipsed since those days, the East Indian Railway running nearly parallel and taking the through traffic. But at the time of which I write it was in full work up the whole great valley from Calcutta to Kurnal,—a metalled causeway, with avenues of trees on the berms, and, at distances of ten or twelve miles, a camping-ground with stores and market, a caravansarai for Asiatic travellers, and a resthouse for Europeans. This grand work had been originated by Lord William Bentinck, and was maintained by the Central Government; but the charge of the supplies and the stations devolved on the authorities of the various Districts through which it might pass; and those of Mynpoory were for the time intrusted to me.

The weather was still very hot, owing to the holding off of the monsoon; and I have a vivid recollection of that

autumn, passed under canvas for the most part. Our little household had been increased before we left Muttra; a child had been born to us, and we had also undertaken the charge of a young orphan of Mussulman origin, named Khairáti, who followed us to our new District. He was a well-conducted lad, with gentle manners, who ultimately became an ordained minister under the style of "The Reverend William Plumer."

All were in a state of more or less prostrated strength, when one morning, about Christmas, a letter arrived from Agra announcing this His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor had been pleased to appoint me to be Assistant-Superintendent at Dehra Doon. It was perhaps a commencement of trouble—had one only known it; and I afterwards heard that the worthy patron whose kindly favour had selected me for the post had expressed some doubt as to the future that he was preparing for me. The Doon was a miniature District, with a sparse population and a scanty revenue, and he thought that the light work and remote situation might prove a Capua for a young officer. But he knew that my health was not good, and he doubtless hoped that a year or two of comparative rest in a good climate might set up his protégé and qualify him for renewed exertion hereafter. And if his honoured life had been prolonged, Mr. Thomason might have aided the fulfilment of any such plan that he might have been good enough to entertain. To us, at the moment, the change appeared an unalloyed benefit; and surely no one entering that lovely valley, in a bright, sunshiny morning in January, could have felt any misgiving.

As we rode down the romantic gorge of the Mohan Pass, we saw before us the wooded hills standing out among the shining streams, and fields rich with sugarcane and other young crops of tender green; blossoming trees shaded the rose-bordered road, while in front, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, rose the lower range of the Himalayas, with the white cottages of Mussoorie and Landour scattered like sheep about the summits.

We were hospitably received by my new Chief, Mr. Alexander Ross, the Superintendent of the Doon, and soon experienced the relief from the heat and drought of the plains that we had left behind us. The work proved to be easy; the Superintendent was also civil judge, and gladly left the executive work to his Assistant. I had to attend to the police reports and summons cases, the jail, roads, and treasury; all on a smaller and simpler scale than had been the case in the more important Districts where I had spent the greater part of the last two years.

Soon after my arrival I made my first visit to the sanatorium of Mussoorie, which for years to come was to be the nearest approach to a "home" that India was to afford us. The excursion is worth mentioning only for the extraordinary severity of the weather, which struck one particularly after the more than tropical heat that one had experienced, a few months before, at no great distance. On attaining a height of about 6000 feet, my companion and self were fain to dismount and lead our horses, one of which presently broke away and disappeared in a snow-drift. The whole mountain was a white and shapeless

mass; and it was not without difficulty that, as darkness was falling, we succeeded in reaching the house of a friend, who gave us dinner and a shakedown for the night. Before morning, many wanderers, less fortunate than ourselves, had perished in the snow.

The next two years were spent partly at this hill-station, though never again in such Arctic conditions. In spring it was delightful to hear the invisible cuckoo, calling from the sides of the hills clothed with wood and bright with the crimson blossoms of the rhododendron; and when the summer drew on, the mornings were embalmed in the breath of the wild rose, and the dewy evenings illuminated by the starlight of unclouded skies. The rainy season, too, was not without a sombre charm, when a tide of white cloud swept up from the Doon and swallowed up the landscape, opening at times to reveal glimpses as of some enchanted vision. The drawback was in the necessity of frequent visits to the Doon, where—at that time—the offices and courts remained open all through the year. The old road, by Jhirrapani and Rajpore, was very steep, and apt to be blocked by sudden falls of shale and stones; it was a hot ride, sometimes in soaking rain, and when one got to Dehra, the scene was apt to be indescribably depressing,—a dripping solitude where fatigue and sudden chill turned readily to fever.

I have very little other recollections of this first residence in the Doon. One winter we had the pleasure of receiving, in our little cottage at Dehra, the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, Bayard Taylor, afterwards U.S.

Ambassador in Prussia. He was then a slim young man with a Bedouin cast of countenance, who, after wide travel in Europe and America, had come to India by way of Asia Minor and Egypt, and who brought us letters from friends, notably Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers, the husband of De Quincey the Opium-eater's daughter. A man of general ability and experience, Taylor united a poet's imagination with a most remarkable power of expression, using—perhaps sometimes abusing—the art of the "word-painter." He visited the monuments of Moghul architecture with my friend Sherer, and his descriptions, always picturesque, were more accurate than they might have been under less skilled inspiration.[1]

Another recollection of this period is the visit to the Mussoorie of the young Maharaja Duleep Singh, who came up from Futtehgurh, accompanied by his guardian, Sir John Login, and occupied the house known as "The Castle," above the Landour bazaar, which we had rented in the previous season. He had lately become a Christian, and seemed a gentle and happy youth, of whose sad and stormy future no symptoms were perceptible. The story of his after-life is mostly told in Lady Login's memoir of her husband.[2]

The life of a magistrate in an Indian watering-place is now probably pleasanter than it was in the middle of the nineteenth century. The Superintendent of the Doon has now a good court-house, with offices, in a central part of Mussoorie; and he, or the subordinate to whom he may

[1] See *Visit to India, China, and Japan.* 1855.

[2] W. H. Allen & Company. 1890.

intrust that portion of his duties, can carry on work in a good climate, without the constant expense and exposure of going every week to Dehra. Organisation, too, is probably better, and public opinion stronger and more healthy. In the days of my Assistantship the European element was not easy to control, and strange quarrels used to come before one, sometimes in Court, sometimes elsewhere. A gallant colonel of irregular cavalry once carried irregularity so far as to chastise a policeman who endeavoured to enforce a municipal rule against exercising dogs on the "Mall"; and when I threatened to fine him, sent "a friend" to me. By letting the matter drop I probably saved his commission. He was afterwards murdered by his own men.

Early in 1852 we heard, with various emotions, of the bloody State-stroke in Paris, and the minority amongst us sympathised with Albany Fonblanque of *The Examiner*. Anglo-Indian society in general sided with Lord Palmerston, who had to surrender the seals of the Foreign Office for writing his approval to the British Minister at Paris, while officially conveying the more reticent instructions of his Cabinet. Her Majesty was already displeased with Palmerston about seeing the despatches sent out from the Foreign Office, and the opportunity was now taken to replace him by Lord Granville. Palmerston's disgrace, however, proved merely temporary. A few months later he was back as Home Secretary. But this is not the moment for constitutional discussions.

In the beginning of the hot season of 1853, Mr.

Thomason, thinking perhaps that I had been long enough in Capua, sent me as Joint-Magistrate to Hurriana, where we had to take up our abode at Hissar, near Hansi, once the capital of the Sailor-Raja, George Thomas. We could get no house in the tiny station, and had to fit up a few rooms on the city-wall, with the native town on one hand and a desolate white road on the other. Nothing could exceed the dulness of this remote place, on the very edge of the great Bikaneer Desert, and itself only accessible by the help of camels. The carriage in which we travelled thither from Delhi was drawn by a pair of those ungainly animals. The chief vegetation indigenous to the sandy soil was only scanty brushwood of the *Babool* (gum Arabic) and the *Farāsh* (tamarisk), and all about were wide plains mainly tenanted by antelope and bustard. Everyone kept greyhounds, and there was good coursing of hares and bustard shooting.

The greater part of the next eighteen months passed almost without events in this sequestered scene. The District forms part of the old "Delhi territory," which has been, since the Mutiny, a part of the Punjab Province. While I was there it was attached to the "North-West" Lieutenancy, but under somewhat peculiar regulations, among which one of the most singular was one concerning cattle-lifting which may justify a passing notice. It is a consequence of the conditions of the District, that oxen and cows were easily found straggling in search of the scanty pasture, and equally easily driven off through the jungles by lawless men. From time immemorial, therefore, the custom

called *Khoj* had prevailed: whenever a herdsman lost any of his cattle, he took up the track of their footsteps across the roadless plain, and, on arriving at the first village where they seemed to stop, he was entitled to demand restitution unless the villagers could satisfy him that the track had passed on, when the responsibility was transferred to the inhabitants of the next place. This custom, reduced to a system and intrusted to the police, afforded a remedy, more effectual than strictly lawful, for a great social evil. The villagers with whom the last *Khoj* remained, by reason of their inability to carry it farther, were held answerable, not to the criminal law, however, but to specific damages.

Before leaving Hissar, I too had a little piece of detection to do which may be worth recording. It has been already mentioned that the divorced wife of my French Creole friend D—— had left the Mauritius with her daughter, and that I had engaged to trace her, if—as was believed—they had come to India. I now unexpectedly came upon the track of these unhappy fugitives in the neighbouring State of Nābha. My police ascertained that, some years back, a European woman with a female child had arrived one night at the small capital, and had sought assistance from the Raja, a Jāt chief, named Debendra Singh. The Raja agreed to employ the lady as a musician, and she took up her quarters in the palace with her daughter. Time passed, and the Raja was deposed for complicity with the Sikhs in the Punjab wars, and sent to Hindustan on a handsome pension. He had been allowed to reside at Bindrabun, in the Muttra District, where,

indeed, he had been when we were at Muttra. It was now believed that the lady had died, but nothing was known of the daughter. Seeing that these facts pointed strongly to Mme. D——, I next wrote to the Magistrate of Muttra, relating them briefly, and begging him to make further inquiries. It then came out that the mother and daughter had been those that I surmised, but the mother was now dead and the daughter had entered the Raja's zenana. As the chief represented her to be his wife, and as she, for her part, firmly refused to leave him, nothing more could be done, and poor M. D. had to give up all hope of being ever again united to his family.

The one great event of that time for India, as for his many friends and admirers, was the premature death of the Lieutenant-Governor, of which a pathetic account is given in Sir. R. Temple's book already mentioned. On the 14th September 1853 he had been appointed Governor of Madras by the Home Government, but on the 27th he died, unconscious of the great honour. On the 3rd October Lord Dalhousie recorded the Minute an extract from which was given above, and published it in the *Gazette* as a notification to all India. In my humble way I endeavoured to testify my admiring regret in some lines that were, I believe, inserted in the leading local paper. I only recollect the following—

"He died—true champion—with his armour on,
The blameless leader of a mild crusade;
All selfish yearning for repose foregone,
Till God's own pitying hand the labour stayed.
He loved the poor; ah! never be it said,—
'They praised him living, but forgot him dead.'"

Thomason's successor, Mr. John Russell Colvin, came to us from the Lower Provinces, selected by Dalhousie by reason of a high reputation for industry and intelligence: he had been Private Secretary to Lord Auckland during the trouble with Dost Muhamad in 1838; and an interesting account of his services has been written by his distinguished son.[1] Sinister influences were now to arise and cloud the rest of my path, but they did not originate with Mr. Colvin. Like his predecessor, he had been trained in Oriental learning by my father, and he showed to his old Professor's son a good deal of the same kindness. During the cold-weather a scandal had arisen in the District of Saharanpore, adjoining the Doon, and, next to the Doon, the most northerly part of the N.-W. Provinces, and of the track bounded by the Jumna and Ganges. Two great irrigation works were in hand, and the Collector had also much employment for labour in his own District works. In order to mitigate the pressure on the peasantry thus caused, and to see fair play in the supply of hands, he had instituted a sort of corvée-system, illegal, perhaps, but inspired by a wise humanity. And in like manner he had arranged for the supply of carriage, whether for materials or for the march of troops. Sub-Collectors were required to prepare lists of villages showing the resources of each, and to take the utmost care that the demands of public officers, for labour or for carriage, were met fairly to each village and in due proportion. In these things the Collector was only bent upon introducing just and humane methods into what

[1] *Russell Colvin*, in "Rulers" Series. Oxford, 1894.

was elsewhere carried on in corruption and oppression. But unhappily he was a man of strong character and acute intellect, and he made enemies among the native officials, who found their means of peculation observed and checked in a way that seriously reduced their illicit profits. In such cases an atmosphere of calumny soon closes about the superior man's good name, and all the more readily if his superiority be frank and outspoken. Mr. C——, having made enemies around him, was denounced to the local Government: Colvin, with the zeal of a new position, ordered an inquiry, and when C—— not only admitted, but attempted to justify his alleged abuse of authority, he was transferred to another charge, the adjoining District of Muzafarnagar. Here, I suppose, he worried the Government with over-earnest protestations; the end was that he was suspended from employment, and my humble and relatively unpractised self appointed to officiate as Magistrate-and-Collector of the District. This was great promotion for a young officer who had been only five years at work, and I knew, of course, that it could be only for a short time. Still, so long as it lasted it was an interesting and useful lesson, though by no means light or easy. My European staff consisted solely of a young civilian who had just joined, knowing little of law, nothing of the vernacular, and not much of aught else—a brave and excellent young man, whose legal jurisdiction extended only to a fine of 50 rupees. Necessarily, the whole control of the District fell on me, and I had to labour, literally, day and night. At the end of about six weeks, a senior, of due standing

and experience, arrived to take charge, and I fell back on the more appropriate post of "Joint."

During my brief charge of the District I had the privilege of attending the opening of the Ganges Canal at Rurki in March 1854. It was a lovely spring morning; the mountains looked down with their immemorial crests of ice glittering in the sunrise; a dense crowd filled the surrounding plain, over which leapt the light arches of the Solâni aqueduct, lined with scarlet-coated sepoys; and, as the Lieutenant-Governor lifted the bar that opens the sluice-gate, the troops fired a *feu-de-joie*, and the European spectators raised "a cheer for Colonel Cautley," the Engineer-in-Chief, as, with folded arms and bent head, he silently watched the inrush of the waters that were to save a million fields from famine so long as the British rule in India should last. I had already provided for the transmission of a message by posting mounted policemen between Rurki and Meerut—then the nearest telegraph office, though nearly seventy miles distant. No hitch occurred; the messengers galloped as they were bid. In the evening all the Europeans present sat down to dinner in a large tent erected for the purpose; the Lieutenant-Governor rose to address us, and ere he had done speaking the answer of Lord Dalhousie from Calcutta was put into his hand: "I have received your message: all honour to Colonel Cautley!" As I rode slowly home by moonlight an open carriage caught me up, in which was seated Sir Henry Lawrence, who had come up from his post in Rajputana to witness the ceremony. He offered me a seat, and one of

IN COURT: RECORDING DEPOSITIONS (Old Style) "IN PRESENCE OF THE MAGISTRATE."

his grooms led my horse, while I shared the carriage with that good and great man, whom I was never to see again.

By this time the change of the old order was ripening fast; evil omens rose; the demeanour of the native troops showed ill-will and ill-discipline; sensitive persons began to take vague counsel for the future; the rest of Anglo-Indian society going carelessly on, "as in the days of Noe." Life in a small sequestered District was almost uneventful. In the hot-weather you were left to yourself in your own share of the work, the Chief commonly assigning to his Joint almost uncontrolled jurisdiction over at least half the District; when there was an Assistant he took the treasury and other business not requiring much initiative; a native Deputy did some of the less responsible duty, criminal and fiscal. If you fell sick you could not get medical advice or change of air except by being carried in a litter across a country without carriage roads, which, in health, you crossed on horseback. If your family was on the hills, you might spend months without hearing a lady's voice or speaking your native language. When the rains were over and the power of the sun began to decrease, the Chief went off to his own special subdivision and the Joint to his, abundant camp-equipage being maintained for each. The duties involved were pleasant and interesting. Camp was pitched in some grove of ancient mango-trees, not far from the village well. In the early morning one mounted one's horse, usually a hardy country-bred with a little jumping in him, the greyhounds followed, and the groom perhaps carried your gun. Thus equipped, the

European officer rode over the fields, now coursing a hare, now firing at an antelope, laying out a line of road, or inspecting the crops and fallows; a gallop home over walls and ditches bringing him to bath and breakfast. All day he administered justice in the open air, or listened to the complaints of litigious landholders, tempered by the presence of neighbours restrictive of too much misrepresentation; at sunset a stroll through the village streets, an inspection of school or police office, and the short day was gone. Thus was the life sketched:—

"Dearest, now that you are going,
All my care in words is flowing,
Fain I would to you be showing
All the tenderness I feel;
For I think my pretty Nancy
Wrongs me with suspicious fancy,
Trusting only where she can see,
Though herself as true as steel.
. . . . .
"Think that, when the gun is firing,
From my lonely couch perspiring,
Forth I fling to efforts tiring,
Mount my mare and call her "Jade":
Leap the thorny wall of aloes,
Canter round the sweltering fallows,
Home by Court-house, jail, and gallows,—
Emblem of a gloomy trade.

"Then all day the Munshi's droning,
Tales of beating and of boning,
Sham complainants falsely groaning,
Show their wounds produced by paint.
Cleansing of encamping stations,
Roads and schools and sanitations,
Tabulated operations—
All combine to make one faint," etc.

At the beginning of 1856, my Chief, Mr. Robert Thornhill, was sent to Futtehgurh as District Judge, and I was once more put in charge of the post, not altogether without hope of a long incumbency. Mrs. Thornhill was a granddaughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, and had in a marked degree the Kemble good looks. She was murdered the following year, with her husband and child. I had been marching in the northern tract bordering on the District of Saharanpore, where my old Chief, Mr. Ross, was now Collector. One morning the post-bag proved to contain the following letter from the Secretary to Government:—

"Mr. Colvin is sorry to be unable to leave you in charge of the Muzafarnagar District, as it has been applied for by B., who is seven years your senior. He would be glad to know if you would like to go to the Doon, *pending further promotion.*"

The words that I have italicised made all the difference: under Ross's advice I accepted the offer, with whatever misgivings. There would be no increase of pay,—there would, on the other hand, be considerable increase of expense; instead of a subordinate position in a place where one need neither dress nor entertain, and could live like Robinson Crusoe, one would now have to keep up two establishments and head society in the largest European community north of Calcutta. Nevertheless, as it seemed to my wife and self and to our kind neighbour, the refusal of so flattering an offer would have been both ungracious and impru-

dent, while the final clause appeared to signify that after a not too long interval more lucrative advancement would be forthcoming. So reasoning, we sent a grateful acceptance; and before the hot-weather set in I was back in the Doon as Chief. I took a small house at Mussoorie for my now increasing family, neither mother nor children being strong enough to dispense with a hill-climate for the summer. For myself I had a *pied-à-terre* near my office at Dehra, arranging for an occasional exchange with the Assistant when I took a run up hill. The life at first resembled that which one had led as Assistant-Superintendent a few years before, only that the interest and responsibility were now greater. I planted the road from Dehra to the foot of the hills with trees, and organised District communications, which were in a very backward state. Before I left, a complete system of roads had been introduced into the western side of the valley, where the tea plantations were, and many of the streams were crossed for the first time by serviceable bridges; in the town of Dehra a Municipal Council was established, and the streets were paved and drained. But I must not anticipate.

The years to which this chapter is devoted were years of change and movement in Upper India. The *Calcutta Review*, originated by the late Sir John Kaye, had called out the abilities of Henry Lawrence, Arthur Broome, R. N. Cust, Hippisley Marsh (already mentioned), and others of local celebrity; and the problems of Indian life and administration received an attention which they had not

attracted before, unless in rare books like those of Shore and Sleeman.

The Friend of India, a weekly paper set on foot by the late J. C. Marshman, was published at Serampore, an old missionary station on the bank of the Hooghly, opposite Barrackpore, and this paper long maintained a somewhat unique character, Marshman being succeeded in the editorial chair by Meredith Townsend, afterwards well known in London as co-editor of *The Spectator*. The basis of *The Friend* was a firm belief in the gospel according to Calvin, and in the work which the first editor's reverend father had helped to start at Serampore in Lord Minto's time. To this was added a warm admiration for the then Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, and a conviction that, under such a Chief, the blessings of civilisation would be spread over the land. It would be harsh to say that the work was to be done without regard to principles of ordinary morality, *per fas et nefas*, but it did strike some of the less convinced observers that the Crusader spirit sometimes carried these Indian doctrinaires too far, and that it was more than difficult to discern the finger of Providence in some of the high-handed measures of the day—however well meant they might be. In the interior of the country—"the Mofussil," as we used to call it—literature did not altogether languish. So far back as Lord Auckland's time a periodical had run a two years' course, under the title of *Meerut Universal Magazine*, which had, in its place and day, a great reputation. The editor was Captain Harvey Tuckett, of the 11th Hussars, whose

duel with Lord Cardigan led to the trial of that pugnacious peer in 1840.[1] Tuckett was assisted by much local talent, including H. Torrens, of whom mention has been already made, and Elliot, afterwards known as Sir H. M. Elliot, K.C.B., Dalhousie's Foreign Secretary, and author of the great work on Indian History in eight volumes which must always be a guide to English students. The *M.U.M.*, as it was affectionately called, waged war against Calcutta and all its ways, but the movements of the public service dispersed its contributors; it came to an end in 1837, and copies are now so scarce that (with the exception of one in the India Office) I know of none existing.

The *Meerut Universal Magazine* made two thick volumes; I possessed a copy, but found it too bulky to carry about, and sold it to John Lang, of the *Mofussilite*, a remarkable Indian man of letters, who was collecting a library at Meerut. Lang was, I believe, of Australian origin; but he had been educated at Cambridge, and called to the English Bar, where he was a contemporary and associate of Tom Taylor, Alfred Bate Richards, and my friend Henry Sherer. Dissatisfied with London openings, he came out to India when Hardinge was Governor-General, married a Miss Peterson, and tried his fortune at the bar of the

[1] The story does not belong to my subject, but it is curious to think of such things happening since the accession of our present sovereign. The quarrel arose out of letters in which Tuckett criticised his colonel's conduct in a newspaper. The combatants fought on Wimbledon Common, and Tuckett was severely wounded. Cardigan was acquitted, on a flaw purposely introduced in the indictment, by a Court consisting of the entire House of Lords. (16th February 1841.)

Calcutta Courts. Not succeeding at once, he accepted an engagement as editor of a new journal to be founded at Meerut, under the title of *The Mofussilite*, and by the time under notice was an established journalist and social celebrity in all the Upper Provinces. His paper enjoyed the distinction of producing the most laconic leading article on record; it appeared in 1850, when England was in one of her periodic flurries about a West of England clergyman, named Gorham, whom Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, refused to induct into his living, on the allegation of unsound doctrine. The matter was heard in the Queen's Bench, and carried thence into the Privy Council, where the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed himself in favour of Mr. Gorham; the Bishop of Exeter excomunicated his Primate, and all England rang with the controversy. It was during this excitement that Lang was, one morning, called upon to write a "leader" on the prevailing topic. He was of convivial habits, and his matutinal headache often led to short paragraphs and most unblushing excuses. On this occasion he was thought to have outdone himself. The entire article consisted of these words:

"The Gorham Case.
"D——n the Gorham Case."

Readers were convulsed.

There is little admirable in the incident, but it is perhaps worth recording, if only as a sample of the liberty allowed to a general favourite by the Anglo-Indian public, and the ease with which that public was amused. It may

be added that this briefest of "leaders" was popularly attributed to Mr. F. F. Courtenay, Private Secretary to Lord Dalhousie. It was in all probability a mere piece of petulance due to importunities from the printer.

The first up-country journal was not the *Mofussilite*; a clever Irishman had established a short-lived paper called *The Agra Akhbar*, and, after its demise, another paper had arisen in its place, called the *The Agra Messenger*, in connection with the *Delhi Gazette*, which latter lingered into a comparatively recent day. A Comic Weekly also appeared at Delhi, at such fitful intervals as were permitted by the supply of matter supposed to be amusing. The conductors of these journals were all known to me in 1856, and I was not guiltless of contribution to their columns.

The managing proprietor of the Delhi Press was Francis Place, son of that once famous radical tailor in whose back shop the Benthamites hatched the *Westminster Review*. Place was a somewhat unworthy representative of his sire, being, indeed, a very chief among the Philistines; but let that pass. At the time when I served in the Delhi territory he was in England, his work being carried on by a genial Colossus named John O'Brien Saunders, whose son, I believe, still manages the leading Calcutta journal.

We persuaded this gentleman to start a monthly periodical at Delhi, in humble imitation of the *Bentleys*, *Blackwoods*, etc., of those days. When poor Place heard of the enterprise, he said sadly: "Yes, it is *Saunders'*

Magazine, I see; but, alas! it is Place's money." At the same time my gifted friend Sherer opened fire at Agra with an opposition serial, which even his graceful wit was unable to redeem from premature decay. The Delhi wags produced the following epigram on *Ledlie's Miscellany*, as the Agra magazine was entitled—

"My first is the heaviest metal known,
My second is not true;
My whole is a 'Miscellany'
Compounded of the two."

Among other of our contemporaries was a Punjab organ known as the *Lahore Chronicle*, conducted by a semi-educated man of the name of Cope, who had come out to India as a private soldier. In 1854 this man, who had been secretary to the local Committee of the Paris Exhibition, was found to have detained a case of jewellery intrusted to him for transmission. The goldsmiths were disappointed and very angry; public feeling was roused, and Cope was threatened with criminal proceedings. He used his paper to appease outraged morality, and those whom he had formerly annoyed and offended by unmannerly criticism availed themselves of the opportunity to be revenged. Thus, on Cope publishing a lamentable protest against premature condemnation, a contemporary produced these lines—

"Alas! poor C——e, and so you say
Your enemies are cruel;
While they declare you seek fair play
Because it is a jewel."

And when he urged that the apparent breach of trust was only due to a fatal habit of putting things off, another wrote: "We have often heard that procrastination is the thief of time, but never knew before that it could be the thief of diamonds."

Such was the sort of thing that, by a friendly convention between writers and readers, passed for wit in the Hindustan of Dalhousie's days. The obligatory humour of the *Punch* was even less diverting; it was conducted by Mr. George Wagentreiber, who had a certain untrained skill in caricature; and the "Comic" periodical was adorned with drawings reproduced in crude and primitive lithography.

Literary work of a higher order, and addressed to a larger public, was also within the bounds of reasonable expectation. It has been mentioned in Chapter I. of this Memoir, that Empson had praised some verses that I had produced in the *Haileybury Observer*. There was only that thin pale flame that so often appears over the tomb of youth, of which Sainte-Beuve speaks feelingly, having known what it was in his own experience. Nevertheless, some of the work sent home in 1853 had been shown to Dr. Moir[1] ("Delta"), who was a literary oracle of that day in Edinburgh; and for some time contributions which passed for poetry used to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*. These were finally collected and published in a volume, entitled *Ex*

[1] David Macbeth Moir, a physician of Musselburgh (1798–1852), an amiable poet and humorist, whose collected poems were edited by Thomas Aird, and who also left a novel of Scottish life, *Mansie Wauch*, which is still alive, if not widely popular. I did not know him personally.

Eremo, which met with quite as much favour as it deserved. It was full of genuine feeling—so much I can honestly say—and bore a motto from Ovid's *Tristia.* But I cannot claim more; and I only mention the matter now that I may illustrate and enforce the lesson that aspiration is not genius, and that a young man cannot do better than use any latent fires of which he may feel conscious for the heating of the furnace of duty, or even for the boiling of porridge.

My friend Sherer gave me some lines, when we were at Muttra together, which well expressed the uses of life as affected by a breath of art; I recollect the opening well—

> "Ears where the music of the brook flowed in,
> Are listening daily to the tales of sin;
> Eyes that once lingered on a green tree's grace,
> Peruse with pain the criminal's hard face;
> Fingers that wandered as the fancy told,
> Draft off the dull biography of gold" . . . etc.

Horace has expressed, with his unsurpassable neatness, the difficulty of attaining distinction, as also the comparative worthlessness of such success—

> "Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est;
> Nec cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum."

I think that I realised this truth in my own mind, and that I derived from it a certain kind of content. The lines have been thus paraphrased—

> "To reach the city of the shining hill
> Defeats nine pilgrims out of every ten;
> Yet needs no succour but a strenuous will,
> And favouring guidance of successful men."

CHAPTER IV

1856–1859

ABOUT this time died a lady whom I had known in Calcutta, and who formed one of those relics of the past that one is so sorry to lose. Mrs. Ellerton had not been a native of India, but she had come out so young that she remembered Calcutta when it was no more than the chief mercantile station or "factory" of a trading community, such as Hong-Kong has since become. One of the incidents of those days that she was always ready to relate was the duel between Warren Hastings and Francis in 1780, which led to such important results. Dr. Busteed, in his pleasant *Echoes of Old Calcutta*, has gone minutely into all the circumstances of that memorable morning (August 17), when the two distinguished antagonists met in a lane at Alipore, each hoping to deliver himself of further opposition.[1] It was an encounter of the Governor-General's own seeking, when the animosity of the member of Council had rendered the situation intolerable; and it is on record that Hastings objected to the spot first selected on the score of its being *too dark*. What the precise meaning of this may have been is matter

[1] See above (Interchapter on "Decay of Duelling").

for conjecture,—whether Hastings wanted more light to make sure of killing his man, or, as one would rather hope, to make sure of wounding him in a *non-mortal* manner. The latter, at all events, was the result; and Mrs. Ellerton used to relate that she was riding with her father that morning towards Alipore, when they met a litter in which lay a form covered with a blood-stained sheet, and were informed by the bearers that they were carrying "Francis Sāhib, who had been shot by the Lord Sāhib."

Mrs. Ellerton must thus have had memories of Calcutta extending over three-quarters of a century at the time of her decease. She passed the concluding years of her life as an inmate of the Bishop's Palace, and the Bishop was Daniel Wilson, who did not long survive her, but whose name at once recalls to all who knew the India of those days a flood of mingled memories. Like most remarkable men, the good prelate combined qualities that might have been thought almost incompatible; and he became unwittingly the father of a large family of anecdotes, which grew to be the common stock of Anglo-Indians. One of the first things that a newcomer used to hear in those days was that of the sermon on "Brotherly Love": how the Bishop, preaching in the "New Cathedral," with his chaplain—afterwards Archdeacon of the diocese—in the reading-desk below, pointed his discourse with a personal application. "Brotherly love, my brethren, is the rarest of all virtues. Now, here is my domestic chaplain, the Rev. Mr. P., in whom I might have been naturally led to expect it. Well, he sold me a horse for two hundred rupees last week which

I have since found out not to be worth twenty." The Bishop was, indeed, famous for these unexpected flashes. Once, as he was visiting his extensive diocese, he came to Allahabad, and preached on the Sunday in the Old Church in the civil lines, where the pulpit occupied a central place at the intersection of the choir, nave, and transepts, the front of the last-named being occupied by the ladies and gentlemen who kindly volunteered to act as choir. The worthy diocesan took "Praise" for the subject of his discourse, delivered extemporaneously, as his custom was. "I would have you to know," he said, "that praise is as much a duty of divine service as prayer. You might take example by the wife of your Brigade-major, whom I have observed prominent this morning in conducting your psalmody." . . . Here ensued a momentary pause, during which the preacher saw, or thought he saw, a certain bridling on the lady's part, as who should say, "His Lordship refers to me." Without movement or change of voice, the Bishop proceeded to check any tendency to vaingloriousness by the cool corollary, "To be sure, her singing was not remarkable, but, like Mary Magdalene, she hath done what she could."

Stories of this kind could be almost indefinitely multiplied by any survivor of those days who cared to take the trouble. One or two others occur to memory that may be less familiar, though they rest on good evidence, having been related by Bishop Wilson's successor, Dr. Cotton, mentioned in the first chapter of this Memoir. "My predecessor in this See," so Bishop Cotton would relate in his dry manner, "was very hospitable; but

he had a habit of introducing his guests' names into his family devotions, which was apt to be more *piquant* than agreeable. Thus, when Dr. Macdougall came to Calcutta to be consecrated to the See of Labuan, he was invited to be an inmate of the Palace, and exerted himself the first day so as to amuse the dinner-table. When the time for retiring for the night approached, the household knelt round the head in family prayer, and in the course of it the Bishop prayed for his guest as 'our young friend who has come among us to take upon him the office and ministry of an apostle. Vouchsafe, O Lord!' he added, 'to watch over him; make him less frivolous, and less prone to giggle upon trifling provocation.'" On another occasion it was a less dignified visitor who was made a victim. A young clerical servant of the Company, newly arrived from home, was a guest at the Palace, awaiting orders, and instant with the domestic chaplain to get him a good station. The importunity reached the Bishop in due course, but for some days produced no response. At last, one evening, the decision was thus strangely imparted: "Behold, O Lord! thy servants assembled under this roof, especially the Rev. Mr. ——. Cast over him Thy protection, seeing that he leaves us to-morrow morning for the remote and insalubrious station of ——," naming one of the "penal settlements" of the Service. Yet another yarn, of a similar nature, may be perhaps tolerated. A young chaplain, newly joined, was informed —by a practical-joke man at the Bengal Club—that the Bishop liked all the junior clergy to breakfast with him

on certain mornings. The next day being one of these, the Reverend youth—who was one of the "Private-Secretary" type—appeared at the Palace breakfast-table, in pursuance of what he understood to be the etiquette; and he found the Bishop courteous to benevolence until the fatal moment of prayer arrived. Then his Lordship was quite unable to resist temptation, and, invoking the divine blessing on all present, included "our young friend who has come hither *without an invitation.*"

It is not to be understood that, unless in the French sense, the Bishop had any "malice" in his composition. The record of his life (by Rev. Josiah Bateman, 2 vols. London, 1860) shows a man both benevolent and profoundly earnest. But all men have their weaknesses; and his was this sort of sly humour, and a sympathy that showed itself in odd "pokings of fun." In his last days, which were now drawing to a close, the labour of visitation became too heavy, and some of his work was taken by the then Bishop of Madras, a divine unhappily afflicted with a total loss of aspirate, who visited Dehra in 1856 and consecrated the church. In the course of his address on this occasion, he spoke of the sacred edifice as "an 'ouse which would be an 'ospital for sick 'earts"; and in the course of the afternoon a sketch of the Right Rev. preacher appeared with the following epigraph—

"Ye in this house who seek relief
—Which D—ltry did miscall so—
Had best not only bring your grief,
But all your aches also."

This sort of frivolity gets you into Mrs. Grundy's black books,—and no wonder. As Superintendent of the Doon, one was a prominent member of the largest white population north of Calcutta; consulted by grass-widows in their afflictions president of club committees; expected to be present at meetings and balls, to take part in the management of the theatre, and to read the lessons in church. A lack of dignity was sure to be imputed to one who could not take such occupations seriously; and to be the proprietor of a comic album, and the accredited originator of personal gibes, was not the best way to command the respect of a jealous and somewhat narrow-minded community. It was not only the immediate subjects of these little innocent pleasantries who might be offended, but the whole society around one perhaps conceived an unreasoning resentment. Anglo-Indian society in those days was not given to indulgent views: sent into exile at an early age, before the traditions of the nursery had been modified by the better influences of education, or by intercourse with cultured minds, the "cadets" and "writers" carried the moods of schoolboys into the work of men. Their womankind were unable to correct them: the whole machinery of life was rude; reflection was unregulated or unknown; the Articles of War were held to include the Articles of Religion; coarse acts and words accompanied intolerant orthodoxy, and a man who joked on a clergyman was apt to be sent to H—— for a d——d atheist. The general tone was one, to speak vulgarly, of beer and Bible; almost every-

one professed a sort of Low-Church orthodoxy, but the desire for alcoholic refreshment was widespread. As an Irishman of some local celebrity said, "It was an elegant country,—you'd always a fine thirst upon you, and the means of quenching it immediately at hand." One was almost tempted to believe in the prophetic gift of the poets of Greece and Rome when they sang of the conquest of India by Bacchus.

A man in many respects superior to this class would not rise above its mental level by the mere possession of better manners. Such were often set in the higher places of the Government; men whom ambition and energy had brought out of the mass, although the very concentration of their faculties on the path of professional success prevented them from seeing anything else. Such men often obtained the prizes of the Service by mere dint of moving from stool to stool in the Secretariat; and as they advanced they selected kindred spirits to fill the lower offices, until the whole administration appeared to be governed by a sort of Apostolic succession of skilled but ill-inspired mediocrity. From the files of the *Pioneer* for 1897 it may be gathered that this system still exists, to the great discontent of Anglo-Indian mankind.

Pleasant it was, in those days of nascent dissatisfaction, to break away from clubs, grass-widows, and religious controversies, and to pass days of interesting work on the wide mountain sides. A tract of nearly five hundred square miles rose at the north-west angle of the Doon, with scarcely a single level field upon its surface. Though

there were 495 townships in the Subdivision, the population was sparse and simple, and the cultivation, scattered about in little terraces, was small in extent and very backward. In this remote and primitive region I was now directed to make preparations for a "Settlement" of the land revenue, amounting perhaps to a couple of thousand pounds a year. As the fields were not much more than window gardens on a large scale, and the higher points were of arduous access, a good deal of difficulty attended the carriage and use of instruments for a cadastral survey. Yet such an operation was evidently much needed, if the people were to be given the benefits of an accurate determination of their obligations to the State.

In the centre of this wild tract the hills rose to a peak called Deobun, 9,347 feet above sea-level, at the foot of which in later years has been established the military station of Chakrāta, in my days a mere encamping-ground. Deobun was to be reached only by a steep and narrow path; but, when once the summit was attained, a fairer scene could hardly be, but for the want of water. The mountain was crowned by forests of fir and ilex, and carpeted with potentilla and wild strawberry. The northern horizon was formed of the Oberland of the Southern Himalaya, stretching from Bhadrinath to the westward above Simla, a range of sparkling snowpeaks, 100 miles long and averaging 20,000 feet in height. On the sides of this Delectable Mountain the deer browsed, and the gorgeous Impeyan pheasant—

known commonly under the vernacular name of *Manāl* —was at that period abundant. This bird is about the size of a young turkey, and it was a brave sight to see when he shot whistling down the wooded slopes, glistening in the morning sun like a fragment of the rainbow.

On this beautiful spot I was instructed to build a house, to serve primarily as an official residence for public officers on tour in Jaunsār, as the Subdivision was called. It was a simple cottage, strongly constructed out of the adjacent rock by the rude skill of the mountaineers, with a kitchen as a lean-to, and a range of servants' rooms and stabling on a lower ledge. This remote hermitage was my summer retreat for some years to come; and, after the Settlement was over, it was transferred to the Forest Department, by whose officers it is probably still occupied.

The cold season was devoted to making similar preparations in the Doon, as also to general administration and road-making; but everything was obstructed by a violent outbreak of epidemic cholera, from which great mortality ensued, two of my servants, for example, dying in one day. Early in the spring of 1857 work was resumed in Jaunsār, soon to be interrupted by a still more terrible scourge. I was not personally unprepared for some political trouble in that year, and in the previous September an article of mine in the *Calcutta Review* had ended with words in which I had vaguely, yet with much conviction, predicted the approach of a

convulsion.[1] But it was with no definite expectation of the actual events immediately impending that I set forth to initiate my difficult hill-survey. I was to employ instruments only for the boundaries of estates; nevertheless, as above noted, the work of carrying about and using plane-tables, flags, and chains, down precipices and up steep mountain-paths, was not easy, and my hands were from the plains and by no means practised mountaineers. But the climate was a great compensation for a young Englishman whose knowledge of India had been chiefly derived from such places as Muttra, Hissar, and Muzafarnagar; and one gladly roamed about the wild hillside, where the breeze blew from the snows and the bee hummed in the dog-rose bushes, and a noonday repast and rest were to be had on the bank of a stream whose rapid water had yielded a refreshing bath.

My family were stationary at Deobun, which I hoped was too high to be reached by the infection of the epidemic. But when I arrived I found that I was mistaken: cholera was raging, and my first duty was to visit, and so far as might be possible, relieve the surrounding villages. It was impossible to do much for sanitation. Unaccustomed to epidemics, the people had never thought of living otherwise than in the slovenly manner that had satisfied their fathers, and trusting to

[1] "A day may come when . . . the utmost address will be required to conciliate native society and preserve the fidelity of the army." Then followed a parallel with the state of France just before the Revolution, "a Paper-Age of hope, doctrine, and retrenchment," followed by a volcanic upheaval.

the natural slope of their accentuated sites for the drainage of their abodes when rain fell. Now the cholera had come upon them in the long dry season of an Indian winter and spring, and their only resource had been in change of air. The villages were deserted; the inhabitants, whenever infection appeared, took their children and their gods, their flocks and their herds, lived as they might, and slept under the starlight on the bare mountains, where the air was cold and pure from contamination. This measure of untaught hygiene was found effective; but wherever apathy or a stronger motive kept them at home, the people suffered most severely. One morning I walked down from the top of Deobun to visit a place about 1000 feet below, whence the supplies for my camp used to be derived, and now reported to be attacked. I took with me an orderly, carrying medicines. On the way we passed a sick villager, lying helpless, over whom we wrapped a blanket, but found him too ill to swallow drugs. On reaching the village, we were encountered by the headman, who said that nearly all had left, but he was detained by the duty of providing us with flour and milk. His daughter was ill, as were all the remaining inhabitants. In one house we saw an old couple lying dead on the floor;—to cut a long story short, all perished that day—headman, daughter, and every soul besides, and on our way back to the bungalow we found the body of the man whom we had cared for in the morning. I believe that such visitations are most rare on these breezy summits, where

people from the plains so seldom find their way to carry infection.

And now the still greater terror was at hand. In the beginning of April we had two visitors at Deobun,—R. Wallace-Dunlop, of the Civil Service, and Captain Speke, —going up to shoot in the Alpine region about the Niti Pass. Though unconscious of the exact future, both were prescient of coming trouble. They were on sick leave, but talked of returning to the plains if the situation grew worse.[1] We passed the evening round the wood-fire, talking over the alarming omens which, from Barrackpore to Umballa, were perplexing men's minds with fear of change; though not even then realising the full and obstinate nature of the coming trouble.

The actual explosion was soon to enlighten us with lurid splendour. On the morning of my thirty-second birthday I was sitting with my wife under the trees in front of our cottage, when the post-runner put his bag into our hands. In our retired life this was a welcome excitement. I tossed the newspapers and private letters to my partner, while I turned to the business communications. The first thing on which my eye fell was a small note from Mr. James Robertson, my Assistant, hastily folded and containing only a few lines to the following effect: "Mutiny at Meerut; jail broken; cantonments burned; so-and-so killed." It became necessary to return to the headquarters of the District,

[1] As, indeed, they did; Dunlop to distinguish himself by service in the Meerut District, and Speke to die a soldier's death in the storm of Delhi.

and the day was devoted to preparing for the march. By night little progress had been made; owing to the cholera hardly any porters could be obtained, and we had to go to bed with the prospect of separation in the morning, when I must walk the forty miles to Mussoorie and leave the family to follow when I could collect carriage for them. In those wild pathways everything went by human transport, the tents and the beds, the chairs, tables, and cooking-pots, the children themselves in their jhampans or portable seats, resembling the *sedia gestatoria* in which the Pope is borne into St. Peter's.

But when things are at the worst they must obey the law of mutability. Before I could start in the morning men began to arrive, and by leaving our heavier property in the bungalow — where it was all subsequently plundered—we were enabled to set out. On reaching the suspension-bridge by which the old road was carried over the Jumna, we found a tent pitched; and my wife busied herself with preparing afternoon tea, while I went to the river to bathe. What was my horror to find, when I had made my plunge, that it was impossible to find the way out of the water! When I had bathed there on my way out in March, the river had been low, but now it was swollen by the melting of the snows above, and the landing-place had disappeared. A hundred yards below was a cataract. Never can I forget the horror of that moment—to be carried down the rapids and dashed to pieces within a few feet of one's wife and children was bad enough, but I thought more

of the world's malice, and how everyone (but a few faithful friends) would cry—Out upon the coward who drowned himself to escape a dangerous and responsible duty! Nerved by the thought to fresh exertion, I at last clambered up the scarped rock on which the bridge rested, and fell senseless on the shore. Next day we mounted the steep slope of Badrāj, and encountered on the exposed summit one of the most tremendous tempests I ever saw or felt; and it drove us into the welcome shelter of a hut which some sportsmen had built in a nook and furnished with a stock of firewood and a chimney, where we found shelter from storm and black darkness. Next morning was fine, and we made our way into Mussoorie without further trouble, except meeting a friend who lived out at the edge of the station, and gave us the somewhat discouraging intelligence that the Sappers at Rurki had murdered their Commandant, and that the Goorkhas at Dehra had followed their example on their line of march to Dehli viâ Rurki.

For Dehra, nevertheless, I was bound; and, after bestowing the family in a temporary asylum at Mussoorie, I pushed on. When I reached Dehra that evening I put up at the messhouse of the departed Goorkhas, and sent for the Subadar-major, who had been left in charge of the lines. Things turned out better than I had heard; the Sappers — or a great part of them — had indeed mutinied and murdered their officer, but the Sirmoor battalion had arrived safe and sound at Rurki, and all was quiet at Dehra. I accordingly dismissed the Native

officer, with instructions to make his morning and evening reports to me, and called a meeting of the Christian inhabitants of Dehra, where provision was made for the maintenance of order in the town. For the District at large other measures followed, as suggested by its peculiar conditions. Lying between the two ranges of hill, the sub-Himalaya to the north and the Siwālik to the south, it is bounded on the west by the Jumna, on the east by the Ganges; the area is 1193 square miles, and the population at the time of the Mutiny was under 100,000 souls, of whom three-fourths were Hindus. The headquarters of the Grand Trigonometric Survey and other offices were there, and the American Presbyterians had lately established a mission; altogether —including retired officers—there was a considerable white population, but of this a great number had gone to the hill-sanatoria of Mussoorie and Landour. These places, it must be understood, are six or seven miles up the hill, the last-named being the military cantonment, containing accommodation for convalescent European soldiers from the neighbouring garrisons. Of these there were about one hundred present at the time of the Mutiny, under the command of an Irish colonel who had risen from the ranks. Taken together, the united mountain-town, scattered over a wide extent of cliff and terrace some 7,500 feet above sea-level, consisted of detached bungalows, schools, and convents, with a club-house, hospitals, barracks, and churches, and at the time of which I speak was crowded with the families

of officers, fugitives from the heat and from the terrors of the rebellion. They depended for food upon supplies brought from below; no private banks at that time provided for their financial accommodation, but the Government had a Treasury at Dehra, which was under my charge.

The problem thus presented was twofold. The little District, with its inhabitants, was virtually isolated. On the north were the Native States of the sub-Himalaya, on the west the principality of Nāhan, on the east the Province of Rohilkund, entirely occupied by mutineers and rebels; on the south, Saharanpore, still staunchly held by my old friend Spankie, but so disturbed that the roads were closed to traffic. And the Doon was so far from being self-supporting, that there was neither treasure nor food for one month's consumption. This was the most pressing difficulty; but the protection of life and property, and the preservation of the Asiatic public from the infection of revolt, made one of hardly less importance.

The Subadar-major was, for the time, a person of much moment, and his attitude seemed not entirely satisfactory. The Sirmoor battalion was composed of Goorkhas, and it may now be a fair presumption that they had not been tampered with by the founders of the Revolt, but of this we had at the time no knowledge. What they would do was naturally a question of great anxiety, because the little depôt left in the lines would be sure to follow their example. We had heard that the corps had mutinied. The news appeared to be, at

least, premature, but might be hereafter verified. In the meanwhile the Subadar adopted an expectant attitude. A second native, on whom much would evidently depend, was the Tahsildár, or Sub-Collector, who was the immediate agent and representative of authority for the Native community. If the eighty sepoys of the Sirmoor battalion were held together, and if the Tahsildár proved fairly faithful and energetic, there was no reason why the people of the Doon should not be kept from crime. Beside the Tahsildár and the Subadar, a third Asiatic who might exercise influence one way or the other was Raja Lāl Singh, a State prisoner, who lived in his own house under my charge, and was permitted to maintain a small personal guard, or following, of armed retainers. This nobleman had been Prime Minister of the Punjab in 1845, and after the first war was a member of the Council of Regency. In 1846, when Henry Lawrence went up to Cashmere for the purpose of making over the country to the Raja of Jummoo, a despatch was found in possession of the provincial Governor ordering him to resist, and this order bore the seal and signature of Lal Singh. A Commission sat under Lord Hardinge's order, and Lal Singh was found guilty and deported to India. He was at first imprisoned in the fort of Agra, but he found fault with the climate, and after the annexation was allowed to live at Dehra. He was a handsome, well-mannered man, completely illiterate and not very brave, but not at all disposed, as I soon discovered, to sympathise with the revolted sepoys and their friends.

I proceeded to make use of these native associates. The Goorkha Subadar—his name was Banya Khatri—did not at first seem very happy, but he obeyed my order to report twice a day. The Tahsildár was sent out to sound the villagers and see what could be done to protect the passes against sudden attack. The Raja was encouraged to augment his guard. Ere long we had blockaded all but the main roads in the Doon, and raised a militia for their observation among the zemindars. In the town itself a number of posts were established, and a patrol of Christians was appointed, who served by roster, visiting the guards in parties of two at various and uncertain hours of the day and night. Colonel, afterwards Sir Andrew, Waugh, an officer of Engineers, who was chief of the Trigonometric Survey, organised a small force of volunteers for the protection of Mussoorie, and Colonel L'Estrange took such measures as seemed best at Landour. So the month of June opened on a state of things painful, but not desperate. On the 1st of that month the Sirmoor battalion joined General Wilson's victorious column on the march to Delhi, and a few days later brought us a runner bearing a bag full of letters for the men of my little garrison in the lines. The knowledge that the corps had cast in its lot with the Government gave confidence to both sides, and from that day forth I had the most respectful and willing help from Banya Khatri. A few days later I received a note from my old schoolfellow, Forsyth (afterwards made K.C.S.I. for various diplomatic services), in which he informed me that 400 infantry and

200 cavalry of the Jalandhar brigade had passed through the Cis-Sutlej, and were marching towards my western border; his messenger had outrun them, but it was clear that he (Forsyth) was not strong enough to attack such a formidable body, and we might look to be immediately invaded. It must have been about the middle of the month; the monsoon had not yet reached us, and the heat was terrible, but, after consulting with Banya Khatri, I resolved on going out to attack the mutineers, and if possible prevent them from bringing fire and sword into Dehra. The treasure was despatched to Landour, whence help came in the shape of some convalescent European soldiers and a few volunteers. Mounting the men on ponies, and directing the Khatri to bring up all the Goorkhas he could spare in support, I marched for the Western Doon with a few friends on horseback, but leaving Lal Singh in bed, prostrated, as he declared, by fever and ague. But the unavoidable delay which had occurred in our preparations prevented our overtaking the enemy. Bent upon joining the defence of Delhi, and prompted by my zemindars,—who had no desire to keep such unprofitable visitors,—the sepoys ran across the S.-W. angle of the valley and through the Timli Pass. By the time we reached Bādshābāgh they were already far away, and as we had no provisions and were already many miles beyond our own limits, we had nothing for it but to return. Nevertheless the little expedition had not been all in vain; it had accelerated the movements of a large and dangerous hostile force, and had shown the people of

No.

DATED, 1857.

Company's Rupees Two.

DEHRA DOON TREASURY.

Dehra Doon Treasury. **Co.'s Rs. 2-0-0**

No. Dated, 1857.

Three (3) months after date, I promise on behalf of Government, to pay to the bearer of this note, *Company's Rupees* TWO *only*, together with *half an anna* per Rupee, for value received.

In charge of Treasury.

FACSIMILE OF GOVERNMENT PROMISSORY NOTE.

[*See page* 147.]

the Doon that we were ready to defend ourselves and them.[1]

What caused, ultimately, our most serious trouble was the prosaic matter of supply. Food was failing and would soon not be procurable for money, while money itself was growing scarce. It has been already shown that many European families had taken refuge in Mussoorie; the heads of these families being on the plains, many of them engaged in the siege of Delhi, or with various field-forces. These gentlemen, when they drew their pay, sent a large portion of it to their wives, as often as the state of the roads allowed, in drafts upon my treasury. As time and the war went on, sick and wounded officers came up in person, some of whom could not get pay at all, and were obliged to come to me for advances. My stock of coin became rapidly depleted, depending as it did upon remittances which had become precarious and rare. I was not, for some months, in communication with the Accountant-General of the Province, who was shut up in the fort at Agra, in the heart of a hostile country. Official bankruptcy and general disaster were clearly among early possibilities, and the only resource appeared to lie in the hazardous experiment of a paper currency, bearing interest, but for the time at least inconvertible. It was a grave responsi-

[1] To avoid unnecessary egotism, I would refer for all details to Malleson's continuation of Kaye's *Indian Mutiny*, where will be found a detailed account of what was done to preserve the peace of the Doon. Officers who prevented outbreak were naturally not so noticed as others who suppressed it. This was the case with Spankie, Hay, and some others, whose service met with no reward. (*Vide* next Chapter.)

bility, but one without apparent alternative. Public confidence had not been entirely destroyed in the Doon, however shaken; Spankie still held out at Saharanpore; life, moreover, had to go on somehow. So I got my notes printed, and stamped them with a crest-press, as a precaution against forgery. Signed, numbered, and registered, they were stocked in the treasury, and used in cashing drafts, 25 per cent. being issued in specie so long as cash could be made forthcoming.

I cannot flatter myself that the notes were an immediate success, though that might not be anybody's fault. The uninstructed traders of that remote locality could hardly be blamed for accepting them only at a heavy discount; the odds may well have seemed to be against the recovery of the Government, and 12 per cent. was not much to charge for the risk. The notes were always worth $\frac{14}{16}$ of a rupee, and after the fall of Delhi they rose to par; meanwhile the ladies and others who presented drafts at the treasury were naturally annoyed at having to take three-quarters of the value in a depreciated currency. In this emergency the Punjab officials, ever vigilant even where not personally responsible, sent us several remittances of specie, which were loyally brought in by my zemindars with their armed militia.[1] In addition to these seasonable supplies, Spankie did his best to furnish both

[1] The Punjab was then ruled by John Lawrence, but my chief correspondent was Mr., afterwards Sir, Donald M'Leod, then Financial Commissioner. The Doon was, of course, quite out of their jurisdiction, but they were too patriotic and high minded to withhold help at such a crisis.

cash and provisions. Between the middle of May and the middle of September we were indebted to this active friend for 120 tons of grain and a quantity of bullocks, besides nearly a lakh and a half of rupees, equal to two years' revenue of the Doon at that period. With such assistance we managed to get through that terrible time without starvation and without bankruptcy. The hated "shin-plasters" were a necessary evil, and everyone had to accept them for whatever they would fetch, so long as the stress endured. When the news of the taking of Delhi reached us in September, confidence improved, and the more acute members of the community, observing the turn of the tide, bought up as much of the paper as they could get. The discount immediately disappeared, but not the complaints against the unfortunate originator of the notes. For the road being opened to Meerut allowed of the letters of the grumblers getting as far as the Commissioner there, who immediately directed me to stop the issue and call in all my paper, although he had no means of supplying my treasury with cash. This brought us up sharp, and people were more enraged than ever: it was bad enough, they said, to be fobbed off with the paper when it was at a discount, but to have it withdrawn just as it was becoming profitable was—oh! the deuce.

My friend Robert Forrest—since distinguished as a writer of Indian stories[1]—came to my rescue, and a timely statement of his in the only up-country paper that

[1] *The Touchstone of Peril*, and *Eight Days*, both much admired in later times.

had escaped the storm—the *Lahore Chronicle*—helped to put the saddle on the right horse. Nevertheless, I do not believe that my local influence and official reputation could have failed to suffer greatly. I had to support—as best I could, with a superior who had as narrow an intelligence as was compatible with his excellent moral nature—the misunderstanding of the majority of the European community. I have already mentioned my unfortunate habit of levity and not always seasonable joking, and I caused further offence by an incapacity of sympathy with what I looked upon as injustice or indiscriminate revenge. When the neck of the rebellion was broken and the work of punishment began, I thought there was too much of this, and showed it in deeds no less than in words. The Commissioner was by nature a genial and kind-hearted man, but when next we met he reproached me for what he thought undue mildness, observing that "it was easy to see that I had lost no friends in the late events." He thought, apparently, that private passion was a decorous motive in public employ. The subject is both painful and unprofitable, or some curious instances might be related. Enough has, perhaps, been said to explain—if not to justify—the effect produced on the usually just natures of British officers by such a dreadful trial.[1] I may be permitted to add that my conduct was twice brought

[1] "The English are not kind, but they are just," is the testimony borne some years later by a distinguished Belgian traveller, Count Goblet d'Alviella. The saying was true, on the whole, though not universally exemplified in 1858. For some details, from a peculiar standpoint, see the ensuing chapter.

before Lord Canning, who completely exonerated me, and afterwards expressed his positive approval through his Private Secretary, Mr. Lewin Bowring, C.S.I.

The year 1858 passed in the gradual restoration of order, and the gradual resumption of routine duty. After the capture of Lucknow and Sir Hugh Rose's astounding successes in Central India, there was no longer any question but one of time with the rest of Upper India. We had a period of suspense, and even of trial, on our eastern boundary, whence, indeed, an incursion that for a moment had a formidable appearance was made in the neighbourhood of Hurdwar. But Brigadier Jones entered Rohilkund from Rurki, and drove all before him till he met Sir Colin Campbell at Bareilly. That town was taken on the 7th of May, and before the end of the month the Commander-in-Chief was free to turn to the pacification of Oude.

I was so far fortunate throughout this time of trouble that my small District was free from disturbance, and, with the exception of the plunder of my goods left in the Deobun bungalow, no European suffered in property or person. The minds of men in authority were for a time absorbed by heavy responsibilities; individual claims could not always be considered, and by the end of the year I saw several of my juniors promoted to full-paid charges, while I was still only drawing half-pay in the Doon. As Lord Canning had been in charge of the N.-W. Provinces (after the lamented death of Mr. Colvin), I made my first remonstrance to him, receiving in reply the expression of satisfaction above recorded. It was, however, accompanied

by the strange proviso that it was not to be used to influence the new Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Edmonstone. The only hope of transfer to a better post now lay in putting the case before that distinguished officer. A gentleman with whom I had already had some differences of opinion had been for some time Secretary to the Local Government, and was understood to say that I was kept in the Doon by my own desire. As I had only accepted the appointment three years before on a written understanding from the same gentleman that it was "pending further promotion," it seemed that there was some mistake that would be best rectified in a personal interview; the roads were still unsafe, but I thought I might venture down country by way of the Ganges Canal. From Dehra to Allahabad—whither the provincial headquarters had been moved from Agra—was about 500 miles, but from Rurki to Cawnpore the canal provided a fine waterway to anyone who chose to go down it. I accordingly hired two boats, one for living in, the other for cooking and for my servant. The voyage was calm and solitary; I was not only unmolested, but I saw no sign in the country bordering on the canal to show that war had passed there so lately. In about a week we reached Cawnpore, still raw with the scars of the tragedies of which it had lately been the scene. I found the East Indian Railway in working order, and performed the rest of the journey, some 140 miles, by that method, then quite a novelty in Upper India. Many Anglo-Indians had never seen a railroad up to that time. On reaching

BHOOTIYA TRAVELLERS IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Allahabad I found the Lieutenant-Governor present, and I was accorded an interview, at which I laid my case before him, but found no prospect of immediate satisfaction. Somewhat sadly I returned to Dehra, and the first thing that awaited my arrival was the death of my little daughter, the first of many such blows that I was destined to endure.

The year 1859 passed without any memorable event. In the hot-weather I took a short leave of absence, and went, with my wife and another lady, for a short excursion into the Alpine region above Mussoorie. Our first intention was to visit Gangotri, the source of the Ganges, about 10,000 feet above sea-level, and a celebrated shrine of pilgrimage; but, after we had got within a couple of marches, the weather became rough, and the Hindustani servants suffered so much from cold, that we were fain to diverge to the west and cross the head of the Düab, or tract between the Ganges and the Jumna. The scenery was as fine as wooded mountains can afford in the absence of water, and we found the people gentle and hospitable. On the sunny slopes facing south was a general lack of trees, but abundant herbage resembling that of Europe, with many wild flowers such as bloom there in early summer. On the more exposed peaks the rocks stood hot and bare, but in the glens our path often led by rushing streams and through lovely woods of oak, cedar, and other *coniferæ*, interspersed with tree-rhododendra blazing in scarlet bloom. After some ten days' wandering and sketching, we reached the foot of the great glacier whence the Jumna issues, and

made arrangements to ascend the following morning to the source. The river rises on the south of a mountain nearly 21,000 feet above the sea, the actual spring being more than half-way up. On one side is a circular pool, out of which rises a geyser of boiling water, leaping some 40 feet into the air; on the other, the infant river runs beneath a bridge of ice. We sat down to breakfast after our climb, and I recollect that a servant had to hold an umbrella over the ladies' heads to protect them from the falling snow. It was the 24th May, and it must be a rare experience for English people in India to breakfast in a snowstorm on the Queen's Birthday. We returned down the valley of the Jumna, entering Jaunsār at the junction of the Tons; on the way we came upon the very finest deodar-cedars I have ever seen, standing on a bluff above the river. This tree closely resembles the cedar of Lebanon in its later growths, but the specimens growing in England are not yet old enough to show the full development. The wood is largely used in India for railroad sleepers, being highly resinous and unpopular with the white ants, which work such havoc with ordinary timber in that country.

We had few visitors of the calibre of Bayard Taylor, but some famous travellers once passed through on their way to the Upper Himalayas. These were the Schlagintweit brothers, sent out by the Prussian Government on the recommendation of the veteran Humboldt. Of these distinguished men I saw nothing but the wreck of a conveyance which they had chartered from a Dehra hotel-

keeper, named Williams, to take them to the foot of the hills. On entering his yard one day, on some affair of my own, I found Williams, who was a retired jockey, brooding over the *disjecta membra* of a buggy that he kept for hire; and, on inquiring how it came to be in such a shattered condition, received for answer the following quaint reply: "The fact is, sir, the Messrs. Sloggingweight, the German gents, is not accustomed to the driving of 'osses." That was the only light in which the foreign savants appeared to Williams, but I do not remember that their appearance in Upper India made much more impression on the average members of our society.

On the 2nd of August 1858 the Act for the better government of India received the Royal sanction, and the servants of John Company, of whom I was one, were handed over to the service of the Crown. This made a substantial difference in our position, because our old masters had been indulgent, and we could not count with certainty on a continuance of the indulgence. For the military officers, indeed, provision was secured, owing to the friendly actions of a member of the House of Commons named Henley; but no one seems to have thought of the civilians, who found out their misfortune later on. Under the old system they had held office, on good behaviour, to their lives' end; a new rule was now passed limiting their tenure to 35 years. This was bad in equity, I presume, seeing that they had been transferred without being consulted, and ought to have retained their privilege. On the 1st of the following November the change of rule

was announced to the whole of British India by a proclamation read in every State. But an omission like that made in the case of the civil officers took place in regard to a much more formidable body, and led to somewhat serious results. Without a question being asked them, the Company's white troops were to be transferred from the old service to the new,—"like a string of horses," as the men said. At least, they argued, give us the option of going home; and if we wish to re-engage, let us be paid the usual bounty. The arguments of 16,000 armed veterans could not be ignored, and most of them got their discharge, with a free passage to Europe, their places being filled up by new recruits, whose enlistment cost a free passage out besides the bounty.

The rest of the year passed in the usual way,—the measurements advancing in Jaunsār and getting fairly under way in the Doon. Mr. Edmonstone came up in the beginning of the cold-weather and pitched his camp at Dehra; his hostile Secretary had gone to some higher sphere, and been succeeded by my old friend George Couper; and I made use of the opportunity to obtain a fresh consideration of my case. The Lieutenant-Governor was pleased to go into the matter seriously: he saw that I had been misrepresented; that I could really do better work than potter with a plane-table round the miniature fields of Jaunsār and the Doon; and he came to the determination that I should be nominated to an approaching vacancy in my old District of Muzafarnagar. The Collector there was a gentleman who had been at Rugby with me as

a lad, and afterwards got to stand in my light, more than once, in the paths of my promotion;—we resembled, in fact, Pitt and Fox, as described in the Baboo's celebrated essay, who had been "friends in youth, but afterwards became contemporaries." Mr. E—— was, however, going home on furlough, and I was to succeed him not only as District Officer, but also in charge of the "Settlement" then in course of renewal on the expiry of the thirty years' lease. E—— had already started the survey, which in those days was not, as it is now, the work of a special scientific Department, but was conducted by the native staff under the eye of the Collector and his Assistants. The members of the Civil Service had not received any training as surveyors, so that we had not only to teach our subordinates but to learn the art ourselves.

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INTERCHAPTER

THE GREAT REVOLT

THE tragic sufferings out of which was born the new India of which the Queen became Empress in 1877, have been viewed so differently by various able observers, that it may seem presumptuous for one who had so small a share in them to offer any dogmatic comments. The result, however, of what the writer did see of the Mutiny, combined with his subsequent studies of its history, is to lead him to think that its roots were deeper than what is supposed by those who base their opinion on the undoubtedly high authority of the late Lord Lawrence. Ardent friend and follower of the Marquis of Dalhousie, John Lawrence could not see any political reason for the outbreak, and was content to attribute it entirely to the alarm excited by that greased cartridge which others took to have been merely the portfire that exploded a mass of combustible matter previously prepared. This view of theirs is favoured by several considerations. In the first place, the fables circulated about the cartridge were inconsistent, and were immediately and authoritatively contradicted; the men were allowed to prepare their own ammunition, and a special exercise was ordered whereby

all danger of pollution was removed. Several corps bit the cartridges from the first, among them the 31st Native Infantry, composed entirely of high-caste men. Then again, this was far from being the only scare promulgated in the early part of the terrible year: a story was circulated that bones were ground up with the flour issued from the Canal mills at Rurki and Cawnpore; while mysterious cakes were sent round through the village watchmen. This last manœuvre was afterwards traced to an apostle of sedition, Ahmad Shāh of Faizabad, known as an able leader in the subsequent wars. The use of the watchmen to circulate the chapatis was a master-stroke, possibly emanating from the same arsenal as a combination which came to my knowledge, though at the time without making any distinct impression. My wife had a Moslem aya named Banu, a most faithful and intelligent servant, who indeed continued nurse to her youngest child for years. One day in 1856, while in attendance on her mistress, Banu repeated an Urdu song, which, she said, her co-religionists were using at weddings and social gatherings, by "order of Government." I only now recollect the beginning—

> "I said to my heart, Let us go the forest,
> For strangers hold sway in my forefathers' halls."

Looking back on this, I can see what did not then strike me at all. The titular King of Delhi, Bahādur Shāh, was grandson of Shāh Ālam, the last reigning Emperor, famous in the history of Clive as "the Shahzāda." His father, Akbar II, had succeeded to the broken-down

throne in 1806, and had at first made some feeble attempts to assert himself as Emperor of all Hindustan. Described by the then Resident—General Ochterlony—as "imbecility personified, weak, proud, and in the highest degree rapacious and avaricious," Akbar Shāh was found open to negotiation; and in 1811 Metcalfe prevailed upon him to modify his pretensions in consideration of an increase to his eleemosynary stipend, which he persisted in calling the Company's "tribute." In 1837 he died, having—like others of his family—enjoyed some local reputation as a writer of Persian poetry.

The song, however, of which I now speak was probably the work of Akbar's son and successor, Abul Muzafar Sirāj-ud-Din Muhamad Bahādur Shāh, who enjoyed a very genuine fame among modern Moslem poets, and was author of a printed volume. A sample of this monarch's verse is to be seen on the gold coin struck by him, of which one face bore this inscription: "Ba zar zad sikka nasrat tarāzi Sirāj-ud-Din Bahādur Shāh, Ghazi" ("Sirāj-ud-Din Bahādur Shāh, Defender of the Faith, struck upon gold the victory-adorning die"). The origin of the song ought to have been suggested to me by something that I witnessed two years before when passing through Delhi on the way from Hissar to Muzafarnagar. Being the guest of Mr. Simon Fraser, the Commissioner, I saw him come in one morning in a state of some excitement from an interview with the old King's favourite consort, Zinat Mahal, to whom he had, as Governor-General's agent, conveyed the intention of Lord Dalhousie that, after the death of Bahādur Shāh, the

Royal Family would have to vacate the palace, and retire to a country house near the Kutab Minar to live in the character of private citizens. Evidently the old sovereign had resented the indignity in the poem my aya had learned, and its dissemination as "by order of the Government" was done of set purpose.

The Queen was suspected of poisoning the heir-apparent, Mirza Fakhr-ud-Din, who died a year before the Mutiny, to make way for her son, Jawān Bakht. Europeans of that day had no conception of the glamour still exercised by the fallen empire of the Moghuls. Ever since the overthrow of 1739, when Nādir Shāh, the Persian invader, sacked Delhi and rifled the Peacock Throne, no real political power had been exercised by the "Great Moghul"; yet Clive had been anxious to confirm his conquests by a patent from Shāh Ālam; and nearly thirty years later, General de Boigne, when commanding the armies of Sindhia, had observed that the Shāh was still revered as the source of power and the fountain of honour in the whole of India, adding expressly that Sindhia—who wielded most of the real power of the empire—"participated in the reverence."

I remember in 1856 a conversation with a Saiad friend, Mir Imdad Hosain (mentioned again in a later chapter). "If ever there were to be a rebellion (which God forbid!), you would see," said he, "that the focus of it would be at Delhi." On my asking why this would be so, he answered, "For Hindustanis Delhi is always the seat of empire; and the Government would do well to make it

the political capital." I cannot say that all these things together gave a plain indication of conspiracy, but I think that—seen in the light of what followed—they help to confirm the view that a number of political influences prepared the Revolt.

But of all the evidence on this point the most direct is perhaps that afforded by the letters discovered in the Nāna's palace at Bithur. When the place was finally occupied, December 11, 1857, a quantity of papers were found in the office of the Nāna's secretary, a Moslem once well known in England by the name of Azimullah Khān. This fellow, who had begun life in a school established by a benevolent member of the Civil Service, became a table-servant when he grew up, and then promoted himself to the office of "munshi," or teacher of Hindustani to subalterns desirous of passing an examination in that vernacular.[1]

I have given an account of the contents of these letters elsewhere,[2] and need say no more here than that the writer had a European Assistant, who was murdered before the palace was evacuated. In the handwriting of this man were drafts of letters sent by Azimullah to persons of distinction in Europe; amongst them one addressed to Umar Pasha, the once famous Turkish general. In this communication Azimullah—dating in 1856—reminded the

[1] John Lang, of the *Mofussilite* newspaper, being offered in a London drawing-room the honour of an "introduction to the prince," replied: "Prince indeed!—he has changed my plate fifty times in India."

[2] *Sketches in Indian Ink*, 67 ff.

Pasha that, when they met in the Crimea, his Excellency had mentioned that he would be glad of information as to the condition of India; in pursuance of which he now had the honour to report that the British had sent an expedition to Persia, which was likely to fail, especially when the Persians were aided by a Russian army, as would surely be the case. The writer added that he and the Queen of Oude—who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to appeal against the annexation—were engaged in raising the country, and that (please God) the next news would be of the expulsion of the infidels. When one adds, that at the beginning of the year a proclamation in a similar spirit had been torn down from the door of the Jama Musjid—cathedral mosque—of Delhi, it is impossible to doubt the existence of a widespread conspiracy in the interests of the Moslem revival so persistently dreamed of by the Mohammedans of Hindustan. If it be asked why a Hindu chief like the Nāna should have taken an active part in such an intrigue, the simple answer is that the Nāna claimed to be Peshwa of the Marātha Confederacy; and that, immediately before the introduction of British supremacy, the Marātha Peshwa had been the titular Vicegerent of the Moghul Empire, a post which the Nāna would have been glad to fill.

It may be less easy to trace the *nexus* which must have existed amongst all the different authors of the plot. A gallant historian who was in Oude at the time, calls the Maulvi Ahmad "a loyal subject of the King of Delhi *and*

the Nawāb of Oude."[1] Strictly speaking, that could hardly be the status of anyone at the time, because the Nawāb of Oude, by assuming the title of King, had declared himself independent of the Court of Delhi, so that the subject of the one could not very well be the subject of the other. But presumably the Maulvi was an ardent well-wisher to the cause of Islam in general; and his after conduct showed both talents and tenacity, until he was sniped from the top of a wall as he was trying to break down the gate of a Raja's fort. Nothing is more likely than that the two Queens got into communication by the instrumentality of Azimullah, and that the Maulvi was employed as a common agent of both to tamper with disaffected men in the sepoy regiments. When this was set agoing, the cartridge scare would be one among other devices for misleading the simple intelligence of the rank and file.[2]

The remarkable part of the matter is that no officers, civil or military, became alarmed to the extent of suspecting what was going on, and moving the superior officials to order a general inquiry. For my own part, I cannot plead Not Guilty to this charge. As above shown, I had not been unwarned; and the fact that I thought

[1] *The Sepoy Revolt.* By Gen. M'Leod Innes, V.C. London, 1897.

[2] Some notion of the state of the sepoy mind of the times may be got from the report of an officer who overheard a conversation among some of his men one rainy night, as they sheltered in a shed while he was going his rounds. "These Franks," said one, "have no prestige; they will neither make an Emperor nor let anyone else do so. And now they are destroying our religion."—*Etawah District Report*, 1858.

some mischief was on foot seems clear from my article in the *Calcutta Review* for September 1856, cited in the preceding chapter. In the event, all looks as if ordained to bring good out of evil. Nothing being done to smother the outbreak, the Pretorian host rushed on its own destruction, and the chief of the evils which had caused the Revolt were swept away when order was restored.

What the present writer saw of it was not very eventful. His task consisted in protecting and feeding a large and mostly helpless white population. When the worst of the stress was over, the women and children, the invalids and non-combatants, who thronged the pleasant sanatoria of "the hills north of Dehra," were unscathed in life, limb, and property—*quittes pour la peur*, as the French say. In the face of the tremendous tragedies and feats of arms that had been going on below, he did not think it becoming to chronicle such small things in an official report, and all the acknowledgment of his services was a private message from Lord Canning, and a statement by the Accountant-General of the Province, that his financial administration was "deserving of a place in history." This it has in due course obtained. [See *Kaye and Malleson*, Cabinet Edition, vol. vi.]

What the difficulties of the position were cannot perhaps be now appreciated, and would hardly repay the trouble. The only other officer at all similarly situated was his contemporary and friend, Lord William Hay, since Marquis of Tweeddale, whose far more conspicuous services equally passed without official recognition. The majority

of the European inhabitants of Simla and Mussoorie were scared and bewildered at the failure of the fools' paradise in which we had all been living, and they did not at first show to advantage. Thus, when it was rumoured at Simla that the Nasiri battalion, which garrisoned the Jatogh cantonment, had risen against its European officers, they hastily retired into the neighbouring hillsides, led by a general who afterwards fell gallantly fighting. Hay, however, kept his head; and, riding off to Jatogh with one native subordinate, hurried to the parade-ground, pacified the men, and persuaded them to follow their officers to the plains, where they remained faithful, and did good and valiant service. At Mussoorie there was no stampede, but the ladies and retired veterans there were in a state of constant excitement; for many months bad news kept them agitated, and every Sunday showed more black costumes in the Station church. Then wounded or otherwise invalided officers began to come up from the seat of war, many of whom claimed quarters at the club, the management of which was added to my more strictly official duties. As these gentlemen could not get their pay regularly, their board and lodging had to be recorded on credit, and it was a long time before some of these bills could be liquidated. The paper currency enabled the Dehra Treasury to keep up a small supply of cash, but the notes were naturally at a discount, and one got anything but thanks for what one was enabled to do in the matter. At last, when tension and discontent were almost insupportable, I received news of the storming of the Cashmere

Gate in September, as I was attending an auction of the effects of a deceased officer. I had the pleasure of telling the good news to the Europeans about me, and a ringing cheer was raised, which made some of the native bidders turn as pale as their natural complexions would allow.

Colonel L'Estrange, who commanded the adjoining convalescent depôt of Landour, lost no time in ordering a general illumination, to witness which I received a courteous invitation. The worthy veteran had made an ally of Elāhi Baksh, the chief native shopkeeper of his bazaar, and he took this individual round with him to see that all buildings were duly lighted up. On coming to the chief mosque, and finding it in darkness, the Colonel turned to his Moslem henchman, and asked:

"Eli! kyun nahin batti?" ("Why no lights?")

"Khudāwand!" was the reply; "Masjid hai." ("'Tis a mosque.")

"Very well," was the commandant's reply; "then tell him *pachās rupi jarmāna.*" ("Fifty rupees fine.")

Such was voluntary loyalty in Landour. For Moslem loyalty there was indeed little encouragement.

I was walking one evening, a few weeks later, while war and rapine were still in full possession of the tract a few miles off across the Ganges, whence invasion—such as occurred at Christmas—was always on the cards. Suddenly an unknown native came from behind a rock, crept up to me, and whispered in my ear that he could show me proof of a dangerous conspiracy. Hastily communicating the information to my companion, Mr. Wigram Money, Com-

missioner of Customs, I took him with me in the direction indicated. Our guide led us to the house of a man who had come up from Delhi as munshi, or secretary, to Major Wriford, one of the officers employed to collect and distribute the value of the prize taken at the siege. This man was a Mohammedan, who was alleged to be in treasonable correspondence with the Nawāb of Najibabad, the nominal chief of the rebels on the other side of the river; and the informer gave us positive assurance that letters in support of the charge would be found in the house. We accordingly entered; for, as a Magistrate, especially in times like that, one would not stay for a warrant, or stand on ceremony. The accused was from home, but his wife gave us access to all his papers, which I took away, but among which no evidence of crime was found on subsequent examination. Nevertheless, when the munshi was arrested and brought into Court next day, the informer stuck to his tale, producing documents which he professed himself to have found in the Sarai at Dehra, concealed in the shoe of the accused. One was a draft letter to the Nawāb, another purported to be the Nawāb's answer. The evidence looked thin; on the other side was the testimony of Major Wriford, to the effect that the munshi was a faithful and loyal servant; and, on a more careful scrutiny, the draft letter and the supposed answer appeared to be in one and the same handwriting, and to contain a common error of orthography. As this consisted of a misspelling of the prisoner's own name, my first very natural impulse was to discharge the man at once, but there were some suspicious circum-

stances brought forward; and, on the whole, I decided to let the case go before the Sessions. It may serve to show the heated state of feeling among the Christian inhabitants, when I add that on this foundation a charge of lukewarmness was framed against me, and the censure of the Government of India invoked, because I had not hanged this man straight off—I, to whom powers of life and death had never been intrusted. Lord Canning ordered an inquiry, which, of course, ended in my complete justification; and when the case came for trial before Mr. Spankie, the judge, and a bench of assessors, the accused was absolutely and unhesitatingly acquitted.

If this case arose out of my failure to exercise powers which I did not possess, there was another—still more unfortunate — originating in the belief that I held no power at all. And to make matters worse, my immediate superior failed to give me due support, and the affair did not come before the Governor-General in time to prevent a cruel deed of injustice. Nothing can restore the dead to life; and the officer who did the deed was a valiant and devoted soldier, who thought that he was doing his duty, so that no good purpose could be served by going into details here.

Fortunately the gallant if mistaken hero soon left the District, and his successor was a man of a different stamp—brave and of distinguished service, but careful and intelligent. The group of which the Doon formed a geographic item was temporarily put under charge of Colonel Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers, whose headquarters were

at Rurki, in the Saharanpore District, but on the right bank of the Ganges, on whose opposite shore the Rohillas were still collected in armed revolt. I held the Hurdwar Pass with a small party commanded by Major Herbert Abbott and Captain James Rawlins; and we passed many pleasant days in that cool region tiger-hunting and fly-fishing about the forests of the Eastern Doon. Here we learned, not without anxiety, that the Government had decided upon completing the conquest of Oude before making any attack upon Rohilkund. One sees now that this was a military and political question involving very wide issues. All that we could think of at the moment was that, if Sir Colin Campbell pushed the Oude revolters in a north-westerly direction, our Districts and our hill stations would be in the utmost danger. From the rabble of the Nawāb, indeed, we had nothing to fear; my party and the Rurki garrison would be enough to deal with them, if indeed they should ever dare to come across. Reinforced, however, by regular troops under the redoubtable Maulvi, they would become more formidable; and the more the forces of the Government should prosper, the greater our danger would become.[1] A small sample of what we might expect was soon afforded. On Christmas Eve, just as Sir Colin Campbell was marching—had we but known it—to the attack on Fatehgarh, Baird Smith came to inspect our post, and was met by the report that the enemy had not

[1] "Sir Colin wished to clear Rohilkund first, and then concentrate on Oudh, but in this he was overruled by Lord Canning."—M'Leod Innes, p. 205.

molested us, and appeared to have decamped. The officers of my party therefore obtained leave to run into Dehra, and take their Christmas dinner with their families. Next day the enemy crossed, a few miles lower down the river, where there was no one to receive them. Some looting took place, and more would have followed, but that they took the alarm and retired. A few days later they returned in greater force, but still farther to the south; we at once organised a party to obstruct their entrance into the Doon, but they went down the river below Khankal, and were there encountered by Captain Boisragon with some Sikhs, two light field-pieces, and fifty men of that very Nasiri battalion which had caused so much alarm at Simla only six months before. How the rebels were defeated and made to retire on Bijnaur is told, in dealing with Saharanpore, in the 6th volume of *Kaye and Malleson*, pp. 112 ff.

Soon after this we learned that the Government had decided on clearing Rohilkund without awaiting the complete pacification of Oude, which proved to be a more troublesome task than at first expected. The column under Brigadier John Jones,—commonly known as "Jones the Avenger,"—entering by our old fords, soon drove away the Bijnaur and Najibabad levies, and I was disappointed in not being allowed to accompany them as Civil Officer, a duty for which I had volunteered. The Doon was now safe, and I felt that my most ardent wishes had been fully accomplished. At the commencement of the outbreak I had told my wife that I had no

desire of personal advantage from the troubles around us, and that we must consider ourselves fortunate if my important charge should come unscathed through the coming perils. This aspiration had been now realised. Of the numerous women and children, the banks, schools and convents, the offices and plantations, which abounded in the hill stations and the Doon, no hair of an English head, no scrap of English property, had suffered loss or damage. One raid had been repulsed by a timely expedition; one party of plunderers had been captured, tried, and executed in due course of law. With the help of my faithful partner and one Eurasian clerk I had signed, registered, and issued 100,000 rupees' worth of small currency notes, and otherwise lived days of labour and nights of watchful activity. My reward had been misconception and general unpopularity, though my task had been done. All I now desired was relief from such a thankless and ill-remunerated responsibility, and a situation where work could be performed to better purpose, and one could fulfil the ideal of the Preacher—to "see the good of thy labours."

Note.—When describing, without bitterness or personality, the obstructive attitude of my average associates, it would be ungrateful not to add that from some good men of the time I received valuable sympathy and support. Foremost among these were John Lawrence, chief of the Punjab Province, and Donald M'Leod, his Finance Minister, from whom, though not their subordinate,

I had constant letters of encouragement and help in money. Next should be named Robert Spankie, Magistrate, afterwards judge, in the adjoining District of Saharanpore. Mr. Malcolm Low, afterwards M.P. for Grantham, served under me as a volunteer; as did also Mr. R. Forrest, the author mentioned in a note to the last chapter, and the Revs. J. S. Woodside and D. Herron, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Dehra. From Colonel (afterwards Sir Andrew) Scott-Waugh,[1] and Major Tennant, of the Engineers, I received useful aid; indeed, it was Tennant who first thought of the paper currency, to which, however unpopular, we were indebted for getting through the first five months of the trouble.

[1] A few years later I was proposed as a candidate for the Athenæum Club by Lord Lawrence, Sir Andrew being my seconder. I was fortunate enough to be elected in due course, though not until both my original sponsors were dead.

CHAPTER V

1859–1862

MY troubles appeared to be over. I was leaving a pleasant station, to be sure, but it was one in which I had undergone a sad load of care. There had been double expenses of living and less than half pay, and there had been the constant irritation from hostile neighbours, resentful of paper-currency worries and of my lack of severity towards their servants and other natives. I was going to a District with which I was already familiar, to an ample income, and to very interesting work. In fact, my tenure of office at Muzafarnagar was the climax of my official course. Not that the existence was an altogether ideal one; too many drawbacks were evident. "The Manager Serlo," in *Wilhelm Meister*, asserted that no man who valued his culture ought to pass a day without seeing a fine picture and hearing good music, and such influences were entirely wanting. But the bungalow was comfortable and not ill-decorated; fir-trees shaded the lawn; there was a good garden, with grapes, oranges, and peach trees; a large swimming bath assembled the gentlemen of the station every morning, and they were both more numerous and more

companionable than of old. One of my Assistants at one time was Grant, afterwards Sir Charles, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs; at a later date came Auckland Colvin,[1] since then distinguished in many high offices both in India and Egypt. When the great heat was over, the ladies joined us from the hills, and I enjoyed for some months the company of wife and children.

The camping-season began early, and I hastened to take the field, one of my most important duties being to inspect and stimulate the operations of the Survey. The free life, with exciting occupation, was very delightful, had there been no conflicting duties to extend the pressure and distract the attention. Unfortunately we were in the days before the introduction of the great principle of "division of labour," and the ordinary functions of a District Officer were then too multifarious and responsible, even without the additional business of settlement operations. In 1860 almost every conceivable phase of rural life demanded the attention of a Magistrate-Collector. He was at the head of the criminal judicial administration, including that large class of cases which, in civilised countries, belong to the "Law of Tort," but in such backward communities as those of Hindustan are constantly brought into the correctional tribunals by a poor

[1] Sir Auckland Colvin, K.C.M.G., etc., was educated at Eton and Haileybury, and had not been more than two years at work when he came to me. He has since been Controller of Finance and Consul-General at Cairo, Finance Minister in the Government of India, and ultimately Lieutenant-Governor of the N.-W. Provinces, as his father had been before him.

and vindictive people, unable or unwilling to have recourse to the Law Courts. Did a creditor attach his debtor's oxen, he would be charged with cattle-lifting; if the spout of a villager's roof drenched his neighbour's premises, the neighbour would complain of a trespass, or apprehended breach of the peace; nuisances, right-of-way, boundary disputes, all were followed up, past the very doors of the civil Courts, and arranged, by the ready help of shrewd pettifoggers, to assume the appearance of public or private wrongs. There was a particular law of trespass, known as Act IV. of 1840, the elasticity of which was almost inexhaustible, and under which no decision had a chance of satisfying the litigants unless the Magistrate went to the spot and held a local inquiry in person, after which his pie-powder award was accepted on both sides as a sort of parliamentary title. He was also head of the police, responsible for the conduct and discipline of the force, and for the detection of all reported crime; sometimes sitting to hear cases in which he had himself directed the preliminary investigation, and was represented in the prosecution of trials in which he was to act as judge. He was in charge of the public distilleries and licences, of the road and ferry funds, of the dispensaries, jails, and village schools. On Sundays he had to read divine service to the Christians in his Court-house; in his leisure moments he was to be accessible to Hindu and Mohammedan visitors, to control their religious animosities, and occasionally to keep the peace in the processions and public ceremonies of conflicting creeds. He had to

report periodically to the heads of a score of different departments.[1]

The above may well seem an exaggerated statement, but one far more startling is to come. All this was little more than what was known as the Magistrate's "miscellaneous" work, the most complete and punctual performance of which would of itself have left him but an unprofitable servant. The District which I now had to administer, though by no means one of the largest in the Province, contained about 1000 estates, or townships, peopled by three-quarters of a million of persons, whose occupation was almost entirely agricultural; some of these properties being of the nature of manors held by rich individuals, but the most of them *communes* of cultivating proprietors with joint responsibility, sometimes held together by the bond of tribal solidarity, often convulsed by mutual dissidences and feuds. Towards all these the District Officer stood in the light of Government agent, charged with the realisation of the State share of the rents, the maintenance of statistics, advances, suspensions, and the numerous general interventions of a benevolent stewardship.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" may here be asked,—but even these were not all. There had always been a class of cases, formerly known as "summary suits," which could only be heard by the head of the District, or by an officer having co-ordinate powers, of

[1] About the time of the Mutiny a detailed article on this subject appeared in the *Calcutta Review*.

whom, however, there was almost always one other in the District staff.

Sometimes a junior officer or native Deputy of exceptional ability and experience would be specially empowered to relieve the Collector of a portion of this sort of judicial duty; and I recollect, among the pleasantries of the Delhi *Punch*, a set of supposed questions for the examination of young officers (then recently instituted), which contained, among others more or less foolish, the following:—

"If you are empowered to dispose of your Collector's summary suits, will that justify you in disposing of his winter clothes?" But this by the way.

Since the preceding year an Act for reforming the administration of the laws and tenures arising out of the system of land revenue in Bengal and the N.-W. Provinces had defined the rights of tenants, and provided for the hearing and determining of all suits between them and the proprietory occupants; so that, over and above his other duties, the Collector had now become a judicial authority in a class of cases often involving large and important interests.

An obvious inference must be that so many duties could not be discharged, except in a most superficial and perfunctory manner. An iron machine working without rest night and day could only find twenty-four hours to work in, and twenty-four hours would hardly suffice for all this mass of work—police, judicial, and miscellaneous. This is undeniable; and a large proportion of the duties must have degenerated into mere routine, but for the

skilful manner in which they were, in practice, distributed among higher and lower subordinates, European and Asiatic Joints, Assistants, Deputies, Tahsildárs, etc.,—technical terms of which an explanation may be allowable. The "Joint," or Joint-Magistrate, was the second officer of the District, co-ordinate in power with the District Officer, but acting under his general responsibility; the "Assistant" was a junior, more or less *in statu pupillari*; the "Deputy" was an uncovenanted man, usually a native; "Tahsildár" was the head of a Subdivision, and managed the details of revenue, collection, and administration.

Nevertheless, the Collector always continued responsible, and if he wished to avoid blame and disaster, he must exercise a valid control over all the staff, a control which often included a discharge of instructional functions in the case of young and inexperienced subordinates. Often, however, the senior officials gave him very efficient aid indeed, sometimes extending to the charge of whole branches of the work (in the Lower Provinces there was at one time a rule, that the head of the District should divest himself of all judicial duty and confine himself to executive work, but the policy, and even legality, of such a rule were alike open to question). In modern times the Collector-Magistrate is still expected to exert an intelligent control over many elements of local administration; but settlement of land, revenue, police, jails, public works, schools, and surveys, are all and each made into distinct departments under specially trained officials. So, when the Government leases fall in, where the "Permanent

Settlement is not in force, a professional survey is provided, and a distinct staff, under a duly constituted "Settlement Officer," has to value the estates, record the rights and statistics, make the registers, and settle with the proprietors and joint stock communities the amount they would have a right to collect from the tenants under existing circumstances, and the quota they would be required to pay to the State. The last Lieutenant-Governor (Colvin's father) had limited the demand to 50 per cent. of the net rental. As the law stood in my time, the collections of rent in any part of any estate might be enhanced or reduced — on certain statutory grounds — every decade, but the State's demand was fixed for thirty years. Enhancement of rent would not be a basis for enhanced State demand, but the revenue might be suspended, or even partially remitted, on account of severe calamity; otherwise what was fixed at Settlement would remain due, year by year, for the whole of that generation. These duties were in those days intrusted to the District Officers, in addition to the various mass of work above described; and Muzafarnagar being one of those in which the last assessments were just about to expire by lapse of time, I was not only Magistrate-and-Collector of the District, but Settlement Officer to boot.

It is not desirable that these light pages should be encumbered by technical explanations; enough has been said to show the enormous importance of the Settlement Officer's duties, and the great addition that they must have made to the labours of a man already answerable

for the exercise or control of such numerous and varied services. The first cold-weather, 1860–61, passed in moving about those Subdivisions in which the work was most forward, and in such field sports as were compatible with that sort of duty. I had one or two excellent horses—an Arab, with a power of leaping unusual in his class, a bony country-bred chestnut with which I had won the grand steeple-chase at Dehra in the autumn of '59, and a pony which cleared a 21 feet ditch. I had likewise some good greyhounds; one—King Cob, a Newmarket dog—caught two unwounded antelopes in one week. The time passed only too quickly; days of exile, doubtless, yet not without enjoyment and honest labour.

With 1861 came a considerable and afflicting change. It has been already observed that local droughts are apt to occur in Upper India every eleven years; and that period had now come round since the partial failure of the monsoon rain that has been mentioned in dealing with the year 1849–50. The present visitation was more severe; and what Sir W. Hunter appears to consider the first attempt at a scientific system of relief was instituted in the N.-W. Provinces.[1] A detailed history of Indian famines was given in the Report of the Commission, published in 1880 by order of Parliament; and an abridgment of the conclusions arrived at by the Commissioners will be found in the valuable work quoted in the footnote. It may suffice here to say that these visitations are of two classes: the minor

[1] *The Indian Empire*, p. 644 (3rd ed.). W. H. Allen & Co., 1893.

calamities due to local failure of rain for a single year, and the more universal suffering caused by a general deficiency of rain during two years or more. The former are now regarded as of small importance, by reason of better economical conditions, and especially because the railways, by affording cheap and rapid movements of food-supply, are able to spread the scarcity over the whole of India, and thus relieve the pressure on the regions where the drought is most severe. But the latter class of calamity, where the monsoon fails season after season, continues to make great demands on the vigilance and skill of the authorities.

Happily the present trouble was only local and of short duration, but it made a sad impression on those who had to encounter such a disaster for the first time,—and all who were in authority, high or low, found ample and serious occupation in protecting the people. Only a few miles of railway were then available, and the grain dealers were slow in opening their stores, until they were able to form some notion of the probable duration of the scarcity. Prices rose, when it was clear that the rains of 1860 had failed, to a height that soon became prohibitive to the poor and improvident peasantry and artizans who formed the great bulk of the population; and the police officials made alarming representations of the danger to public tranquillity that would be incurred if the dealers were not compelled to open their grain pits and sell food at a fixed and moderate price. It became our duty to oppose firm denial to all

such propositions; the grain dealers were the natural commissariat of the country; they had the best means of knowing what was their own interest, and it was their interest to put the people on short rations by means of high prices, unless they would have all their supplies exhausted before the scarcity passed over. Yet maxims of political economy, however true in the abstract, would not suffice to keep the people quiet, or even to prolong their lives. Inspired by an able administration, and encouraged to systematic effort, the District Officers of the N.-W. Provinces exerted themselves to the utmost. Afflicted spots were visited and carefully inspected; relief works were set on foot; the aged, the very young, the shame-faced women who could not work, or attend at the poorhouses, were fed at home, scantily no doubt, but to an adequate extent; above all, the grain dealers were soothed and protected; half-a-million persons were relieved, at an expense of 7,50,000 rupees. In the District of Muzafarnagar no more than 150 deaths occurred from starvation, say 1 in 5000; and a by no means friendly Commissioner had to report that there was not a single town or village that had not been personally inspected by one of the three European officers then present.[1]

[1] For some further facts about this period, Trotter's excellent history may be profitably consulted (*India under Victoria*, ii. p. 135). It may seem that 150 deaths in one District was an appalling loss, but it was not considered so at the time, nor ought it to appear so to anyone who knows the difficulties of the case. For the rural population of Hindustan are better off now than they ever were before, yet they are always living from hand to mouth, and a breath of extra misery blows them away in thousands.

A circumstance which occurs to memory in connection with this period illustrates some of the peculiarities of the place and time. In the very depths of the distress, a tea-planter in the Dehra Doon wrote to ask if I could send him labourers; the distance was about seventy miles, and good terms were offered, but out of the starving people under my charge not one could be persuaded to accept my friend's offered employment. The distress, one would hope, was not so great as it appeared.

Nevertheless, the visitation formed a serious addition to the numerous tasks already incumbent on the small staff. I had but one European Assistant in each department, and other special tasks were now to be added. Cholera re-appeared,—pestilence, in some form, always becomes epidemic after an Indian famine,—and a reforming Legislature at the same moment gave us more work than ever. The police in the N.-W. Provinces was remodelled with the view of diminishing the pressure on the District Officer, and relieving him from the necessity and responsibility of conducting prosecutions in his own Court and in those of his subordinates. This reform had been originated in the Madras Presidency; and its propriety was the more commended to the authorities in Upper India by the existence of a separate military police, temporarily organised during the Mutiny, the men and officers of which were still to be provided for. The idea was sound; nevertheless, the labour of amalgamating this body with the local force of the District fell, in the first instance, on the magistracy, who

were obliged to devote time and attention to teaching the police officers their new duty. Nor was this all, for new Codes of Penal Law and Procedure came into action at the same moment, and in these directions we had not only to teach but to learn. The Indian Penal Code, began by the Committee of which Macaulay had been an early and most important member, had been brought to maturity by Sir Barnes Peacock; and its wise and scientific simplicity, while leaving ample discretion to judicial officers, contained rules and principles not at first sight obvious to men accustomed to the old chaotic methods.

All, however, had got into working order with a little intelligence and goodwill, when a new burden was laid on the uncomplaining people and their local rulers; I refer to the introduction, for the first time, of direct taxation for imperial purposes. So far back as 1859, Lord Canning's hands had been strengthened by the arrival of a distinguished English financier, the Right Hon. James Wilson, sent out to aid him in the almost desperate undertaking of filling the gap of deficit caused by the Mutiny and its suppression. Great reductions of expenditure were found possible as order was gradually restored, but there remained still two pressing tasks. Lee-way must be recovered by new resources, and a system of account must be introduced which would enable the Government of India to ascertain what were its necessary and unavoidable expenses. The better to help in the forming of adequate plans, Canning and

his new Minister made a tour of inquiry through those parts of India where the chief financial disorder had occurred; the hæmorrhage of the Treasury was staunched, and then they applied their minds to study the question of supplying new blood. Among other District Officers, I was summoned to the camp. I was then still Superintendent of the Doon, and the Viceroy and Mr. Wilson invited me to meet them at Rurki, on the western border of my charge.

The scene is very fresh in my recollection. The pale face and high forehead of the calm Viceroy, and the charm of his beautiful wife, as they floated in a barge where the river Ganges broke through the gorge of Hurdwar; and the thoughtful manners of the great Finance Minister, with hands crossed often behind his back, and his massive brow bent toward the ground as we walked along together in the evening. Wilson was Under-Secretary to the Treasury in London, where the income-tax had already come to be looked on as an important source of permanent revenue; and, as he paced the garden in the starlight, he expounded its benefits with an earnestness which caused some diffidence in the mind of his hearer. Still, one had been sent for on the ground of imputed local experience, and it seemed an evident duty to state one's honest opinion. I plainly showed the difficulties which anyone who knew anything of these remote regions would see in the path. Direct taxation was unknown in Hindustan, unless on a very small scale for purely local purposes. The people might

see no oppression in an impost levied once for all as a lump sum to make good the losses of the Mutiny; but an annual exaction of money, to be taken away and spent beyond their control or knowledge, was a different thing, especially in a country wholly without even the shadow of representative institutions. Then there was the twofold difficulty of assessment and collection, the former in particular, where officials of the lower class commanded so little confidence, where a jealous concealment of means was of traditional habit, and where comparatively few incomes of taxable amount could be presumed to exist. In such a country, I ventured to observe, an income-tax must produce a minimum of yield with a maximum of every kind of evil.

Wilson listened patiently, and then asked what I would propose as an alternative? Money must be raised; the ordinary sources of revenue, chiefly derived from the poor, could not be increased; it was surely fitting that the rich should contribute to a Government on which they were dependent for protection in life and property. The suppression of the Revolt had added forty millions sterling to the public debt; and the new military establishments, which recent events had rendered permanently necessary, required an addition of ten millions to the revenue; after all possible reductions had been made, there would be more charges left than the inelastic fiscal system of old could be made to bear.

All this was true, except as to "the rich," of whose existence in India there was reason for grave doubt; and

yet I could not but think that my objections were true also, and I ventured to propose, no doubt somewhat vaguely, a principle which has since been adopted with very great success, under the title of "Decentralisation." If the revenues were insufficient, the fact might perhaps be due in part to the constant leakage caused by the ceaseless demands of the provincial services. Each local authority, from the provincial Governor downwards, was led, under the existing system, to regard the Government of India in the light of an inexhaustible well, out of which it was their business to draw what would else be drawn by others. Hence arose an irresponsible competition on their parts, each trying to increase his allotments; while the Government of India, in seeking to control and check their demands, assumed a responsibility for which it had no proper means or knowledge. That is to say, that it was often impossible for the various "Departments" of that Government, from their central point of view, to judge of the actual merits of each demand. Thus, I said, I had lately found it necessary to add to the establishment of the Dehra dispensary an extra sweeper, on 4 rupees a month; but the Lieutenant-Governor was unable to sanction that small addition to local charges, and the application was now before the Government of India. "How was it possible," I asked, "for Lord Canning, in the midst of all the cares of a vast Empire, to pay attention to such matters as this?" Of course, they were delegated to Secretaries, who left them to Under-Secretaries, by whom, again, they were ultimately intrusted to the disposal of

uninformed and irresponsible clerks. Make each local authority answerable for the services under him, each provincial ruler providing for such local services in his own local budget, and you would give each a motive for economy which would change the present competition of expenditure into a rivalry of retrenchment and reform. I had discussed this question with Colonel Waugh at Mussoorie during the last twelve or eighteen months, but the project was in a crude state, going no further than that the Government of India should confine its outlay to certain fixed heads of Imperial expenditure—a somewhat academical proposition, which did not of itself advance the solution of present practical needs. Wilson, too, had quite made up his mind to trust to direct taxation and a reformed method of keeping accounts; and no further attention appeared to be given to the principle of Decentralisation. Nevertheless, as I afterwards learned from Sir Bartle Frere, Wilson bore the conversation in his mind, and mentioned it to his colleagues on his return to Calcutta.[1]

Be that as it may, the Government of India, with the consent of the Cabinet at home, had by this time decided on introducing the British system of direct taxation into India; nay, to such minuteness was the imitation carried, that, in the schedule to the original Act, a form of notice

[1] In 1892-93 the "Assessed Taxes" yielded a little over Rx. 16,00,000, while the total of municipal revenues amounted to nearly ten times that amount. But the latter large sum being spent where it is raised, and under representative control, is probably obtained with less expense and friction than the far smaller item of imperial taxation.

to be issued to persons complaining of over-assessment was headed "Sir, or Madam!" And this in a land where the lower class of taxable incomes was taken as £20 a year, and where respectable unmarried women are not to be found having abodes or incomes of their own. By the law of 1860, which District Officers were now instructed to enforce, these multitudinous little incomes were to be appraised and brought under assessment; every individual alleging himself to be surcharged was to have a personal hearing from the Collector; the work was done in the dark, doubtless with a good deal of inequality. I was allowed, indeed, a special Assistant for the work; but he was new to the District, and his share of the assessments was appealed to the Board of Revenue and ordered to be revised, so that his help was not of so much value as was intended.

In spite of all these hindrances, the preliminary operations of the Land Revenue Settlement continued to make steady progress. The camping season is of considerable duration in Upper India, and we were able to work in the fields from the beginning of October to the end of March. Colvin was energetic and intelligent; much help was received from a special native "Deputy," and some even from the general administrative staff. The Survey was pushed on, the village accountants assisting actively; and as soon as a Subdivision had been surveyed, the record of rights and of assets ensued so as to form a basis of assessment. Each officer going into camp was provided with a sort of copybook, containing a map of the Subdivision that he was to visit, divided into estates and

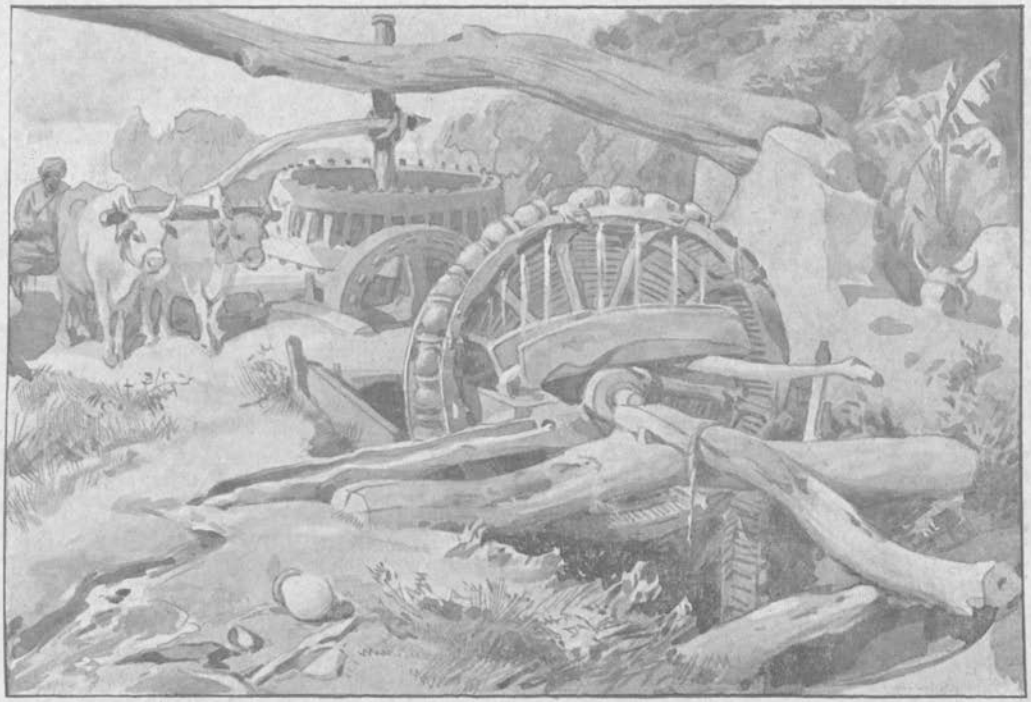
communes, and also having two pages for each such area, at the head of which stood recorded the statistics of the last Settlement; under this he was requested to enter (from personal observation and inquiry) the changes that appeared to have occurred in each estate after the lapse of thirty years, with his impressions as to existing resources and future outlook. Coming, as we did, upon a tract of country lately afflicted by the three successive calamities of war, famine, and pestilence, it behoved us to be the more careful; avoiding, on the one hand, all temptation to overrate recuperative resources, whilst, on the other, keeping watch lest temporary depression should be mistaken for permanent ruin. A very general account of the mode of operation may be allowed, although the subject is too technical to be minutely treated here.

It has been already mentioned that estates in Hindustan may be grouped in two great classes: (1) *Manors*, or undivided estates, held by persons to whom the right of collection and management has been assigned by the ruling power; such were formerly a combination of temporary alienation and official charge, erected into a *status* of ownership in Bengal, but elsewhere liable to the ancient custom of periodical re-assessment. (2) *Villages*, or joint-stock estates, more or less divided among the sharers, but common land, too, and above all, with common responsibilities.

The nature of the first class, or sort, can be best explained by a typical example. In one of the southern Subdivisions of my District there was a large estate which

had formed a part of the demesne of the King at Delhi, and had been confiscated when he was convicted of rebellion.[1] The estate was then assigned to the Saiad gentleman mentioned in discussing causes for the Mutiny; who, having been Sub-Collector of the *Hazur Tahsil*, or central Subdivision, during that period of trial, had been faithful and energetic, and had been, accordingly, recommended for reward. He was a leading member of the ancient clan of "Bárhá Saiads," who had been powerful in the District ever since the fourteenth century A.D., and had given Prime Ministers and Commanders-in-Chief to more than one of the later Emperors. This gentleman's name was Imdad Hosain (*v.* Interchapter on the Mutiny). He was a tall, handsome, and keen sportsman, fond of Englishmen, but claiming their right, since usually acknowledged, to keep on his European boots and shoes when entering their houses. My youngsters had from this peculiarity given him the nickname of "Bildad the Shuhite." When my camp came near his property, he requested an interview, which he opened by asking bluntly, whether I thought the estate had been conferred on him as a particular favour? On my answering that so one must suppose in all the circumstances, Bildad calmly observed, that in that case he should expect me to content myself with assessing the State's demand on the existing rent-roll. I saw the drift

[1] It sounds abnormal that a *de jure* sovereign should be tried for treason towards his subjects, but the position was not without precedent in English history. The old poet-king was found guilty, and transported to Burma, where he ultimately died.



THE PERSIAN WHEEL IRRIGATION.

of this request: the agents of the ex-King had, either from negligence or corruption, allowed the tenants to sit at an absurdly low rental, about one shilling an acre, I think; and the shrewd Bildad saw his way to an enhancement of this rate, but naturally not until after assessment. Premising that the arrangement and its reasons must be fully reported to the Board, on whose decision it would depend whether or no it should be confirmed, I did as I was asked: *i.e.*, took the total existing rent-roll; added something for the timber, grass, piscary, and other manorial rights; then divided the whole by two, assessing half as the landholder's due to the State, year by year, for the next thirty years, and leaving him to make his arrangements with his tenants under the limits prescribed by law. The assessment was, in due course, reported and confirmed.

The second sort of estates did not admit of this simple treatment. Let us try to imagine one of the villages inhabited by a landholding community. It looks well in the bright winter morning, basking knee-deep in green wheat and sugarcane, and shaded by groves of spreading mango trees. The cattle wander through the lanes, with large, peaceful black eyes, and mobile lips hung with half-eaten fodder; other less fortunate bullocks descend and ascend the slopes in front of the wells, bringing up great leather buckets full of water, or letting their collapsed bulk fall back empty: where the water is near the surface another kind of well is used, with what is called a "Persian wheel." There are no hedges, but the level lands are divided by earthen balks, on the tops of which run the

channels that take the water to the fields. On little platforms, raised among the crops, boys call, or sling mud pellets at the hungry crows. Here and there are small plantations of useful trees,—the dalbergias to yield joists and rafters, the acacias, whose hard wood is best for ploughs and sugarmills, while it yields the best charcoal. A small mud fort, now dismantled, shows the residence of the former chief in the wild days before the conquest; at its feet the hollow, out of which the earth for the walls was long ago excavated, now makes the pond where the villagers bathe and wash their raiment. In the background lie the few village streets, containing the *chaupāl*, the humble guildhall of the little municipality common to the use of all the respectable males of the place, and used also for the accommodation of guests. Here the yeomen assemble of an evening to chat with a wandering friar, or to witness a performance of strolling minstrels; and here, four times a year, come the unwelcome officials who audit the accounts and collect the due payments. Perhaps one share of the estate has been wholly separated, and is held by the occupant of the dismantled fort and his family; an unproductive tract is kept uncultivated for the cattle of all the sharers to graze on, like the "Lammas-lands" in many parts of England; some of the land has passed, under mortgage, into possession of the village banker. All alike have neglected their cultivation for a year before the Settlement; and, as the inspecting officer approaches, they come out to meet him, wearing their oldest clothes, and complaining in various tones and manners of the ruin

that has overtaken them. The officer accompanies them, and is carefully taken first to the plantations, the grazing ground, and any especially impossible bit that has been lying waste since the creation of the world. But he will soon learn to judge for himself; he has before him the manured homestead, the loamy uplands, the levels for easy irrigation; the wells, their number and average depth. All these things noted, he goes to his camp to bathe and breakfast, and then turns out in front of his tent under the mango trees, where a space is roped in for the headman and officials, the general public watching from without. There the preparation of the record of rights goes on throughout the hours of daylight with all possible publicity and scope for complaint and answer, while the Settlement Officer finds opportunity from time to time to compare his notes with former records, checking them by oral and written reports.

In this way great progress was made in the pre-assessment work, materials were collected for calculation, and assessments were ultimately prepared for four unions (or *parganas*) chosen as representing differently situated portions of the District, of which there are several, somewhat distinctly marked from the others in regard to soil, distance from the surface of water-level, facility of water supply, or its excess indicated by percolation and swamping.

But so much labour was not to be undertaken with impunity in an extreme climate. The constant use of one's eyes over crabbed foreign MS. threatened loss of sight; the constitutions of all of us became anæmic; the family was ordered to Europe, and the doctors

advised that I should follow before the hot-weather. I therefore sent my family home round the Cape, for the sake of the sea-air; and only remained until I had completed the report of what had been done up to date. The winter of 1861–62 was the culmination of my official prosperity, which declined thenceforth, although from no obvious fault of my own. The substance of what I had to report before leaving was nothing to be ashamed of. In most of the *parganas* the survey was complete, the village maps having been prepared, in which the boundaries of each field were traced by plane table, and the areas recorded on a corresponding field book. The record of rights and other pre-assessment papers had been completed, and the assessments announced in four *parganas*, on the most assured basis, and with as little change as possible in the circumstances and conditions of the agriculturists. The valuation of the assets had been based, so far as it could be, on the recorded rent-rolls. Where we could not find a fair rental fixed by mutual agreement, we had to look to adjacent *pargana* rates and actual appraisement of the produce, checked by obvious means of irrigation and transport, but leaving out all consideration of improvements due to the exertions of the landlords. There was also the question of past coercive processes, showing how the last assessment had been borne, and the ease or difficulty which attended its payment. The study was necessarily laborious, involving the reading of much MS., often in crabbed and carelessly scribbled native characters. I had now been nearly fifteen years in India, my health

was shattered, my eyesight threatened. It was absolutely necessary to take a few months' rest and change. But I felt confidence in the principles on which I had worked, and I ventured to conclude my report by saying that, if I were allowed to return next year, I could guarantee the work being finished to general satisfaction in another two years.

But I reckoned without my host. The Secretary above mentioned was now senior member of the Revenue Board, and specially employed to inspect and control the Settlement work in the northern Districts, of which mine was one. Further differences arose between us in the course of these proceedings, and I suppose that one's reputation suffered.

An illustration of the doctrinary pedantry which haunts the cleverest bureaucrats occurred during the Settlement operations. A class of tenants had been created by custom somewhat resembling the copyholders of an English manor, in that they held by virtue of the village record, and paid customary rents, which, indeed, were often higher than the market rates. The troubles of the past three years had pressed hard upon these men, some of whom had ceded their privileges to the manorial proprietors for money payments, descending to the position of ordinary unprivileged tenants. When the supervising official came round to inspect, the matter was brought to his notice, and he at once announced that such transactions could not be recognised, and that the superior *status* of these tenants, not being transfer-

able, must continue to be entered on the rent-roll, whatever might be the expressed wish of the parties. I could only bow in my ministerial capacity, but I was constrained to remind him that whatever registers I might record as Settlement Officer would be open to reconsideration in a Court of law. Should suits in which such transfers were in question come before me, or any other official sitting in a judicial capacity, they would be determined according to evidence, and would, in all probability, be amicable proceedings, having for object and result the declaration that the transfer had taken place and must be recorded. This view of matters took my worthy Chief by surprise. He had been brought up to consider such transactions as beyond the pale of good policy, and he seemed to have difficulty in conceiving the well-known legal maxim of *factum valet*—a thing done will be valid even though we disapprove. I may add that the transferability of these rights has long since received legal recognition.

Another matter in which my humble opinions appeared to him worthless at the time, arose out of the deputation to the Districts affected by the famine of that distinguished officer, the late Colonel Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers, an old friend of my own, and a man of singular intelligence and versatility. Backed by his excellent colleague, Captain (now Sir) Alexander Taylor,[1]

[1] General Sir A. Taylor, G.C.B., has since 1880 been President of the Royal Engineering College at Cooper's Hill down to 1897. Smith died on his way home, soon after his tour in Hindustan. He was in the prime of life, and on the threshold of the Temple of Fame.

he had been an important agent in the capture of Delhi, where he was in charge of the Engineer Park until he was wounded. He afterwards became Superintendent of the Calcutta Mint, and was, in 1860, deputed to inquire into the causes and cures of scarcity and other economic questions. He was a welcome guest wherever he went, and his report led to the re-opening of questions which were supposed to have long since obtained the seal of practical success. An opinion arose in the press, in Parliament, and in official circles, that the land revenue could be compounded for by a fixed annual payment, or that there might be what it was the fashion to call "A sale of the Fee-simple." This opinion led to proposals for the introduction into Upper India of the principle of "Permanent Settlement," whereby those who held manorial rights and contracted with the State for payment of the assessed revenues, should be recognised as proprietors holding at a perpetual land-tax estimated according to the prices of the day, and fixed in perpetuity however prices might hereafter fluctuate. The senior member floated on the rising tide, and a controversy took place between us, of which traces may be found in the Blue-book published by order of Parliament and in an article that appeared in *Blackwood* about the end of 1862. The whole scheme has long since been confuted by the logic of events. And it has been generally acknowledged that a perpetual assessment ought not to be based upon variable assets.

But all the friction arising out of these discussions

had an evil effect on the fortunes of one who would have been better advised to have obeyed in silence. The Lieutenant-Governor was like King George III. and his Queen, who thought Miss Burney should have served them till she fell dead at their feet. Inspired, perhaps, by suggestions from the Board, he resented one's going while the Settlement work was still unfinished. He appointed a permanent successor to me, who finished off the work with commendable diligence, wrote his final report, and received the thanks of Government. Unhappily for all concerned, his Settlement soon broke down, collapsing at the touch of practice. Other officers were sent to amend its errors; fresh appraisements and assessments were found necessary in the *parganas* which he had dealt with,—nearly sixteen years passed before the District emerged from the crisis.

This being the last mention that may have to be made of District work in camp, there are one or two considerations of abiding interest which seem to require a word. Camp-life brings the superior officials into direct contact with the people. I would not say one unnecessarily harsh word against an underpaid and overworked class, but it is a distinct advantage when, for half the year, the peasantry can see their rulers at work, and feel that the influence of the native staff, technically known as *Amla*, is not all-powerful. However free from the grosser forms of malevolence and corruption we may try to make these employees, it is obvious that they have great opportunities of gaining the confidence of their

superiors, and of making the most of those opportunities out of doors. In the summer they can surround their officers with a cordon of messengers with whom they have an understanding. These men are all their creatures, and form the tribe of process servers and orderlies who attend the men in authority at office and in their homes. The heat keeps the Englishman from going abroad, save in driving to his Court-house and back, and an appearance is created which is expressed in the popular couplet: *Hakim Bandar, Amla Kalandar*—

> As the clerks their music play,
> Justice Jacko jumps all day.

To fee the *Amla* is thus conceived to be a matter of extreme importance, and they naturally accept the situation. In the camping season, however, things are somewhat changed. Unless an officer be peculiarly sluggish and of defective character, the web is broken, and the shrine of justice stands unveiled before its humblest votary.

This much about the treatment of the *Amla*, which is a matter at least as important now as it was then, when the superior officers were all English gentlemen connected from birth with India, and often speaking one of the native languages as a tongue acquired in the nursery. The modern men are of a more miscellaneous extraction; many, perhaps, ignorant of Indian things, save as they may have learned them in preparing for examinations; harassed by the depreciation of the rupee;

disliking the country, and not in sympathy with the people. If such there be in the ranks of the modern Indian Civil Service, I should like to say to them—Be truly loyal and accessible; obey your superiors in all things, but respectfully point out mistakes; be courteous to all, but do not make confidants of the *Amla*, or allow the people to think you influenced. And when you go into camp, assure yourself by personal observation that no purveyance is made in your name, and that all supplies for yourself or your attendants are compensated by fair and punctual payment. Avoid all forms of espionage, and destroy, publicly and without perusal, all anonymous letters.

CHAPTER VI

1862–1863

I MUST now, for a time, turn to more familiar scenes. If my life as Collector of Muzafarnagar had been the culmination of my official prosperity, the next few months —though darkened by domestic sorrow—were the most beneficial to the mind. My family had gone off by a steamer called the *Jason* to Europe, because it was thought that a long sea voyage would do them good, and that a steamer going round the Cape would combine the advantages of the sea with some of the certainty of modern navigation. When my time came, I left Calcutta by the P. & O. booked as far as Egypt, and arrived in due course at Suez. Here I agreed with two friends to spend a short time in Egypt, which was then a less known country than it has since become. In those days there was no Suez Canal, the very railway to Alexandria was a novelty,—Shepheard's was the only European hotel in Cairo, and was itself in a very undeveloped condition; Messrs. Cook had not begun their conquest of the country. But we chartered a *dahabia*; visited Memphis and the Pyramids; gathered relics in the desert; and inspected a highly decorated temple, glowing with painted scenes of ancient Egyptian

life on the walls, which had been lately discovered by M. Mariette and disencumbered of sand. After a very pleasant time, we took ship at Alexandria on board an Austrian Lloyd's steamer bound for Trieste, and commanded by a brave little Montenegrin named Florian, who played the guitar and sang Italian songs to his own accompaniment. Our passengers were of various kinds: two German princes who kept much aloof; some Frenchmen of position with whom I had already become acquainted in Egypt; an ex-Governor of Bombay, with his son; a Prussian *savant*, and a miscellaneous medley of singers, priests, and bagmen. The *America* also carried five lions and three giraffes, travelling in unwonted companionship from their native Africa to some European menagerie. She was a sea-worthy and comfortable boat, ploughing her leisurely way across the Mediterranean in the calm spring weather, never losing the land,—land of constant interest, alike for beauty and for historical associations. The French passengers proved charming company: the eldest being the Marquis de B——, whose brother held a high office at the Court of Napoleon III., while he was himself a favourite of the Emperor, and an unofficial agent of his diplomacy. Among others we had a shipmate who was an orderly officer to the Czar, and who spoke French with such terrible perfection as to irritate the younger passengers of that nation, accustomed to the licence of Parisian *argot*.[1]

[1] Among the passengers I ought not to forget to name Mr. T. H. Thornton (now C.S.I.), a member of the Civil Service who afterwards rose to high distinction.

We had lovely weather, and the daylight hours passed quickly and agreeably on deck as we glided past the island shores of the Mediterranean. First came into view the coast of Crete and the mountain-snows of Ida, over 8000 feet above the level of the sea: Cape Matapan and Navarino Bay were hidden by the shades of night; on the following morning we reached Zante, "the flower of the Levant," a lovely little region, with harbour girt by a zone of villas, gardens, and wooded hills, scored by shepherds' paths. On the starboard lay Ithaca, where a site was pointed out as "the grave of Ulysses." Passing by Santa Maura, we cast anchor in the fine harbour of Corfu, then about to be restored to the people of the Ionian Islands.[1] The scenery and climate here seemed as fine as the world could show, and we could well imagine what a pleasant quarter it must have furnished to the British officer, with the occasional diversion of a shooting excursion on the neighbouring hills of Epirus. The town was well built, and showed the benefits of Western civilisation in the pavement and drainage of the streets; in such respects it formed a striking contrast with Egyptian cities, where we had seen things more Oriental than in India. Soon after leaving this seeming land of Cockaigne, we entered the Adriatic, and went up that historic sea, between Italy and Illyria, amid memories of Pyrrhus and Cæsar and S.

[1] The "United States of the Ionian Islands," constituted by the Congress of Vienna, under a British Protectorate, were offered to the Greek kingdom in the beginning of that very year (1862), and the transfer was completed, with the consent of the people, before the end of the year following (4th November 1863).

Paul. After fifteen years of Asia, passed at a distance of more than 1000 miles of hot soil from the sea, the pleasure of floating on the calm water under an April sun, and in company with refined men of the world, "may be more easily imagined than described." Steaming between Lissa and Spalatro, past the hilly shores of Dalmatia and the flatter coasts of Croatia and Istria, we came by the end of the fifth day to Trieste—a fine town to those of us who had been long in the East. Alexandria and Corfu had been but a half-change; here we were unquestionably back in Europe. In the old town is a Byzantine cathedral of enormous antiquity; and the streets of the new town astonish the traveller by containing massive posts for him to lean against under the fury of the mountain-wind. Twenty-two miles to the N.-E. lie the famous caves of Adelsberg, reached by a railway which was one of the earliest of those experiments in mountain engineering of which the "Bhore Ghât" of Bombay is now a large and famous example. Some of our Englishmen went off to see these wonders of art and nature; I preferred to rest and go to the opera. The house was large, and filled with the attentive and critical audience one only sees in countries peopled by Italians; the *prima donna* being a once celebrated singer, Mme. Borghi Mamo, and the work Donizetti's pretty composition, *La Favorita*. When the curtain fell I went on board a small steamer by which my passage had been already secured; the surface of the gulf was calm and the starlit sky clear. I soon fell into a pleasant sleep, from which I was awoke by day-

light and the preparations for casting anchor in Venetian waters.

The sun was rising as our little vessel glided rapidly by the stern fortifications of San Nicolá del Lido, and the level rays were thrown upon a combination of the art and romance of the great Maritime Republic. The pure morning light lay on the dancing ripples of the sea, bathed the gates of the Arsenal and the Bridge of Straw, struck the statue of S. Theodore and the Winged Lion with the Book, the orange-checkered brickwork of the Ducal Palace, the Pozzi, the Piombi,—raising memories of merchant-princes riding to council, and of prisoners departing over the Bridge of Sighs to tread in darkness the path to a hidden agony and an unconsecrated grave. These two contiguous bridges almost epitomise the mediæval life of Venice.

We put up at Danieli's,—the Frenchmen, the Russian colonel, and myself, and for a few days enjoyed the present and the past. Venice in those days seemed more a museum than a town of living citizens, a State fallen dead, with her institutions displayed as in glass cases. She was still under the Austrian domination, and in a sort of political catalepsy, with occasional movements of delirium. The gondoliers were dull and silent, the theatres were closed, the spots where foreign sentries paced were enclosed with gratings to guard the men from patriot poniards. The Emperor of Austria, then, as ever, conscientious, had tried to conciliate the people, moving about, during his visits to Venice, with apparent confidence. He was not

actively molested, but the Venetians left him to walk unnoticed, while one of his Hungarian bands uttered its matchless military music on the Piazza. "Brutta gente gli Tedeschi," the people muttered, showing, however, some Latin recognition of the beautiful Empress to whose consideration they were indebted for the care and preservation of many a fine fresco and ancient mosaic. Otherwise Venice was much as it is now; there were more soldiers [1]—perhaps fewer priests and office clerks.

My other experiences of what had been till lately Austrian Lombardy can have but little claim to record. Then, as now, Verona must bring up Shakspere and Lake Garda Catullus; and every spring the far Rhætian snows look down on the well-watered valley, where young men and maidens mow the meadow-grass costumed like peasants of the opera. The only right I can possibly have to dwell on such familiar scenes is based upon the very different conditions under which I viewed them. It was barely three years since the campaign which ended the Treaty of Villafranca, whereby the King of Sardinia and Piedmont had been enabled to extend his rule as far as Desenzano on the Lake of Garda. Here the Austrian dominions ceased, and the great army of priests and soldiers disappeared. I had the great advantage of hearing from the Marquis de B—— something of the Emperor's views of the late war; and gathered that His Majesty thought

[1] It used to be said that the Austrians had in Venice a soldier to every adult male of the native population. Monks, friars, and curés seemed almost equally numerous.

himself fortunate in being able to make peace when he did, although it involved the failure of a great part of his original scheme. When announcing his intention "to free Italy from the Alp to the Adriatic," Napoleon had not only ignored the strength of the group of Austrian strongholds then known as "the Quadrilateral," he had also trusted to a dream of French military ascendancy which was shared at the time by many people, but destined to a yet ruder shock of reality in coming years. Speaking of this, the Emperor's friend said he did not think Napoleon would ever go to war again: he had made the discovery that it was a very serious affair, and that officers trained in African *razzias* were not in the best state of readiness for scientific warfare. Such successes as His Majesty had gained were due to himself; he had no generals. Nor had he any taste for war or nerve to face its horrors; after his return to Paris his health was quite upset,—*il avait des insomnies affreuses*, his friend said. Any scrap of authentic information about one who then passed for the arbiter of Europe was eagerly treasured; nor do the events of 1870 altogether annul the value of what I was told, on such excellent authority, eight years before. The Emperor entered on the war which precipitated his fall with the full knowledge that he had gained in 1859, and the result, so tragic for himself and for France, made good his worst forebodings. Of France, indeed, the saying of the Roman poet holds good—

"Washed in the deep, the fairer she comes forth";

but for poor Napoleon and his dynasty the trial must have

been almost a foregone conclusion, encountered only as the least of coming evils. Indeed, for France herself the era of European supremacy was perhaps closed. It is hardly more than a fancy, yet such a number of instances are found in history, that it may be plausibly surmised that there is some occult law prescribing the period of seven generations as the utmost limit of any human greatness. Certainly the two centuries from the campaign of Louis XIV. immediately before the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to that of Louis Bonaparte, which was followed by the Treaty of Versailles, included moments when France seemed on the verge of universal empire, such as existing conditions do not seem to offer her, great as her moral and material resources still remain. In the beginning of our last war against her, our population was not much more than half that of the French. The population of the British Islands is now about equal to that of France.

After a brief tour through Milan and the Lakes, I crossed the S. Gothard on the *diligence* as far as Airolo. We were now in the month of May, but at that elevation the cold was extreme; and, in sleeping near the crest of the pass, I felt it in all my members, full as they still were of Indian malaria. Ill as I became, however, I looked with wonder on the road, now disused, which seemed an astonishing public work to be carried out by such a mere congeries of parish vestries as the Swiss Republic—winding round zigzags, as of a vast spiral staircase; skirting the scanty edges of a mountain stream, darting over bold arches, or plunging through tunnels,

where all progress seemed barred; passing the hospice-snows and winding down to William Tell's Altdorff, the roadway was always smooth, well-fenced, and all maintained out of reasonably collected customs revenues. The little Federation did great things, and scorned to pry into the bags and boxes of the travellers for whose convenience she did them. The modern tourist, steaming through the mountain, can form little notion of the grand doings of man and nature above his head.

At Lucerne I found rest and partial recovery from the chill caught at Airolo, and enjoyed the beautiful old town, surrounded on the northern side by her old bulwarks, with the Righi—as yet unscored by rails—on the eastward, while cloud-capped Pilatus frowned upon the west, and the lake of the Forest Cantons stretched a storm-tossed surface of nearly forty-five square miles to the south. There was not much to see in the town, excepting the bridge over the Reuss painted with the "Macabre" scenes described in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. But at the time of my visit the Lion monument of the Swiss Guard was still exhibited by a survivor of that fearful morning in 1792, when the faithful soldiers were slain by the mob of Paris, to the number of 780 officers and men, before they received the order of the feeble Louis XVI. to retire to their barracks. The monument, as all know, is a choice work by Thorwaldsen—a dying lion with an arrow in his side; and the old man, in a scarlet uniform, who was then its guardian, was a survivor of the fight, named Paul Joss. Little could the boy who

saw the "Ocean-tide" roll up on that August morning, have thought that he would escape its waves, to return to his native mountains and live there for seventy years and more. "Hewn out of living rock, the Lion rests there, by the still lake waters, in lullaby of distant tinkling *rance des vaches*, the granite mountains dumbly keeping watch all round."[1]

After a short time in that part of Switzerland, the state of my health compelled me to seek Paris, where I might have a little rest and treatment. My French travelling companions showed me great kindness, and, being all men of social position, they were able to do so in a very interesting way; but I was ill, anxious about my wife and children, and neither willing nor able to take a very active part in the somewhat exciting life of the French capital, then in the spring time of the year and of the imperial system. The Emperor Napoleon III. was surrounded by men and women determined to make the most of their opportunities; and Daudet's tale, *Le Nabab*, only gives a refined and artistic picture of the life and manners of the time. The best comment on the whole was perhaps uttered, years later, by one of its originators, General Fleury. Being Ambassador at St. Petersburg in September 1870, he received the news of the overthrow with the cynical remark: "Anyway,

[1] For a vivid picture of this scene of mercenary faithfulness, see Carlyle, *French Revolution*, vol. ii. bk. vi. I fear, however, that the mountains round Lucerne are not of "granite," but belong to the tertiary formations.

we have had eighteen years of excellent amusement" (*Nous nous sommes b——ment amusés*).

I hastened to quit the brilliant city of Comus, and passed the remainder of the summer in sickness and sorrow — mostly at Tunbridge Wells, where my dear father was living. The season was one of almost uninterrupted rain; the fever hung about me; my wife landed from a tedious voyage, only to die after a lingering illness borne with consummate patience; and in September I placed the elder children at school, and gladly departed for happier scenes. Whilst making a short stay in London, I dined one night at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with an old schoolfellow, the late Mr. T. C. Sandars. He was a member of the old *Saturday Review* staff, and had a most interesting party—Walter Bagehot, J. A. Froude, Matthew Arnold, and Sir H. (now Lord) Thring, who is the only survivor besides myself. Arnold and Froude were both in great force as raconteurs and epigrammatic talkers. Arnold had a kind of foppish manner in those days, partly the outcome of an innocent vanity; Froude's manner was more that of the scholar. I recollect a droll story that he told of Carlyle, who, being in a company where George Sand was being discussed, sat silent for a long while, until—everyone else having uttered his opinion—the sage took his pipe from his lips and uttered his simple criticism. "She's an awful ——." He told another story of F. D. Maurice and a rich city man, who was inquiring of Maurice what were the doctrines for which he was deprived of the professorship

at King's College, London. On receiving the desired explanation, the alderman exclaimed: "What, no devil, sir,—and no hell! Then what becomes—give me leave to ask you—of the consolations of Christianity?"

After visiting friends in England and Scotland, I paid a short visit to Paris, where my former friends again received me kindly. The deepest impression that I retain of this second visit to France is that of a conversation with a distinguished Breton nobleman who was attached to the cause and person of the Comte de Chambord, the then head of the Bourbon dynasty. On my asking the Marquis what his party meant to do in the event of their "King" dying without issue, and whether they looked upon the Comte de Paris as the heir, he coolly replied: "My dear sir! that is nonsense (*la fusion c'est une blague*); the Orleans have vulgarised themselves (*se sont trop encanaillés*)." And, on my observing that it would be necessary to have some idea of a plan for future contingencies, he went on to say that old-fashioned people had a proverb to the effect that, "without being in love with the cook, one need not object to the cooking. If this present man" (jerking his thumb over his shoulder as if the Emperor stood behind) "does not wound the feelings of the Catholics, or disgrace the national flag, I think we shall all end by bowing to the Empire." Since 1863 many things have happened, but the words are worthy of record for the light they throw upon the position and prospects of the "Legitimate" Pretender. By accepting favours from the Republic, and

then administering to the political estate of the illustrious exile of Frohsdorff; and, still more, by abetting the intrigues of the futile Boulanger; the late Comte de Paris has been thought to have forfeited the trust of ordinary Frenchmen as much as the Bonaparte dynasty did by their faults and misfortunes;—but there was a moment when the Empire had a better chance than the House of Orleans.

In the early spring I took leave of Paris and set forth with two English companions—both old friends—for the south of France. We made a short stay at Bordeaux, then a grandiose but quiet city, where we admired the cathedral, containing some features of Romanesque architecture, a fine pointed Gothic choir, and some rich old stained glass. The northern gate is finely sculptured, and bears the name of "The English King," a vague echo of the time when Guienne belonged to the Plantagenet: here we saw a crucifix said to have come from Jerusalem and to have been presented to the church by St. Louis; the face differed from the type usually adopted, and resembled a yellow-skinned and black-haired Oriental. From Bordeaux a six-hours' journey took us to Bayonne, a queer old town of Basque origin, with an old fort, the work of Vauban, and still boasting of impregnability. We visited the mouth of the Adour, whose changes have greatly harmed Bayonne; and passed a day at Biarritz, then in the full enjoyment of fashion and imperial favour. There was then no railway in the Pyrenean region, and travelling still possessed

some of its old uncomfortable romance in Spain. Our *diligence* took us through S. Jean de Luz and to the banks of the Bidassoa, the stream that bounds the two countries; and it was fortunate for us that all had passports, for they were unlawfully but imperatively demanded by the Spanish police. This mixture of irregularity and pedantry was characteristic of a backward and semi-Oriental administration: we tested the gendarmes and their officer fairly, explaining that we were peaceful travellers, who were not required to have passports either by French or by Spanish law; and it was only when threatened with immediate incarceration that we opened our boxes and produced the documents, which were fortunately in proper order. That no explanation could be possible on account of misconception, will be clear from the fact that one of our party spoke Spanish with quite remarkable fluency. I do not know what is the present practice, but the "things of Spain" move slowly.

Beyond Yrun, a small Basque town, the road went through mountain scenery as far as S. Sebastian, where we arrived, cold and weary, as the darkness fell. Next morning, however, was lovely, and we enjoyed the panorama of town and harbour as seen from the hill of La Mota, with graves of England's dead about us, while the Atlantic fawned peacefully upon the promontories. For fifty *pesetas* (about two pounds sterling) we hired carriage as far as Tolosa; a dull little country town, where there seemed nothing eatable but bread, and where sherry was sold at

a high price, done up like a liqueur, with a label on the bottle. Of the better Spanish wines one saw nothing, only a raw and rancid sort of "black strap," tasting strong of leather. A second drive took us next day through the hilly country as far as Olozagoita, a place which had been already reached by a section of the Madrid railway. We here descended the highlands, leaving the provinces so often the scene of revolt and civil war; and we passed the night in an old-fashioned "fonda," where the dining-room was over the stables, and the waitresses were tawny wenches in an elementary stage of civilisation. Next morning we took the train, and steamed slowly through a country more and more level, where, through a veil of mist, we descried the fields on which Wellington won the fight of Vittoria (1813). We spent a day at Burgos, visiting the famous cathedral, with the citadel that four times repulsed the Iron Duke, and the remains of the Campéador, Ruy Diaz ("The Cid"), which once, they say, made way through opposing hosts of the Moors, victorious in death.

The train took us as far as San Chidrian, where we found a *diligence* setting out for a night journey through the Guadaramas to the Escorial. It was a memorable experience; the carriage, drawn by twelve mules, of which all but the leading pair were driven in hand.

On the crest of the pass the snow lay round the dwarfed fir-trees, and a stone lion marked the highest point, more than 5000 feet above sea-level. The cold was intense, and it was with general congratulations

that we left our vehicle for a bath and breakfast at Villalba, proceeding by train to the Escorial.

This little excursion through the Basque Provinces and Old Castile is mentioned only because, being made at the very dawn of railway communication, it marks the meeting of two epochs. Inhabited by a peculiar people, with a language of their own and no known congeners, the wild, thinly-peopled country, hardly escaped from the Middle Ages, was a vanishing record of old Europe. The Basques have now lost the greater part of their peculiarities,—their home rule, their exemption from conscription, their readiness to fight for lost causes. At the time of my visit every Basque was still "noble," whatever his calling, every village curé was his own bishop; there was a Spanish frontier, where your baggage was searched for contraband; the churches were shapeless cubes with stumpy belfries; in the houses of the villagers glass was an unknown luxury; the people preserved their mysterious old tongue and national costume—red cap, shaven faces, cloaks over one shoulder—with a grand simplicity of bearing and sobriety of life inherited from remote antiquity. In Castile matters were a little different, less interesting, though always mediæval.

The Escorial is an enormous pile, rivalling in desolation the bare hills on whose skirts it lies, quite without external decoration, and full of small windows, like a modern manufactory. Some notion of its vastness may be formed, by recalling the fact that the main dome is over 300 feet high, and the length of one face

of the building more than a furlong. Before the fire of 1872, it was almost in the same state as when originally built by Philip II. in the first half of the sixteenth century,—some of the rooms hung with fine old Flemish tapestry, others inlaid with rich *marqueterie* wood-work; some curious battle-pieces had been left upon the walls when most of the paintings went to the Museum of Madrid. The chapel is, as most people know, as large as a cathedral; the high altar is approached by steps, under which is the crypt described by Macaulay, where, on shelves round an octagonal vault, we saw the black marble coffins of Charles V. and his successors.[1] There was but one vacant shelf, and "when that is filled," said the guardian who showed the vault, "it is said that the dynasty will end." That shelf has since been filled, and only a fragile child is left to carry on the royal line. The man pointed out the sarcophagus of Charles V., the same in which that emperor had once celebrated his own obsequies; and he assured us that he had seen the august remains there, in perfect preservation, a few days before. We began making up a purse to induce him to remove the lid, when a noisy party of tourists descending the stairs put an abrupt end to the work of corruption. We then ascended to the gloomy cabinet where the cold and bigoted Philip used to sit writing notes which deluged his dominions with war and famine, while he listened to the praises of the Lamb through the open window: here he bore a

[1] *History of England*, chap. xxiv.

certain passive part in divine service without leaving his chair, a chair still standing in the same place as it occupied when he died upon it, after a long and painful illness.

We arrived at Madrid in windy March weather, and saw the Prado, with the Queen and her priestly-looking husband in a heavy carriage drawn by six horses and escorted by Lancers. The Heir-apparent, afterwards the short-lived Alphonso the Twelfth, came behind in a second carriage drawn by mules. I need not stop to describe the Royal Museum, where the picture gallery forms the chief attraction of the otherwise third-class capital of Spain. After a short stay in Madrid, I resolved on taking leave of my companions, in order to be at Rome in time for the celebrations of Holy Week: my visit to Spain, therefore, might almost be entitled "Spain unvisited," for I had to dispense with Toledo and with Cordova, to give up the glories of Granada and the marvel of Seville, and to leave the Peninsula without seeing any of the things that people usually go there to see. I travelled by train to Alicante, and there found a small coasting steamer which took me by way of Barcelona to Marseilles through the stormy Gulf of Lyons. At Marseilles I found another vessel, in which I passed along the bright and varied shores of the Riviera, landing at Genoa, and again at Leghorn. Having visited the Arsenal at Genoa in company with the Director, to whom I had an introduction, I tried to find out the strength and direction of the newly-born Italian pride of country. This young officer was from Naples, and the

first thing one noticed was that he looked on himself as an exile in a foreign land, which was a bad symptom. Instead of telling me any more of his own thoughts, he tried to gather mine, and to learn what I thought of the prospects of a poor nation that engaged in warlike adventures. We looked at an ironclad that he was building, and agreed that it was an expensive luxury; perhaps she was afterwards involved in the disastrous sea-fight at Lissa.

From Leghorn I visited Pisa and Florence, and I recollect an intelligent cabdriver giving a condensed opinion on politics at the last-named city, destined to be for a short while the capital of the newly-constituted kingdom. Being asked whether he preferred the new state of things to the late grand-ducal régime, the shrewd fellow answered that "it was no business of his,—all he knew was that the *taxes were already doubled.*" What, I wonder, do he and his fellows say now (1897), when the contributions have risen to an average of £6 *per annum* for each household? *Tantæ molis!*

At Rome I saw all the obligatory sights; but the Eternal City was in sufficiently strange conditions thirty years ago to justify a few words. The government was that of the Church—paternal, or rather motherly, of which the first sample was an examination of baggage not so much for arms, explosives, or dutiable goods, as for French novels and photographs likely to corrupt the innocence of Roman morals. The Holy Father was still "Papa e Rè," throned in the Quirinal and supported by a garrison of 70,000 French soldiers; the cardinals were

the peers and leading officials; the "Senator" drove to the Capitol in a mediæval carriage emblazoned with the grand old letters "S. P. Q. R." The town was confined, unsanitary, abounding in narrow mediæval streets, among which were interspersed many ancient villas with still and stately old gardens. Ambassadors from foreign Powers resided at the Papal Court, our own country being represented by Lord Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill; and the Consul was Joseph Severn, the faithful friend of the poet Keats.[1] I had the honour of knowing both; having brought a letter for Lord Odo from his famous uncle, Lord Russell.

A singular comment on the political situation of 1863, and on the passions it aroused, came under notice one day in Holy Week, while attending service in the Church of S. John Lateran. A friar was in the pulpit—a chosen orator, who was preaching on the topic of the moment. "You do not need," he said, "that I should expatiate on the sorrows of the Divine Sufferer which the Church is just now commemorating; you have them reproduced before you in the sorrows of His Vicar on earth, our most Holy Pope and King. And remember! it was not on Pilate that the chief blame fell." Then turning to his book he read in Latin: "Pilate asked for water and washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just man, see ye to it; and the whole people

[1] This excellent artist and man tended the poet's deathbed and provided his tomb: he himself lived till 1879. See "Life, Friendships, and Letters," 1892.

answering said: His blood be upon us and upon our children." Then, slowly raising his right hand and looking round on the hushed congregation, he added, after a pause, and with a thrilling change of tone: "Il sangue del Cristo è sopra *voi*" ("The blood of Christ is upon *you*"). The effect was impressive, even on a heretic.

All these things are now altered or destroyed. The Pope is restricted to the neighbourhood of S. Peter's, and the Quirinal harbours another King. The population of the city has doubled; many old villas have been removed to make way for modern rows and squares; a number of new bridges cross the Tiber; broad, straight thoroughfares pierce the quarters once crowded with crooked lanes and mean houses. The Foreign Quarter has been transferred from the foot of the Pincian to the slopes and summits of the central region; and, for good or for evil, the Rome of that day is no more. To the poet, the artist, and the student of history, modern Rome can appeal only with a voice half-stifled in the din of politics and commerce. The pilgrims of my day were probably more distinguished than some of a later date; among them Gibson and Story, Miss Hosmer and Miss Cushman, Poingdestre, Coleman, Alfred Gattley, and the German Overbeck, are names of some whom I recall to memory.

S. Peter's, I must frankly own, seemed disappointing as a mere piece of architecture. It must be admitted that, for the largest temple on earth—I suppose it is—there is something of failure if it does not produce the effect of vastness. It seemed as if the mountainous mass of masonry

only revealed its true dimensions when looked at from a distance; so that, as in the interior (and there, probably, from the want of graduated proportions), the sense of scale is not at first experienced, consequently one has to learn from the guidebook that the letters of the inscription below the cupola are higher than an average man, and so forth. Nevertheless, anyone who has seen the great building holding 20,000 persons as though there were an ordinary congregation, or witnessed the procession of the Pope to the high altar to celebrate High Mass on Easter morning, has no one but himself to blame if he does not form an abiding ideal of the majesty of this central shrine of Christendom. The celebration of Easter ended with the blessing of the city and the world by the Pope standing in the balcony above the main entrance of the cathedral. At the last words—"sit super vos et maneat in eternum"—the guns from the neighbouring Castle of S. Angelo thundered their tremendous echo, and the printed copies of the benediction fell fluttering upon the crowd below, by whom they were eagerly gathered. The illumination of the church followed next evening, when the mighty silhouette stood out against the evening sky glittering with thousands of lamps, said to be lighted—at the risk of their lives—by convicts afterwards released. The lights were white at first, but became suddenly golden at the Angelus.

My stay in Rome was not long enough to please me. I stayed, however, longer than Byron did, and Byron's eye and hand enabled him to make immortal use of his brief opportunity, by the help of which later travellers have

been enabled to abridge their experience. Accompanied by a scholarly associate, my old friend John Sherer, I visited galleries, churches, modern studios, and ancient monuments; made excursions to Adrian's Villa, Tivoli, Tusculum, and "the Alban Mount"; botanised in the baths of Caracalla, and felt the magic of moonlight among the shadows of the Colosseum. My health improved, and my load of grief was lightened; so that when, after seeing the illuminations of the cathedral dome, and the blessing of the city and the world, and passing the Fountain of Trevi without stopping to taste its water, I took the train for Naples, I acknowledged that the world could give some joy in return for those that she takes away.[1]

Our party had secured rooms in a hotel on the shore of the Bay of Naples, and we spent a pleasant time in seeing the sights of the neighbourhood. The town has now grown in population and area, brimming over the adjacent hills. In 1863 the popular promenade was still the Chiaja, and the Toledo[2] the main street of commerce; but, with that exception, we saw little that the modern tourist does not still behold: the tideless bay with its satin sheen, the greys and purples of the islands, the beautiful hills and lovely light from Posilippo to Sorrento, the S. Carlo theatre and the sculptures and pictures of the great museum. The noisy harmonies and sunny air of the lively town are unchanged, and sanitary science has done

[1] There is a well-known local belief, that whoever drinks of Trevi before leaving Rome, cannot fail to return at some future day.

[2] Now Via di Roma.

much to remedy its occasional lapses into epidemic. In one respect, at least, the modern traveller has a decided advantage: the excavations at Pompeii have, since my time, become more extensive and more scientific; while the reproduction of ancient life, by pouring liquid gypsum into the hollows where the dead were encased in the débris of the eruption, has caused a startling resurrection of those ancient Romans.[1]

After visiting Sorrento, Amalfi, Salerno, Paestum, I crossed to Sicily, and awaited the steamer at Messina, a city which seemed not to have got much further than the Middle Ages, with unpaved ways, lighted by oil lamps. On the whole review of these short visits to Italy, I seem conscious of a vision of change and hopeful speculation which the succeeding thirty years have not entirely made good. The Peninsula was still unsettled, and her condottiere-hero, Giuseppe Garibaldi, was in that excitable state produced in simple natures by new distrust of all that he had been wont to lean on. It was said at the time that he kept three donkeys in Caprera, whom he named respectively "Pio Nono," "Vittorio Emanuele," and "Napoléone"; that he was about to resign his seat in the Legislature; and neither friend nor foe could tell what his next step might be. His frame of mind was typical of that of the classes of the Italian population of whom a

[1] This ingenious method had been originated a year or two before my visit, and I saw a few of the casts. It is strange that no *books* appear among the discoveries; although many have been found in the neighbouring ruins of Herculaneum, none have proved important.

traveller saw the most. Without either the qualities or the defects of their great guerilla-leader, they were like him in having the mood of newly emancipated schoolboys. Long centuries of despotic administration, with light taxation in a fine climate, where human nature has few secondary wants, had made them amiable but indolent, easily satisfied physically, yet quick to take their own parts in private quarrels. At one moment a man would be content with a song and a kiss in the shade of a vine; at the next, the knife that had cut the grapes might be plunged in the heart of his friend. The higher classes were what you read of in Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*: the women passing their time in intrigue or in a semi-Oriental retirement, the men at clubs, cafés, and theatres; the moral tone said to be inferior, though travellers might have no time or opportunity to judge for themselves. French residents, though not squeamish, spoke of the relations between Italian men and women as of exceptional irregularity.

This romantic form of existence was verging to extinction, to be succeeded by a régime of political activity tempered by financial anxiety. One is tempted to think that the old times were better, unless we modify that conclusion by reflecting that perhaps man is not made for a mere life of ease, and that the dignity of being citizen of a great nation is more to be valued than the *dolce far niente* of a glorified *lazzarone*. For my own poor part, I could not but feel that all my new experience had made me an altered man; as much so, perhaps, as any Italian of the day.

CHAPTER VII

1863–1868

IF I was conscious of a change in myself on returning to India, it was most assuredly a changed India to which I returned. Old customs and institutions of the Company's rule were still in operation in the first years of the Crown, but by the end of the year 1862 they had given way to the more scientific methods launched by an organised Legislature, and my book, to be true to its title, ought to end here. Universities in the Presidency towns began to produce educated graduates; and an Act of Parliament held out to duly qualified natives a prospect of admission to some of the higher posts of the administration. The Civil Servants who came from Europe were no longer the nominees of the "Directors," but men of mark who had often taken good degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, Dublin, or the Scottish universities. Railway communication was extending rapidly; the volume of trade had almost doubled; improved Courts of justice had already increased the despatch and certainty of trials and suits. A certain ground-swell remained in public feeling, to tell of the stormy passions of the great Revolt, but peace and plenty had returned. It was in conditions of such

hopeful kind that I resumed my duties. Prevented by causes already mentioned from returning to my old District, I took charge for a time of Mainpuri, but was deputed to Allahabad before the end of the year to officiate as Judge. When the officer who held the substantive post came back I was offered the appointment of Magistrate-Collector at Allahabad, and that appointment had the attraction of causing no move, and of keeping one in a large European society, where one's work would always be under the immediate notice of the highest authorities. For Allahabad was by this time the seat of the Local Government; and here were the Board of Revenue, the High Court, and other departmental centres. But an old college friend, who had just brought a bride from Europe, and shrank from burying her in a remote station, pointed out that if I would go to "Bulandshahr in his stead, he and his wife could remain at Allahabad." Being a single man and in poor spirits, I did not care for my own interest, and yielded to these arguments; R. and his wife stayed at headquarters, where his energy and ability afterwards brought him high promotion. If I had any hand in causing his prosperity, I cannot but be glad.

The District of Bulandshahr was named from the chief town, a small place, also called Baran, of which the older portion occupied an artificial eminence on the bank of a small stream. Allusions in Indian story, confirmed by the occasional discovery of sculptured fragments of antiquity, have shown that there was a Hindu power of some sort here before the Moslem Conquest; and in that fact is

found the explanation of the two names; Baran being a Hindu word, while Bulandshahr is a Persian compound, answering to "Hauteville," or "Hochstadt," in Europe. It was in 1863 a depressing agglomeration of mud-pies, with a masonry Tahsili, or Sub-Collector's office, on the top of the hill, and a few public offices and European bungalows on the plain, stretching westward towards the Grand Trunk Road. Since then the energy of a Collector (already named in connection with Muttra), who was at once a scholar and an artist, has transformed Bulandshahr into a handsome town, having a market-place, a town-hall, and many rows of shops and dwellings, all of good design, and adorned with façades of carved stone-work.[1]

In my time all was very backward and quiet; the Settlement was over and the revenue came in punctually, while the country was comparatively free from crime. There was no European society, and among native families of distinction I recollect only two, both of Moslems. One was that of the Nawāb of Jahangirabad, the other of the chief of the Lāl Khāni house, whose fort of Kamona resisted the whole force of the Meerut division in 1807, till it was finally taken by assault, and with a great slaughter. The Lāl Khāni house is of Hindu ancestry, long since converted to the Koran, and is well known in

[1] Frederick Salmon Growse was one of the earlier competition-wallahs, and had graduated at Oxford. His name led to the obvious joke that his godfathers and godmothers must have been determined to make game of him. He was a Hindu scholar, and the author of a translation of the *Ramāyana* of Tulsi Das. He was made Companion of the Indian Empire, and died at Hazlemere in 1893, a convert to the Church of Rome.

India for having produced one of the few distinguished native statesmen of modern times, Sir Faiz Ali Khān, K.C.S.I., once Prime Minister of Jaipore. At one of their family seats I had the pleasure of attending, by invitation, a wedding, in which the due solemnities of Islam were blended with some Hindu customs derived from ancient tradition.

Having less work than formerly at Muzafarnagar, I sought employment for my spare time, and found it in the library of my friend, Colonel Hamilton, Commissioner of Delhi, which was one of my nearest points. The Colonel had a collection of Oriental MSS., and I used them in improving my knowledge of history. The immediate past attracted most attention, and the result of the two years, chiefly spent at Bulandshahr, was a little book on the fall of the Empire to which the British succeeded. Revised and expanded, this work has reached a third edition in thirty years; not a very startling success, yet a fair record as Indian subjects go.[1] With one or two conspicuous examples of skilful treatment, no one has been able to kindle in the minds of English readers any great warmth regarding the mighty dependency which is one of England's greatest claims to distinction among the nations.

At the end of 1863 I heard of the painless extinction of my father, who died of paralysis at Tunbridge Wells, aged eighty-two.

The days of a District Officer passed probably much

[1] *Fall of the Mughal Empire.* 3rd edition. W. H. Allen & Co. London, 1887.

more mechanically thirty years ago than they do in these days of scientific administration. Rising early, he rode round the town, watching drainage and road-making, or inspecting a disputed site, or the scene of some crime then under trial. Returning to his bungalow, he found some of the *Amla* ready with reports, which he heard and dealt with in the verandah, till the approaching heat drove him indoors. At ten he went to Court and looked after the work of his Assistants, or heard cases till the clock struck four. A visit to the racquet court and a drive along the Trunk Road ended the active hours of the day. All this, though I have it vividly before my mind's eye, is evidently inadequate material for detailed narrative. To rouse the sympathetic attention of others, one must either generalise one's own egotism, or else take up the line of personal gossip about more distinguished and more interesting people. I can only hope for indulgence from those who can find pleasure in comparing things present with things past, and who will listen to any tale of human life that is told honestly and without malice. There can therefore be no manner of doubt but that the most indulgent reader whose eyes may chance to fall on these pages, will be satisfied to find so slight a memorial of the period to which the present lines refer. It was, nevertheless, a period of some importance to myself, as that which led to the formation of a scheme of life which subsequently became fixed. I was now thirty-seven—the age at which Byron died—and, without comparing oneself to any great man, one may say that the poet usually does die about

then. The poet dies in youth, the man survives,—I mean him of whom Sainte-Beuve wrote, when shedding the slough of Joseph Delorme—

"Le poete mort jeune à qui l'homme survit."

Without being conscious of any exact moment at which a new departure was intentionally taken, I am sure that it was in these lonely months at Bulandshahr that youth's visions finally faded and one awoke to one's real day's work. Not that my life up to this had been all a dream. I had tried to reconcile artistic tastes with the discharge of duty. In the already quoted words of my old friend John Sherer—

"Ears where the music of the brook flowed in
Are listening, daily, to the tales of sin," etc.

But it had been all the result of chance, rather than a settled plan. Now, however, a definite scheme arose. It has been well said, by the wise and learned Renan, that "one buys dearly the ideal that one loves, however excellent it be." A certain fastidiousness of taste began now to combine with a sense of hostility in high places to convince one that the prizes of public life were out of reach, and to foster an ambition which, though of a purer, was of a more attainable kind. Without asserting that this ideal was "excellent," I may perhaps fairly claim that if the grapes of official distinction are sour, the life of a thinker may be sweet. It seemed that my path in public life was being blocked by obstacles beyond my

control, and that my professional career was likely to be checked in every possible direction. So long, indeed, as the choice of instruments lay in the hands of men like Thomason or Colvin, one had felt sure of fair treatment. Mr. Edmonstone had at first appeared no less friendly, but he had learned to look on one with other eyes, and his alienation had evidently come to a climax when I left the Muzafarnagar Settlement, although under medical certificate. I did not belong by birth to the India House connection; in the country itself I adhered to no clan or clique; I was known to be independent, and more than suspected of literary practices; it would be as much as could be expected if I were left to plod on unmolested. My intercourse with Colonel Hamilton and with several Mohammedans of rank and learning was now turning my attention strongly towards what I have since made, in a mild way, a sort of speciality.

Nor was I perpetually sequestered in my dull District. The absence of men on leave causes what are more or less welcome temporary movements in such a service as ours; and one occasion of the kind—when I went to Aligurh to officiate as Judge—is memorable to me as causing me to become acquainted with one of the best and most distinguished of modern Asiatics. This was my "Subordinate Judge," since then widely known by many good deeds, and by the biography published by Colonel Graham. Sayad Ahmad—now Sir S. Ahmad, K.C.S.I.—was then known only as an able native officer, but one could hardly avoid observing that, in all he said and did, he showed the

earnestness of a superior nature. Sooner or later the official hierarchy made the like discovery, and he has, in subsequent times, had much promotion and honour, becoming a most useful mediator between the foreign rulers of Hindustan and the Moslem section of the population. His character being sincere and fearless, he was able to maintain an independent position by the exercise of those qualities, joined to an excellent judgment. During the Mutiny he did his duty well—to the spoiling of his goods. Nine years later, he was ready to speak home-truths alike to ruled and rulers. Addressing a meeting of Natives about this time, he said that under the Mughal Empire some of his hearers' ancestors had held high office, and in so saying may have glanced at a standing grievance of the modern Native of India. But he sturdily reminded his hearers that such posts had only been rare prizes in a costly and dangerous lottery. If they would but reflect, if they would bring to the consideration of those days the simple principles of justice and morality, they would see that the manifold evils of the period were dearly purchased by the benefits wrought upon the fortunes of the few. He went on as follows:—

"The natives have, at present, little or no voice in the management of the affairs of their own country, and should any measure of the Government dissatisfy them, they brood over it, appearing outwardly satisfied, while discontent is rankling in their hearts. I hope you will not be angry with me for speaking the truth: you know that you are in the habit of inveighing against various acts of the Government in your own homes and among your own families, and then, in the course of your visits to European gentlemen, re-

present yourselves as highly delighted with the justice and wisdom of those very measures. Far better would it be for India would her people but speak out openly and honestly, making known their genuine sentiments as to the doings of the Government."

In suchlike homely phrase the Reformer was wont to deliver sound and honest counsels, not hiding from either side in a mighty controversy his convictions as to the faults of each, yet never deviating into discourtesy or inflammatory language. The doings of the Government might not be always either wise or just; but how were rulers—especially alien rulers—to know the true nature and bearing of their measures, unless properly informed by those for whom they were intended? Since I had the fortune to be the official superior of my distinguished friend, some professed delegates of the Indian people have come forward, in what is known as "the Congress Movement," stating grievances in language of sufficient plainness and asking for reform. But the earlier Reformer has not approved of the movement, or recognised the men of the Congress as representing his views; notwithstanding which dissidence, no true friend of India can doubt his sincerity and good faith, which are writ large in his words and works.[1]

In the summer of 1865 I passed some weeks, pleasantly enough, at Mussoorie, where I renewed my friend-

[1] I shall have to return to this question, and to say a word about the College at Aligarh, when I come to its foundation in later years. The *Life of S. Ahmad* referred to above was published by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, about 1884. An earlier notice will be found in Mr. Escott's *Pillars of the Empire* (London, 1878).

ship with several families, amongst others that of Colonel Abbott, who had for some time, during the winter of 1857–58, commanded the station of Dehra. The genuine kindness of the Abbotts was of great value to me, and it led the way to a more permanent and closer connection. After a pleasant time I returned to my public and private work with spirit refreshed; and at Christmas I went to visit them at their new station of Meerut.

In 1866 a new Lieutenant-Governor arose in the person of the Honourable E. Drummond, since raised to the Knight Commandership of the Star of India. He was brother to the late Viscount Strathallan, had been thirty-five years in the service, and had filled high and important situations in the Department of Finance. I found him invariably wise, courteous, and honourable; and I am glad to hope and believe that he is still prospering (1897). I forebore to trouble his Honour with claims to special consideration, and accepted the promotion which he offered, namely, to the substantive Judgeship of Farukhabad. The civil station of Fatehgarh was on the right bank of the Ganges, eighty-three miles north-west of Cawnpore, and about three east from Farukhabad city. There was an old fort, in which was a gun-carriage factory, under European superintendence. There was also a wing of a British regiment of Foot, the usual civil staff, and a certain mixed society of planters; so that we were a numerous body at the club and racquet court, and had plenty of amusement for leisure hours.

Having to mount the Bench without having acquired forensic preparation at the Bar appears a startling departure from English usage, but is, in fact, a somewhat usual feature in the bureaucratic systems of continental Europe. Nor does the rule—as applied in India—involve all the inexperience that might be supposed; for a member of the Indian Civil Service has been judicially employed ever since he got out of leading-strings, and was intrusted with charge of a Subdivision, say, for twelve years or more. For my own part, I had not only been accustomed to dispose of criminal charges; during the four years for which I was Superintendent of Doon, I had exercised almost unlimited powers in a Civil Court. That I was entirely successful, or that I ever became so, is more than I can assert. I think most judges who try cases alone (that is to say, without jury or colleague) find that a great part of their decisions come to grief in appeal. Nor does this necessarily prove them to be bad judges; it is not in human nature for the Court above not to feel disposed to vindicate its importance by criticising the Court below and disturbing its awards. Something, too, must have to be ascribed to one's own shortcomings. It was said of a very great man, in regard to his public conduct, that "he did not take to heart external matters sufficiently to rise to excellence in them; he only took to heart the affairs of man in general."[1] The subject of that shrewd remark was Mayor of Bordeaux, besides being a man of genius

[1] Sainte-Beuve on Montaigne, *Causeries du Lundi.*

and one of the great essay-writers. A yet more distinguished official in the same neighbourhood, but in a later century, recorded an even stronger comment. The author of *L'Esprit des Lois* was at one time a sort of Chief Justice; and this is what he has to say of his own doings on the Bench:—

"What has always given me a rather poor opinion of myself is, that there are so few walks in public life for which I could ever have been fit. As to my work as a judge, I have an upright nature, and I could always understand my causes; but as to procedure, I could make nothing of it. And yet I tried my best; but what most annoyed me was, that I perceived in many dull fellows the very talent which, I may say, quite escaped myself."

It would be mock modesty to affect a sense of complete judicial incompetence. I sat on the Bench for fifteen years, during all which there was no scandal and little friction. Yet one need not, surely, be ashamed if one did not surpass Montaigne and Montesquieu.

The laws of India are a little complicated at first appearance. By a mixture of positive engagement and tacit understanding, each class of the vast and varied population is entitled to claim the application of its own peculiar system. But it rarely happens that the parties to suits are of different classes; and the great divisions of the community are so few and simple that there is no difficulty in deciding which system governs the case; the conflict of law is reduced to a minimum. There was, perhaps, a slight tendency among lawyers from England to badger us with principles and precedents imported from that country; and one learned

Judge of the Calcutta High Court went so far as to lay down that India was a conquered country, and a sort of forensic vacuum into which English law rushed as by a force of nature. But these were, on the whole, passing clouds; and the "untrained Judges" pursued their unscientific way, with such aid as they could command from barristers and Native pleaders, administering the *Shastra* here, the *Koran* there, and doing their best to soothe the susceptibilities of the "European British subject." The two first-named codes are of the nature of Leviticus; tribal ordinances, so to speak, understood by their respective followers to issue from the Celestial Chancery for the special behoof of the faithful. For the third class of litigant the law was held to be founded on the Common Law of England, modified by occasional Acts of the local Legislatures. There was no distinction between equity and law; the same Court could grant injunctions or award damages; there was no jury and no pecuniary limit of jurisdiction.

More explanation of such matters would only lead to an amount of technicality which would weary the reader. Enough has perhaps been said to show that the judicial duties of a "District and Session Judge" were—as they must still be—of a serious and important character. As Session Judge he had an appellate jurisdiction over the Magistracy, while his "original" action consisted of the trial of Calendars submitted to him every month, accompanied by records of preliminary proceedings. He had no power to quash committals,

but must try every case sent up to him. Except in special places, or in the trial of foreign Europeans, he had no jury, but was assisted by a small number of respectable men—usually Hindus or Moslems, who were called "Assessors." The finding of these men was not a "verdict," only an opinion by which the Judge was not bound. He took English notes, in his most legible handwriting, adding a short judgment, in which, when he did not agree with his Assessors, he was expected to enter the reasons of his disagreement. By the help of this machinery much of the popular life is laid bare which would not otherwise be known to the British officials; for both prosecution and defence are apt to be severely scrutinised by the Native pleaders engaged on either side; and if to this be added an intelligent co-operation by the Assessors, such as is possible with judicious and tactful handling, a good deal of valuable information is often elicited. On the powers of the Sessions Courts there is—unless in the case of European Britons—no assigned limit; generally speaking, they deal with all charges beyond the magisterial jurisdiction, excepting charges of murder in which sentence of death is deemed advisable; in which case not only is there the usual appeal to the High Court, but the record must, in any event, be laid before that tribunal, and the man, even should he not have appealed, will not be hanged unless the Judges there have confirmed the sentence.

The "District Judge" means the same official sitting

on the civil side of his Court. Here, again, there is no theoretical limit of jurisdiction; all cases, of whatever value, being liable to be brought on the Judge's file if they have not been disposed of by an inferior Court. But, in practice, the Judge leaves most of the trials, in "first instance," to subordinate Courts, of which there are ten or a dozen, whose judgments are liable to be brought before him in appeal. The importance of this difference is, that when he decides a case in this manner there is no appeal to the High Court on findings of fact; whereas, if he disposes of a case in original, or first instance, there is the same appeal from him to the Court above as to him from the Courts below.

The general neglect of juries arose from the great want of persons considered, suitable to serve. In a country whose governing organs and classes were more like cut blooms than plants rooted in the soil, no confidence was felt in the integrity of the ordinary citizen, or in his earnestness for the ends of justice. One of the curious consequences was that, when a European British subject was committed, there was no jury at all, unless the Judge thought the case one that ought to be tried by the High Court, which could, however, send for that or any other case if it thought proper. All this has been altogether altered by the compromise arising out of the agitation against Lord Ripon's attempt at judicial reform in 1883.

In all judicial work in India there is a feeling of distrust in parole evidence, especially strong when one's experience is considerable, but not quite complete. One

has learned in one's youth to look on testimony as the material of judgment, because, when a witness is in Court, and surrounded by the terrors and solemnities of the situation, it is more likely that he will tell truth than not. That is assuredly not the case in British India; and a peasant of simple habits, who would not think of lying in his native village, will, before the foreign Magistrate, become an accomplished artist in perjury. Nor is this to be wondered at. Descended from a population long inured to oppression and anarchy, the Indian races had learned to look on authority as an incarnation of arbitrary malevolence, to be baffled in every way possible; and it could hardly be expected that three generations of well-meant, but not always successful, effort could have restored confidence. To such a vast initial difficulty is, of course, to be added the great propensity for forging or falsifying documents which must exist where the mysteries of penmanship are confined to a very small minority. One of the most bewildering results of such a state of things is, that a false charge, or a false claim, is apt to be met by an equally false defence; and it is the discovery of this that is at the bottom of whatever legitimate doubt may be still left on impartial minds by the case of the famous Nuncomar. Few, if any, who are intellectually and morally capable of judging, now believe that this man was hanged by Sir Elijah Impey to oblige Warren Hastings; but one of the most competent inquirers, the late Sir J. F. Stephen, shows that the minds of the judges and jurors in that trial were influenced strongly, if not unduly, by the evident falsehood

of the prisoner's case. No British Indian Court would now be consciously swayed by such considerations, so generally notorious has become this sad and perplexing propensity. Hence it happens that Indian judges are tempted to despair of success, till they learn that cases have to be very greatly ruled by the intellectual qualities of the presiding officer; if he is intelligent and experienced, he will often be able to pick out the grains of possible, probable, and certain truth from the mass of fiction presented for his consideration. His main difficulty will then be confined to recording his reasons in a convincing judgment. Such an officer, when six apparently honest men swear before him that black is white, may find six equally credible witnesses asseverate with like solemnity that, on the contrary, white is black; and from the discordant materials he may construct a sound scheme of grey. But he has to encounter his crowning difficulty when he has to establish this conclusion in a written judgment that will hold water on appeal. This dry exposition may be made better by an example. There was in an Indian village an honest soldier, at home on leave, who had to answer to a false claim, brought by the local moneylender, on a bond purporting to bear the sepoy's signature, and attested by witnesses whose names appeared as having seen it executed. The bond was a forgery, and the witnesses were men of straw, suborned by the banker for a few pence; but the defendant did not see his way to proving a negative, so he elected to acknowledge that the instrument was genuine and valid; to the astonishment and

delight of the banker. But, added the innocent-looking warrior, the bond had been duly redeemed; the banker had, indeed, excused himself for not returning it, but *here was his written receipt.* By all the rules of evidence judgment ought to have gone for the plantiff, the defence being almost palpably false. But the bond happened to have been written on English paper; and the Judge, holding it to the light, found a watermark which looked later than the date on which the debt was alleged to have been contracted. The banker at once offered an easy and plausible explanation; but the Court, well aware of the habits of him and his class, unhesitatingly threw out the claim with costs, not on the ground that the debt had been discharged, but that, despite the defendant's admission, it had never been contracted. The decision was probably just, it was scarcely either lawful or logical, and, being hard to justify in writing, was most likely reversed on appeal. Another strange case—on the criminal side this time—occurred where a pleader was engaged for the defence of a burglar. There was little moral doubt of the prisoner's guilt; and the man who had been robbed swore to his money because it included a rupee with the Queen's head on both sides. The astute advocate could not deny that this money had been found in his client's possession. "But," said he, throwing down another double-faced rupee on the table of the Court, and shuffling it up with the first, "can the complainant say now which is his? I know my own." The poor man shrank from the ordeal. "The Court will see," pursued the pleader, "that such

coins are by no means uncommon." The fact was, that in a certain moment the machinery at the Culcutta Mint had lost its accuracy, so that it sometimes happened—until repair had taken place—that the die fell upon a fresh piece before its predecessor had been jerked out. The false head was, of course, indented instead of being embossed. The prisoner escaped, having the benefit of this small but undeniable doubt.

Such are some of the snares that beset the path of an upright judge endeavouring to do his duty in India, and some of the reasons why a methodical impostor, who has the art of forensic composition, may seem to his judicial superiors a better officer than an abler or more conscientious man.

Notwithstanding all these things, I saw no reason why one should not succeed in the judicial branch of the service, confiding, like the *Président* above cited, in one's own rectitude and understanding. I saw men whom I thought no better than myself made Judges of the High Court; I had health and industry; there seemed no reason why similar promotion should not await me in my turn. In 1867 I became engaged to Colonel Abbott's eldest daughter, and went to Europe to make her my wife, with reasonable prospects of a long and not unprosperous career. Otherwise, also, things had a hopeful look—as things are apt to go in what is, after all, "a naughty world." There was reason to expect that, after a short holiday, one would return with one's bride to await promotion in a healthy station and a pleasant society, where we

should find a comfortable bungalow, a decent stable, and a garden on which some care had been bestowed.

I left my furniture, horses, etc., at Fatehgarh at the beginning of the hot season of 1867, and went by slow stages to Alexandria, travelling by Calcutta and Madras, to see old friends. From Alexandria I booked in a good Marseilles steamer, and thoroughly enjoyed the voyage. We went, I remember, through the Straits of Bonifacio, where one was never tired of admiring the shores clothed in the magic hues of a Mediterranean summer. After a pleasant day at Marseilles I went on to Paris, by way of Dijon, where the refreshment-room was a thing of beauty and of joy.

Paris in 1867 was the scene of an "International Exposition," which, though inferior as a momentary effect to some of its predecessors, and not the equal, as to vastness, of some that have been held in later days, was better arranged and more practical than most others. The plan was attributed to that gifted, if somewhat unsuccessful man, Prince Napoleon (Jerome); and its peculiarity lay in the fundamental conception. For each class of exhibit was in a ring or circle, all traced round a common centre, from which radiated alleys, each of which bore the name of a nation, and led to its products. You had only to grasp this principle and you at once became your own guide. To take an example; suppose a visitor who wished to inspect Austrian furniture: all that he needed to do was to get to the central platform and look round until he saw an alley marked "Austria," then walk down that

alley until he arrived at the "furniture" ring, and there he was.

After a few days at the Exhibition, and among my former friends in Paris, I went through the Breton orchards to S. Malo, and thence to the Channel Islands, the Abbotts being then settled in a very nice house and grounds near S. Peter Port, Guernsey.

After a short visit to England for a meeting with my family, and a consultation on health and eyesight with Sir Ronald Martin and Mr. White-Cooper, I returned to Guernsey, and was married in February 1868, my best-man being Sir Edgar Macculloch, for many years *Bailli* of the little insular Republic. Little of general interest occurred during this visit to the Channel Islands, except that one saw something of Victor Hugo. The boyish kindliness and unaffected egotism of the great poet were strongly displayed in the patronage that he accorded to a French company who played *Hernani* one night in the little local theatre. Hugo occupied the stage-box, over which was drawn a muslin veil or curtain through which he could see without being seen. This, he explained, was done lest his presence should distract the attention of the audience from the artists. At the end of the performance the veil was partly drawn, and Doña Sol, advancing to the corner of the stage, handed up a laurel crown to the white-haired author. We went to France for our wedding tour, travelling by Jersey, S. Malo, and Le Mans; and we found the French capital full of strange premonitory symptoms. Thiers and Jules Favre had made scenes in the Chamber;

and secret treaties between Prussia and the minor German States had come out, which pointed to military combinations full of external menace. Espionage was very general, but French wit could not be entirely repressed by any moderate amount of force, and M. Rochefort's *Lanterne* was already beginning to shine with an unfriendly ray. Those who have the fortune to be personally acquainted with this acute and energetic man must be struck with his chivalric courtesy and truly aristocratic refinement: it would be doing him no injustice, in some respects at least, to call him the Mirabeau of our day; he has been always loyal to his party. I remember dining with some French friends when the recent adhesion of some Liberals was discussed. What was the difference, asked one of the guests, between M. B—— and a tiger? The answer following, that "Le tigre est tacheté par la Nature, et M. B—— est acheté par le Gouvernement"; an old Deputy who was one of the party made the pun more execrable still by muttering, "et le Gouvernement est à jeter par la fenêtre." There may have been more than one reason for this rising *Fronde* against the Empire. Some of its founders were dead; others were away on distant embassies, etc. The policy of the Emperor was undecided at home, while he was discredited abroad by the tragic end of the Mexican enterprise and the vacillations in regard to Rome. I could not but recall my Marquis of 1863, and observe the failure of both the conditions that he had laid down as necessary before the Empire could be accepted. The Catholic susceptibilities *had* been ruffled, and the Tricolor had *not*

been always held high. Although the season was too late to be presented at Court, we took the next best opportunity of looking at an interesting group, of whose destiny doubts were even then arising: Lord Lyons kindly aiding, in his ambassadorial capacity, by giving us a card of introduction to Mass at the Tuileries. Mounting a staircase, guarded by giants in armour, we were ushered into a room of which one side opened upon the private chapel. The body of this was on the ground-floor, but the imperial family occupied a gallery on a level with the room. The music was sung by Mme. Patti[1] and the best artists of the day; and, when it was over, the Emperor came into the room, accompanied by wife and child, while we joined the glittering circle that formed around. We were struck with the thoughtful look on the Emperor's pale face, the beauty and grace of the Empress, and the affectionate, intelligent bearing of the Prince, then a boy of twelve. That brilliant scene had but two years of existence left. Like S. Cloud,—which we also visited,—the Palace itself has quite disappeared, and France has entered upon a more sober and, let us hope, a more abiding life.

That spring saw us on our way back by way of the old Overland Route,—the Canal, though near completion, being not yet opened for traffic. It was a disturbed Europe that we were leaving. England was in the thick of the Fenian war, with explosions and outrages occurring and impending not only in Ireland, but in the usually

[1] Then engaged to be married to the Marquis de Caux, famed for leading cotillons at the Court-balls.

peaceful metropolis itself. In France there were the symptoms of which I have spoken, and a growing desire for a war with Germany, which was only imperfectly repressed by a few far-seeing men, among whom was M. Emile Ollivier, soon to form a short-lived and disastrous Government in his unlucky country. Among minor symptoms of social disorder may be just mentioned the ascendancy, both in France and in England, of Mr. David Dunglass Home, of the *Spiritual Athenæum*, who, however, came to grief in the Vice-Chancellor's Court before the end of the year. Some idea of the momentary position of the spirit-king may be formed, when I say that people of the highest social rank accepted his miraculous pretensions and contended for his society. Before leaving London, I had persuaded him to dine with me, and had asked a party of hard-headed men to meet him; but before the evening arrived he wrote to put me off, saying that he had been obliged to go to Paris on a telegraphic summons from the Empress of the French.

To conclude this unsystematic chapter, I will only add that I now saw, for the last time, that most amiable and interesting veteran of letters, the poet "Barry Cornwall," known in prosaic life as Mr. Brian Waller Procter, whose house in Weymouth Street was an afternoon rendezvous of Dickens, Thackeray, and many other leading men, and whose youth had been passed in the company of Shelley and Charles Lamb. He was as bright and sympathetic as if he had been only thirty. I remember well calling one Sunday and finding him seated

in front of the fire with a younger man, stout and resolute looking, but with white hair and beard. "Come in, Keene, and sit down," cried the cheery host; "now we are three poets together. This is Mr. Robert Browning." Browning was led to talk of his work, and I frankly stated the difficulty that I had found in understanding *Sordello*. "Well," said the Master, "I am now publishing a poem that will be within every capacity"; he referred to *The Ring and the Book*. In the course of the afternoon Monckton Milnes joined us, and, the talk turning upon Tennyson, some one said that *In Memoriam* was his masterpiece. "Ah!" cried Milnes, "he kept his tears long enough in wood before bottling them for general use." Both he and Tennyson lived to wear coronets,—to be extinguished in them, as some thought.[1]

[1] Milnes was, in point of fact, created a peer so far back as 1863. Tennyson was believed to have declined a baronetcy about the same time.

CHAPTER VIII

1868–1878

NOTHING of interest occurred until we reached Suez. Here we met the P. & O. steamer bringing homeward-bound passengers from India; and, on going aboard, one of the first persons I met was Mr. Drummond. "Ah!" cried he, "how are you? You find me returning home. I have made over charge to ——," naming the official already mentioned more than once as one with whom differences had been imprudently allowed to appear. "And, by the bye," added the ex-Governor, with a suspicion of friendly malice, "you are transferred as Judge to Azimgarh, I believe!" The blow was swift and sharp, bringing disaster to my little plans. I should have to settle, at the worst season of the year, in one of the worst stations in the country, and to send for my furniture and horses to the pleasant place, hundreds of miles off, to which I had hoped to return. The new Lieutenant-Governor had not been long in striking. Of his hostility there could remain no lingering doubt. A distinguished friend in London had already declared that the new Lieutenant-Governor — involving S—— and myself in one sweep of condemnation—said that we had

neither of us "done an honest day's work in our lives." This was repeated to us, perhaps with some unconscious exaggeration, by my old friend Fred. Cooper, and on writing to his Honour to complain of what I had heard, I got no reply. On our arrival at Allahabad, we at once prepared to depart for our new station, when I received a note requiring my attendance at Government House at a certain fixed hour. On my obeying the summons, I was shown into the room of the Lieutenant-Governor, who offered me a chair, and asked why I was going through Allahabad without calling upon him? As I had to reply by saying that I supposed myself under a ban, I came to repeat the whole story, referring to past services, of which no one, as I observed, had better means of information than himself. He asserted that he had had no time to answer my letter, and a painful explanation ensued, which ended by his Honour assuring me that he had never said anything against me, but, on the contrary, considered the "Government under great obligations" to me. Necessarily, after this I should have said no more, but I fear that my manner was wanting in submission. I was unwilling to accept mere words in full satisfaction; and even if the present clouds were cleared by the little breeze, I cannot suppose that future prospects were effectually brightened.

We found Azimgarh a truly "penal settlement." Someone must, of course, go to such places as Judge; but I did not think that it ought to have been selected as the place of banishment of an officer like myself, with

a good record, and "a lien," as it was usual to say, on a good station. The town was a Dismal Hollow, with about 15,000 miserable inhabitants; the nearest railway station eighty miles away; not half a dozen European residents, mostly disappointed officials, or their still more discontented wives. With malaria, unusual heat, and swarms of venomous serpents, Azimgarh appeared to be a most undesirable dwelling-place for civilised beings. Nevertheless, "needs must when the —— L.-G. drives; so we sent for our property from Fatehgarh, and settled ourselves as well as we could "to reign in this horrible place." Walking one evening in my own grounds, I was only just stopped in time to prevent my stepping on a large cobra. A whip-snake was killed in one of our bedrooms.

Among the few non-official residents was an Irish planter named Michael Patrick Dunn, a single man, believed to be well off, who had greatly distinguished himself ten years before, in the suppression of the revolt engendered by the mutiny of the Bengal army.[1] Colonel Malleson tells us what a worthy supporter Mr. Dunn was to Venables, the better-known champion of order at Azimgarh; and he evidently combined in a high degree the heroic qualities of courage and modesty. Venables was unhappily killed in the very last fight that occurred

[1] See *Kaye and Malleson*, Cabinet Edition, vol. vi. pp. 65–68. This, which is a revised issue of an excellent work, contains facts of great interest not to be found elsewhere. A little book by the present writer (*Fifty-Seven*. W. H. Allen, 1883) may be also consulted.

before the complete restoration of order; and Dunn had no gift of speech, or writing, whereby to bring his services to the notice of the authorities. Praise and rewards were in these busy days chiefly given to those who claimed them, and Dunn got little of either. He used to relate that he once met Lord Canning, and had an opportunity of benefiting himself, which he, with characteristic unselfishness, entirely neglected. The Viceroy, so Dunn reported, asked what could be done for him? "Well, my Lord," the pugnacious Irishman answered, "there is just one thing I'd like, and that's the truth. I hear there's a little fighting still going on down Bundelkhund way, and—av ye could give me the raising of a small thrup of horse, I'd like well enough to take command av 'em." "My God!" cried the clement ruler, raising both his hands, "is this never to cease?" I tell the tale as told to me.

Anyway, "Paddy" Dunn was a tall, well-built fellow, with a brown beard and a pair of merry blue eyes, somewhat veiled by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles which he wore continuously, and adjusted, as he talked, with a gesture peculiar to himself. His great weakness was thirst; not the drought of a mere solitary tippler, but a grand, Gargantuan, convivial absorption of anything stimulating. It 'was asserted, and I believe truly, that while campaigning he never indulged; and he probably found adequate excitement in pursuing, charging, and sabring the mutineers and rebels. In his more peaceful hours he made ample atonement to himself for any

inconvenience he may have found in abstinence. When I one day ventured to suggest the dangers of drinking, he goodhumouredly assured me that he was thoroughly of my opinion, and had turned over a new leaf. "I'm an altered man," said Paddy, with gentle earnestness. "I never touch anything now. A bottle of whiskey will last me, it may be, the four and twenty hours." Then, as if thinking that he was making himself out too much of a milksop, he added with more animation—"But the clar't, I drink it like watther"; which, indeed, he did.

The element of tragedy, however, was far more active in our Azimgarh life. My daughter Emily, a charming girl of seventeen, died in my arms, struck down suddenly by the heat; my wife bore a son who ailed from his cradle to his premature grave; and we all fell into the depths of despair and disease.

A somewhat sensational Sessions case concluded my professional career at Azimgarh. A young police officer in Oude, whose father and brothers had been murdered at Kota in October 1857, had devoted his energies to pursuing mutineers and bringing them to justice.[1] One day he brought to our station a fine powerful Hindu, about thirty years of age, against whom he had prepared a convincing indictment of mutiny and murder. Briefly stated, the

[1] Malleson, *ut sup.* vi. 162. The Kota contingent was what is now called an "Army Service Corps," an auxiliary force raised and paid by the Native State, but organised in the European manner and partly under British officers. The Chief was, to a certain extent, held answerable for the misconduct of the men.

facts were these: The troops at Azimgarh, at the beginning of June 1857, had consisted of the 17th Bengal Native Infantry, the adjutant of which regiment was Lieutenant Hutchinson. On the night of the 3rd the sepoys attacked the Europeans, who were fortified in the Court-house, with a gun in position before the gate. Hutchinson, going out to address the men, who were threatening to seize the gun, was shot in cold blood; and the sepoys presently went off in pursuit of some treasure of which they had heard; the rest of the Europeans taking advantage of their absence to escape, and the sepoys ultimately departing to Faizabad in Oude. The man who had shot Hutchinson was elected to the vacant adjutancy, and the uniform and horse of the deceased officer were conferred on him. When, after a career of murder and rapine, the 17th Native Infantry was at last overthrown and dispersed, this fellow escaped in disguise, and obtained a place as pointsman at a station of the E.I. Railway at Fatehpore. In the course of his researches the matter came to Mr. B.'s knowledge, and he sent a detective who knew the ex-adjutant, to hunt him up. The detective found him at his post, and, being in plain clothes, and a man of his own nationality, got into his confidence, and heard from his own lips a boastful account of his exploits, accompanied by a pathetic complaint of fallen fortunes. The police agent took an opportunity of seeing the stationmaster, to whom he revealed the matter, and showed his warrant for arresting the man; but the stationmaster objected to his arrest until the next train had been duly shunted. As it

chanced, this was an express, carrying the Viceroy and his staff, any accident to whom would have been not only a tragic, but a political event. Presently the train arrived, and, being properly directed, steamed past the place without stopping; the pointsman was then taken into custody, with the explanation that the execution of the warrant had been delayed to allow the shunting of the train. "Shunt!" cried the truculent rascal;—"if I had known all, it should have been shunted to H——." Being committed for trial on the clearest evidence, the mutineer made no serious defence; but a futile attempt to save him was made in a manner which brought the case into contact with my private affairs. During the progress of the trial, my wife's carriage was waylaid by the prisoner's mother, praying for mercy. On the evening when it was known that sentence of death had been passed, she was, as usual, driving to take me home from Court, when the poor woman sprang suddenly from the roadside and flung herself before the horses' feet. The coachman pulled up, and she was carried to the footpath, where she sat screaming curses, and praying that my wife might never rear a son! To end the sad tale, I have only further to say that the sepoy was hanged in front of the Court-house, on the very spot where he had committed his crime, and the Civil Surgeon stated that he weighed 14 stone without superfluous fat. It seemed shocking that so fine a piece of God's handiwork should be destroyed in cold blood; but it was a maxim of the day that there could be no "limitation" in such cases, and, of course,

one had to administer the law without regard to one's own feelings.

Before the end of the year I was offered a transfer to Fatehpore, the scene of the mutineer's arrest. It was a poor town and a dull station, not in any respect superior to Azimgarh; and the chief objects of interest there were the place where the late Judge had been murdered, and the place where the murderer had been hanged. But it was on the main line of the E.I. Railway, about equidistant from two large stations—Allahabad and Cawnpore; and, in the then condition of our health and spirits, almost any conceivable change would have been welcome that would take us from Azimgarh. This change, however, did us no good; indeed, I think Fatehpore must have been below the level of the sea; so swampy was it, so hot and malarious. There was, at some distance, an outlying District, whither the Judge had to go on circuit—the notoriously pestilential Banda, where the baked black-soil splits, and mephitic exhalations reek up from the fissures. It had never had more than two sources of prosperity, the residence of a native Court, and its position as an *entrepôt* of the cotton trade, both of which having now ceased, the town had lost a full half of its inhabitants. In such places are the lines of an officer cast when he gets premature promotion, or, as in my case, has incurred disfavour in high quarters.

It would not, however, have been human life, if incidents of a comic character had been wholly wanting. One of these is so illustrative of the peculiar conditions of

the life in the "Mofussil," or provincial India of that time, as to seem worth recording. A movement had been for some time on foot for promoting the education of Native females, and Normal Schools were being set up by private or municipal zeal, where young women could be trained to go forth as governesses into respectable Native families. The conservatives held aloof, while the more candid thinkers offered friendly criticism; and the scheme had, perhaps, elements of impossibility from the first. Anyway, my predecessor had opened a Normal School at Fatehpore, appointing, as headmistress, a Hindu widow, recommended by the Deputy-Inspector of Schools. When I joined I was informed by Mr. Kempson, the Director-General of the Provincial Department, that great interest was felt in the institution by his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, who had personally visited and inspected it, in company with Lady ——. It was therefore expected that whoever went to Fatehpore as Judge, would consider the care of the "Female Normal School" a part of his duty. To hear was to obey. I commended the undertaking to the special attention of the Municipal Committee of the town, and they readily promised their interest; the more so, since it enjoyed a handsome subvention from State funds, and was not likely to make any heavy demands upon the resources of the municipality. Soon after, my wife and I paid a visit to the school. We found a good Native house, inhabited by half a dozen young Hindu widows, under the Lady Principal; their progress in learning very moderate, their manner bold for their class, almost saucy. On our

way home we talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that further information was much required, though we did not quite see how it was to be obtained. But a little patience brought the solution. Girls' schools had become sufficiently numerous to require the services of a Female Inspector; or, at least, a Mrs. G—— had been appointed to the post, and ere long she visited our station, and was necessarily invited to examine the Normal School. On her return from her inspection we were more sorry than surprised to find our worst suspicions of the genuineness and respectability of the place more than confirmed, so to say, by the opinion of this expert. My duty was plain: at the next meeting of the Municipal Commissioners I mentioned the result of Mrs. G.'s inspection; but my communication caused no emotion. "Why, of course," said a white-bearded old member,—"the Principal is an old friend of the Deputy-Inspector, and the other inmates are all bad characters too." On my asking, with some indignation, how such a state of things could have gone on so long without any of the authorities being informed, or the L.-G. being prevented from taking his wife to such a place, I was naïvely reminded that the character of young Hindu widows was notorious! To cut a long story short, I had to report the whole affair to my friend Kempson, advising that the grant-in-aid should be instantly withdrawn. I could not blame myself, though I felt that I was again in an unfortunate position.

In 1870, after nearly two years of this wretched life, my bright and brave companion utterly broke down, and I

took a house at Mussoorie with my brother-in-law, Colonel Stallard, so that my wife might have the company of her sister, who also required a change, and in the autumn I joined the party. The house was one known as "The Hermitage," in the loveliest part of the place. In front was a dell called the "Happy Valley"; at the back we looked down on the wooded ravine through which the Umlava runs down to join the Jumna; far northward rose tier upon tier of the mountains terminating in the great glaciers of Jumnotri. Here we passed a quiet time, studying the daily despatches that told us of the lurchings and struggles of the Napoleonic barque, and its gradual foundering in the sea of blood begun in 1852. "For Tophet is ordained of old." Some light may be thought to have been thrown on the levity of character found in some of the French statesmen of that time, by a story told by the Duc de G. to an Englishman of distinction, from whom I heard it. When G. was escaping to England, after the *déchéance*, he saw an angry crowd collecting on the Boulogne quay just after he had got on board the packet. These people, suspecting that he was on board, were showing a desire to detain him. "Just then," said the fallen Minister, "the boat began to move; so I leant upon the bulwark, and, kissing my hand towards the shore, I cried, 'Adieu, France! Adieu, animal!'"

At the end of the year I was supposed to have had enough of punishment for a time. In legal phrase, I had "purged my contempt," and was allowed to revisit the haunts of civilisation as Judge of Agra, where I was

destined to pass a long and agreeable incumbency. On arriving at the deserted capital, we found the "civil lines," where the headquarters of the Provincial Government had once been, in a state of semi-depopulation. The fine houses, once occupied by the heads of departments, to be had for almost nominal rentals; the Courts, where the highest tribunals of the Province had once sat, now made over to the District Judge and his subordinates. We got an estate with a palatial residence and numerous out-buildings, including a second house of two storeys, the chief reception-room in three divisions, opening with arches one into the other, the whole 100 feet long. This estate has been since purchased by a neighbouring chief, the Raja of Bhurtpore. The last time I saw it, Sir West Ridgway was living there—or was it Sir C. Euan-Smith?—one of the Political Agents.

The years passed at Agra brought consolation for our past sufferings. The neighbourhood, though extremely hot in summer, was not usually unhealthy, though one year our "civil lines" were the scene of a short but severe epidemic of sudden death. Two miles from us there was a cantonment with a good club and plenty of military society. As regarded work, too, I was more fortunate than of late; the cases were of a far more interesting class than usual, and a number of good advocates, Native and European, had remained in their old haunts when the High Court was removed to Allahabad. The place, as is well known, contains many ancient and beautiful monuments, having been once the

capital of the Mughal Empire. The palace of the great Akbar in the fort, his mausoleum at Sikandra, above all, the famous Taj Mahal, are points of interest to local antiquarians, and objects of pilgrimage, in the cold-weather, to travellers from all the ends of the earth. With the help of my friend, Colonel John Baillie, I founded an "Archæological Society," a copy of whose Transactions may be found in the India Office Library; and very distinguished "globe-trotters" often came to me with letters of introduction, and were received as guests in my house. I cannot say that this was altogether prudent, as it involved expenses which fell rather heavily on a man with a transitory income and a growing family. But it was such a happiness to see a few people who came from civilisation and brought echoes of European life! Amongst those whose visits I recall with the greatest pleasure, I may mention the Hon. Dudley Fortescue, then M.P. for Andover; Count Sierakowsky, a distinguished Prussian geographer; the Earl of Sandwich, then Lord Hinchingbrooke, of the Grenadier Guards; the Hon. D. D. Field, the famous American jurist; the Duc de Blacas; the Comte de Breteuil; Count v. Walstein, an officer of the Hungarian Hussars who had helped to protect the retreat of the vanquished army at Sadowa; and Prince Alfred de Montenuovo, grandson of Napoleon's widow; with others whose names I forget. One of my most interesting visitors was Basil Verschagin, the Russian painter, who, after accompanying General Kauffmann on the Khiva

campaign, was destined to take part in the siege of Plevna and the forcing of the Shipka Pass, and to bring back pictures in which the horrors of war have been shown to the world with exemplary realism.

A pleasant addition to the regular work at Agra was the quarterly circuit to my old District of Muttra. That station had been greatly altered and improved since I began my official life there in 1849. The city had, indeed, undergone but little change, and its towers and temples still looked down upon their reflection in the calm Jumna. But the European station had undergone a thorough transformation; the liberality of a wealthy Hindu firm had turned the Magistrate's bungalow into a sumptuous masonry villa; the Court-houses had been remodelled; in lieu of the Native horse artillery and grey-coated black dragoons, a full corps of British cavalry occupied the cantonment. During the greater part of my incumbency the regiment so quartered was the 10th Hussars, in which every officer was a sportsman and good fellow. I was invited to become an honorary member of their mess, and many a pleasant evening have I spent there. Colonel Molyneux was their first commandant; among other officers, I particularly remember Lords Ralph Kerr, Crichton, and Campden; Cavendish (since Lord Chesham), "Donjy" Bulkeley, "Chicken" Hartopp, Brabazon, Wood, Gough, etc.

The early years of my Agra life are also memorable for me by reason of a final effort that I made to return to the executive branch of the service. This was, doubt-

less, a mistake; I should not have left that department in 1867, unless I left it for good and with a firm intention of adhering in future to judicial duty. But the occasion was so natural that no one surely can make it a ground of serious condemnation.

It may be remembered that in 1862 I left the Muzafarnagar Settlement unfinished, after sending in a report of progress, and expressing confidence of early success if permitted to return after the short absence ordered by the doctors. Up to that time I had been a somewhat fortunate member of the service, selected for early promotion by Thomason and Colvin, and honoured by some proofs of the confidence of their successor. But "the worm was at the root" of my little tree, and my enforced departure before the work was finished was seized as an opening for permanent exclusion from opportunities of distinction in what was then the most favoured side of the service. Then came years of discredit for myself, and of apparent success for others in my former District. The new man, as already mentioned, made quick work of the Settlement, sent up his final report after two years' more operation, and retired from the scene in a blaze of triumph. But this glory was of short duration; the adjoining District of Meerut, coming under Settlement, was intrusted to an officer of exceptional energy, who found, as he approached the Muzafarnagar border, such constant complaints, such universal signs of over-assessment and consequent distress, that he felt bound to bring the matter to the notice of

the Revenue Board. Being in consequence directed to add to his own immediate work a reconsideration of the Muzafarnagar Settlement, he discovered a state of things which led to the reopening of the whole business, eight years after the people had hoped to have done with trouble for a generation. On hearing of these things, I conceived it a duty to myself and family to seek an interview with the Lieutenant-Governor, for which purpose I repaired to Allahabad. Going to Government House at the appointed hour, I found myself received, not, as usual, in his Honour's private room, but in a sort of solemn hall of audience, where the great man sat surrounded by his Secretaries and Members of the Board. Rather pleased than perplexed at this publicity, I stated my case. In reply to the question, What I had come for? I said in effect that I ventured to submit that, if my work was to be disturbed, I ought to be employed, or at the least consulted. Was it or was it not the case that the Settlement of Muzafarnagar was being revised owing to any defects or errors of mine? This question—put, I trust, with due respect—was not immediately answered by his Honour; on which Mr. John Inglis, the member of the Board in whose peculiar jurisdiction this District lay, made no hesitation in assuring the Lieutenant-Governor that the Muzafarnagar Settlement had broken down from no fault of mine. "Keene's work," he was good enough to add, "has stood all tests, and his assessments have furnished the basis of all later ratings." Satisfied with such complete testimony, I with-

drew; the confirmation, in the form of a formally recorded "Resolution," came later, as will in due course appear.

The immediate result of that effort, for which I do not think that I can be reasonably blamed, was that I was offered an officiating appointment as Commissioner of Revenue and Circuit during the temporary absence of the Hon. R. Drummond, the permanent incumbent. Judged by the light of subsequent events, I do not believe that this offer was due to any real change of sentiments in the breast of the Lieutenant-Governor, who intended it perhaps as a way of providing for a temporary vacancy in the simplest manner. But at the time it undoubtedly had all the appearance of an important step in the right direction. A District Judgeship, though an office of considerable independence and usefulness, presented but a narrow outlook; for, if other things were equal, there were only one or two higher posts in the judicial line to be divided among some twenty-seven aspirants. A Commissioner, although his work might be of less importance, and some at least made it almost a sinecure, led an active outdoor life, and the chances of his becoming a member of the Board, or Lieutenant-Governor, were about even. His work! well, it almost depended on himself. Under the curious system prevailing in Bengal and the N.-W. Provinces, he might be everything or nothing, or anything between a subordinate Providence, or a mere Post Office with a certain licence of opening and garbling people's letters. His house in

the hot weather, his tent in the cold, is open, or ought to be, to all sorts and conditions of men. He has appellate powers in suits concerning land which he can hear in open Court, or dispose of mechanically in his private chamber. He has to furnish annual reports of all kinds of administrative operations, which may be based on his own inspections and researches, or may be compiled by the clerks in his office. I held this post for nearly half of 1872, during which I travelled over almost the whole of my Division—a country about equal in area to the kingdom of Scotland, with over five millions of inhabitants; regulated a number of complicated interests without friction; and introduced reforms in procedure whereby the judicial powers of the office became for the first time a reality. Lest this last statement may be thought "bounce," I had better explain the nature of the chief of the reforms referred to. It was the Commissioner's duty to control the decision of suits in which questions of rent, distraint, eviction, and such-like matters were concerned; and to hear appeals when the awards of the District revenue officers on such cases were called in question by the litigants. I found that it was too much the habit to dispose of these cases in a summary manner; and my experience on the Bench led me to substitute a system whereby the appeals of each District should be disposed of as the camp came into that District, due notices being served on appellant and respondent, warning them of the time and place fixed for the hearing. All due care was then taken to

act punctually according to these data. So elementary a measure of procedure ought not to require mentioning, but I knew of a case, not in the Agra Division, where a British barrister, retained in an appeal of this kind, was long unable to find out the place and time fixed for hearing; and when at last he obtained a notice, attended only to find the case disposed of before his arrival.

Having thus laboured, and finding that Mr. Drummond, on his return to India, was to be translated to another Division, I not unreasonably hoped to be confirmed as Commissioner. But the Lieutenant-Governor was equal to the occasion, and a junior officer was sent to relieve me; an amiable man, but of no special merit or distinction. I solicited an explanation in vain. It was a matter of *stet pro ratione voluntas.* It is all over now, and hardly deserves reviving, unless as a little object-lesson to men in power, to warn them against unjust use, or abuse, of their great means of affecting human happiness. Here were the affairs of multitudes of harmless agriculturists taken out of the hands of one who understood them, and whom they were beginning to understand, to be put into the charge of an outsider and a routineer. As for myself, I had been injured beyond hope of redress; used as a warming-pan and thrown aside when done with, calumny being probably employed (in what are known as "confidential remarks") by way of justification—and all this by a man of conspicuous piety and high claims to respect in private life, but unable to resist the temptations of personal feeling.

During my incumbency as Commissioner I gave a dance to the members of the European colony, and while the festivity was at its highest a telegram was put into my hands announcing the assassination of the Viceroy, the respected and beloved Mayo, in the midst of a beneficent career. I afterwards heard from Sir Richard Pollock a very curious account of the antecedents of the murderer, who had been his orderly when he was Commissioner at Peshawar. Sir Richard told me that the man was gentle and fond of children, but came one day to ask for leave, and, on being refused by his master, who had an inkling of what was in hand, went off to his mountain home, murdered a man, in pursuit of a family *vendetta*, and calmly returned to present himself for trial. It was necessary to sentence such a criminal to death, but, on the Commissioner's recommendation, the sentence was commuted by the very Viceroy whom he afterwards murdered.

Whether it were the fact that Sher Ali's temper was roused by the substitution of transportation, and that his frightful crime was in any way due to such a cause, I cannot undertake to say. But I had some reason to suspect the possibility of so strange a thing, in an incident which occurred in my own Court not long after I had reverted to the Judgeship. I had finished the trial of a man who had taken life in a way that technically amounted to murder, yet presented extenuating circumstances. Although the Assessors had found him guilty, and I was satisfied that the finding

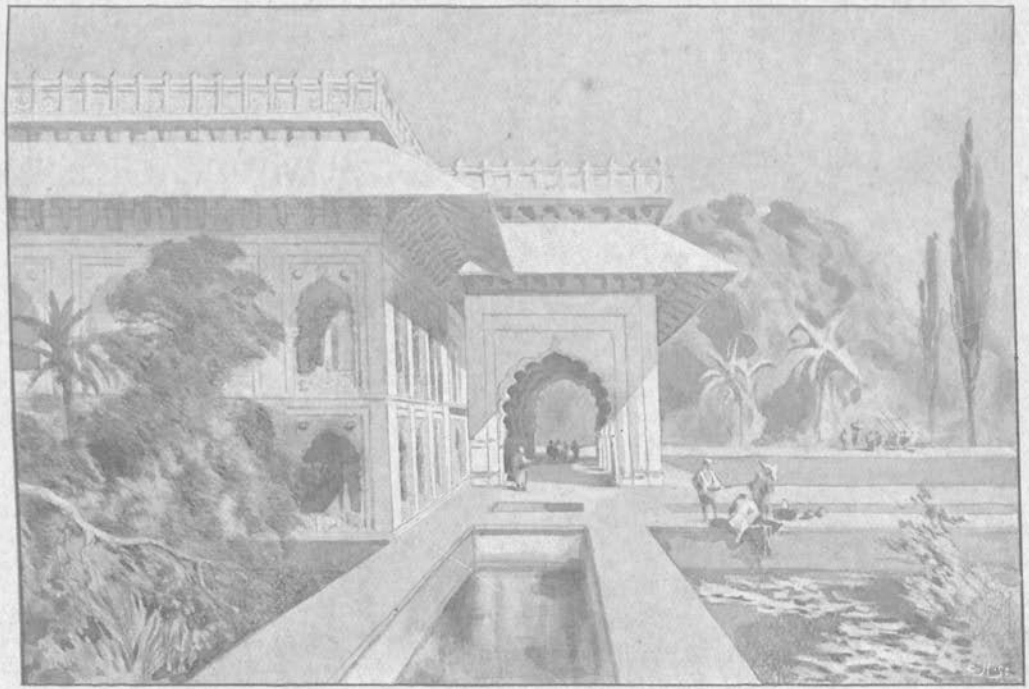
was in conformity with the evidence, I resolved on inflicting a secondary penalty, as the discretion vested in me by the Code allowed me to do. No sooner had I pronounced the mitigated award, than I felt a missile graze my ear, and heard a loud noise upon the panel at my back. The prisoner had taken off his hobnailed shoe and flung it with all his force at my head. He was removed to prison, and, when he got there, was asked by the Superintendent, now Sir John Tyler, C.I.E., what had led him to act as he had done? He at once answered: "Why did not the —— sentence me to be hanged?" This incident, trifling as it proved, may perhaps help to throw a light upon the crime of Sher Ali.

In the summer of 1874 the Lieutenant-Governor was transferred to the Council of the Viceroy as Finance-Member, and was succeeded in the Government of the N.-W. Provinces by Sir John Strachey; his Secretary being the present very distinguished Sir Charles Elliott, since Lieutenant-Governor of the Lower Provinces. In July of the following year they selected me for a second turn at the Commissionership during a temporary vacancy, and I had another opportunity of recurring to the field-work I had learned at Muzafarnagar. A question of great moment had arisen in a Subdivision of the Mainpuri District, where my immediate predecessor, the amiable mediocrity already mentioned, had got the Settlement into some confusion. A rising young officer had made assessments which had been

complained of, and my predecessor had reported adversely to him without going to see the estates and without deciding the appeals. I was accordingly under the necessity of taking up these neglected and pressing affairs, and although the rainy season was not over, and the swamped lands were only to be reached on the back of elephants, I inspected them all, and wrote a report which did justice to all parties, and procured me the honour of official recognition in the following year.[1] By that time, however, the substantive incumbent had returned from leave, and I was once more back at the Judge's Court.

In the cold season of 1875, Agra was the scene of much gaiety by reason of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with some of whose suite I was already acquainted. It is my misfortune, perhaps my fault, that I have no very great interest in Courts and courtiers; but, as the chief local antiquary, I was afforded some opportunities of being useful to the distinguished visitors. The Stracheys entertained them well, having pitched a sumptuous camp for the purpose, with theatre, billiard-room, and other luxuries, very unusual in an Indian encampment. The Anglo-Indians of the Province gave a ball in the great hall of the old Moghul Palace. Another fête was given by the Municipality of Agra in the Taj Garden, which was illu-

[1] "In conclusion, I am to state that your predecessor's action in the matter . . . are [*sic*] approved, and to request that the thanks of the Board may be conveyed to Mr. Keene for his report."



PALACE AT DEEG, NEAR AGRA (Double Cornice commended by Fergusson).

minated for the purpose; and I accompanied the Prince by special invitation, in a visit to the country-seat of the Emperor Akbar at Fatehpore-Sikri. A pretty incident occurred as we drove out. Some peasant girls came down to the roadside at a village where the horses were changed, and sang a song, of which I subsequently made, by command of His Royal Highness, the following rough version, so far as I can now remember:—

THE POOR HOLIDAY-MAKER.[1]

(From the Hindi.)

"No fine scarlet scarf have I,
Nor kirtle of Arabian dye:
If such you ask, I cannot hope
In the games with you to cope,
Maiden fair!
But you my shame will share.

Silver collars, oh! forget,
And the ropes of amulet:
If such you ask, I cannot play
With you this spring holiday—
Maiden fair!
My shame is yours to share.

I have no bracelet strung with charms,
Nor silver bangles for my arms:
If such you ask, I cannot be
One in your festivity—
Maiden fair!
My shame is yours to share.

[1] Sung by a village-girl and chorus, while H.R.H. the Prince of Wales halted to change horses on the road from Agra to Fatehpore-Sikri in 1876.

Jingling gauds for joyful feet
Worn by me you will not meet:
If such you ask, it is not mine
Hand in hand with you to shine—
Maiden fair!
But you my joy will share."

In July 1876, Sir John retired from the service, but soon after assumed charge of the finances, which had been ably administered by our last Lieutenant-Governor, under the immediate inspiration of the wise and experienced Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. By the end of March 1876, when the financial year came to a close, there was substantial surplus, after allowing for loss by exchange and the so-called "famine-relief expenditure," with which, happily, our Provinces had no concern or share.[1] The new Lieutenant-Governor was a gentleman who was understood to owe his advancement to Crown patronage in England. Lord Lytton became Governor-General and Viceroy, and ere long honoured Agra with a visit. As this does not pretend to be a historical work, it does not require an examination of Lytton's official career, but I am sure that all who came into contact with him will agree in bearing witness to the great charm of his conversation, in which wit, acuteness, and affability were alike remarkable.

The famine of 1873–74 had been localised in Bengal, and dealt with most successfully by Lord Northbrook

[1] The official referred to was far more successful as a financier than some of his brother-officers, before or after; something was due, no doubt, to Lord Northbrook, but it cannot be denied that Sir —— was a skilful and assiduous subordinate.

and Sir Richard Temple. A most serious and almost universal calamity of the same sort began to impend in 1876. But for the present our part of India was safe. I was deputed to officiate as Commissioner to the Allahabad Division in the hot-weather, and during my absence from Agra a ridiculous incident occurred, at which I was glad not to have assisted. A sufficiently full and correct account of the once notorious "Fuller Case" may be found in Captain Trotter's excellent history of Modern India,[1] and the incident is connected with these pages only by the fact that it inspired a sort of little epigram. Mr. Leeds, the Joint-Magistrate of Agra, was reproved for not being more severe in the punishment of a pleader in my Court, named Fuller, for assaulting a servant, who, unhappily, died the same day of a ruptured spleen, not directly due to the assault. The comment that was circulated was to the following effect:—

"Robert Lord Lytton
Had little to sit on,
Being slender of body and limb,
Till he heard of the deeds
Of the lenient Leeds,
And proceeded to sit upon him."

The affair was as trivial as the lines; but a vehement dispute with the Local Government and High Court arose, and race-feelings were aroused that are always best left sleeping.

[1] *India under Victoria*, vol. ii. p. 369. London: W. H. Allen. 1886.

Next year the drought reached the North-West Provinces; no rain fell till October, and much suffering ensued to man and beast. The cattle died fast, having nothing to eat but the straw of such crops as could be raised round the wells, eked out by the leaves of trees; and this provision was so scanty that only the more valuable animals could be kept alive. Then came the turn of the old, the young, and the female population, who began to die like flies. We got up a relief fund, from which numbers were fed daily. So late as February 1878, I find, from an entry in my journal, that in one poorhouse, where a pound of food was the day's allowance, there were 1000 new admissions in one morning. The jails, of which there were two at Agra, were crowded by the great numbers of persons either driven to crime by want, or committing minor offences in the hope of receiving punishment which would give them food and shelter for a few weeks.

In the midst of these sad scenes, the Government held a solemn assemblage at Delhi to celebrate the assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India.[1] This ceremony took place on the 1st of January 1877; and on the 8th the Viceroy came to Aligarh to take part in a less dazzling, but not perhaps less important, celebration. The college founded by Sayad Ahmad at Aligarh has been already mentioned, and I am proud to say that I was one of the only two Europeans elected to the committee. The plans for the buildings

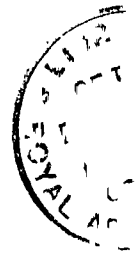
[1] See Trotter, ii. 368.

being now complete, and Moslem feeling, for and against the movement, by this time largely excited, Lord Lytton undertook to lay the foundation-stone.[1] The season was that fair time which succeeds Christmas in Upper India. The winter rains had refreshed the face of the earth, the trees were in full leaf, the sun shone with a mellow ray on the roses in the grounds about the college site; and a cheerful crowd, chiefly of Mohammedans, awaited the arrival of the Viceregal party from early morning. A little before noon His Excellency appeared, attended by Lord Downe and by his own personal staff, and a cortege of distinguished followers. After an address had been read by the eldest son of the founder, Lord Lytton spoke in the graceful and scholarly way that distinguished him from all, even the greatest, of Anglo-Indians. He declared the pleasure which the Government took, and would ever take, in such an institution, referring to the past glories of Moslem learning, and to the benefits that European science and civilisation had once received from Islam, and exhorting Moslems of to-day whom his words might reach, to "seek new fields of conquest and fresh opportunities for the achievements of a noble ambition." The Viceroy and his suite left

[1] Sir S. Ahmad's outspoken ways had at one time given such offence, that, about two years earlier, the oracles of Islam were consulted by his enemies, and a *Fatwa* was obtained from Mecca to the effect that his killing would be no murder. About the same time he firmly resisted a proposal by the Lieutenant-Governor to introduce in his scheme a measure of education for girls. It would, he said, "prove a complete failure, and probably produce mischievous results." (See *Life* by Graham, p. 323.)

in the afternoon; in the evening there was a dinner-party, in which many Asiatic gentlemen joined, and it devolved on me to propose the health of our excellent entertainer. It may be well to add that the college has escaped the dangers of Anglo-Indian interference, and conciliated the once hostile attitude of Mohammedan orthodoxy. It now receives over 400 students from all parts of the vast peninsula, and by no means all Moslems. The buildings whose foundation we witnessed so many years ago are now completed, the principal quadrangle measuring 1000 feet by 500, and standing in grounds of 100 acres. Each student has his own suite of rooms, and the total cost of his board and education is only 250 rupees per annum. It is a source of pardonable pride to have been connected, however remotely, with such a noble undertaking.

About the middle of the year we moved into a fine house near my Court, having wide grounds, including a steeplechase course, a swimming bath, and a detached library, in which I prosecuted my historical studies with much labour. The cold-weather—the last that I was to pass at Agra—was scarcely marked by any incident.



CHAPTER IX

1879–1882

IN 1879 my incumbency at Agra ended without any great event; an honest instalment of average human life in its mingled gloom and brightness, bringing me nearer to the end of my Indian service, with no loss of reputation, perhaps, but with steadily diminishing hopes of prosperity. One of the last public events in which I took part before leaving Agra, was the dinner given at the club to General Ulysses Grant, ex-President of the United States, where he came attended by Mrs. Grant and a numerous suite of distinguished Americans. At the request of the Committee I took the chair. There were about one hundred persons present, including His Highness the Maharana of Dholpore; and the illustrious guest of the evening was obliged — much against his will — to address the company in a speech, replying to one in which I had to propose his health. As we parted, he told me that he hoped to see me some day in his own country. "And if you come to the States, Judge, I'll put you through," he was kind enough to say. "But," he added, "I'll tell you what I will not do, and that is, embarrass you by making speeches."

I found that my taking the chair at this dinner had given great umbrage at headquarters, where it was considered that I had taken undue precedence of the Commissioner. I had not intended offence, not being even aware that the Commissioner wished to preside, and the whole thing seemed to show that the new Lieutenant-Governor was as little favourable to me as any of his predecessors. My prospects of promotion, therefore, appearing to be closed, I began to think it would be better to apply for a vacancy in a place where the extremes of climate were less severe than at Agra, and where the hill-sanitaria were nearer. I might then pass the few years of service left me without trying my strength, and without long and ever-recurring separations from my wife and family. Agra has never been a station of exceptional unwholesomeness, but there are few places in the world where the thermometer ranges more widely. I have seen 105 degrees of Fahrenheit in my wife's room at 11 p.m., and a few months later there has been frost on the ground, and men driving in topcoats in the middle of the day.

I accordingly applied for a transfer to Meerut or Saharanpore, when either of those more northerly judgeships should be vacant. In the meantime (March 1879) I visited Allahabad for the opening of the Memorial Hall, lately erected there as a monument to the murdered Mayo. I was requested by the Committee to compose an inscription to be put over the main entrance, and also to write an ode to be sung at the inaugural ceremony, the music selected being that of Rossini's famous composition from

Mosé in Egitto, usually sung to the words "Dal tuo stellato soglio." There was a large and brilliant assembly, and the opening speech by Lord Lytton was as effective and thoughtful as all his public orations. My ode was sung by an amateur chorus of all the best and most cultivated gentlemen and lady singers of that part of India, and it ran as follows:—

"On thee, great Shade! we call—
Unseen, though still at hand—
To consecrate this Hall
In Thine adopted land:
Long may that honoured name
Bestow its favouring fame,
Mayo!

While Jumna's water pours
Her tribute to the sea,
Still may these votive towers
Proclaim our love for thee;
Thy noble life laid low
By treason's felon blow,
Mayo!

For thou wert of the few
Who conquer Destiny;
Brave, merciful, and true,
All that a chief should be;
Hail to the mighty dead
Whose life for us was sped,
Mayo!"

I fear the lines were not above the low-water level of occasional verse, but the effect of the singing was good; accompanied by an admirably touched organ, they answered

their purpose, and pealed along the painted rafters of the Hall in a sufficiently impressive manner.

In due course the transfer to Meerut was effected, and I left Agra, the scene of so many blighted hopes, secure in the promise of a first-grade judgeship, which Lord Lytton had obtained for me from the Local Government. From financial causes the creation of this post was expected to be a matter of time, but there was good reason to hope that it would come to me before the expiry of my thirty-fifth year of service, when, by a rule introduced after the Mutiny, senior officers retired, to cause a flow of promotion in the ranks below. I should then be entitled to another five years' tenure of the new office.

Before leaving Agra, I had the gratification of receiving a spontaneous and unanimous address from the local Bar, expressed in terms far more complimentary than I thought my just due; but I may, without immodesty, cite the sentences condensed below, as showing that one from whom nothing was to be hoped or feared was deemed not undeserving of a kind farewell. The address, which is one of my most valued possessions, bears the signatures, English or Persian, of four and twenty advocates:—

"Your ever courteous manner towards the members of the profession has won for you the esteem of all. It would be out of place for us to commend the zeal and earnestness with which you have discharged the duties of your office; but we may be permitted to say that . . . the people of this city, and, indeed, of its whole neighbourhood, have reason to be indebted to you for the labour and research which you have bestowed upon the history and archæology of the place."

It was in the month of April 1879 that I departed for Meerut, followed, in spite of the heat, by many Native friends, who testified, by bearing me company for a portion of my journey, that it is not difficult for an alien official to kindle genuine kindness in Asiatic hearts. I parted with them at the Tundla Station with genuine regret and sincere good wishes for their future welfare. The short remnant of my public life was to be passed in scenes where I was less known, and amongst people in whom I could not feel an equal interest.

Some of the officials of those days were men of more depth than breadth; and seemed to do less good sometimes than might have been the case had they been less energetic and assiduous. One of the *a priori* notions of those days was the introduction of some sort of "Permanent Settlement" into the Upper Provinces, which has long since been disposed of by the logic of events, as already stated.

Another doctrine which some of these excellent officials were particularly prone to push to extremes, was that female infanticide among the Hindus was a cruel and wicked custom, which it was the duty of British rulers to destroy by attacking the expenses of Hindu weddings. Now, there is no doubt that some of the purer and more manly races of Hindus have inherited from their ancestors this unsocial custom, while inferior tribes have been led to adopt it because they think it fashionable and aristocratic. The Rajput practice admits of easy explanation, and its adoption by lower

classes is probably only a symptom of the common human weakness that leads people to imitate the doings of their superiors. In the former case, the practice, common to all primitive peoples, has been strengthened by pride of race, which makes high-caste men refuse to let their daughters marry persons of lower status, while tribal customs render them sisters to the young men of their own rank, and so deprive them of all hope of marriage, unless their parents can pay down a dowry sufficient to produce bridegrooms of a still higher clan. To translate this into familiar language, it is as if the baronets of Britain had a rule that their daughters must not marry untitled husbands; or, if in old Scottish society, it had been held that, while a Macpherson could not marry a Macpherson without being taxed with incest, she could not take a Lowlander on pain of social degradation. Sooner than have a flock of single women on his hands, a father so situated takes the easier step of not rearing his girl babes. It was hardly a crime, because not considered criminal by those among whom it prevailed. This was represented to the officials of pre-scientific days in India as infanticide caused by marriage expenses,—instead of what it really was, a habit arising out of immemorial usage joined to a dread of the encumbrance of a family consisting largely of unprofitable members. And men of the class that may be defined as "the Deductive," never abandoned a doctrine that they had once learned from their official seniors and superiors. It may be interesting to note that a recent writer—apparently a Native—

reports that the measures of the Legislature have been "a failure." (See an exhaustive article on the subject in the *Calcutta Review* for January 1897, No. CCVII. p. 144).[1]

The following rough recollection of a trial in the Sessions Court of Muttra will serve to illustrate the difficulties of the Western administrator dealing with an Eastern disorder. I should premise that, when the plan of curtailing marriage expenses was tried, it proved a complete failure. The heads of Rajput society were convened, harangued, and made to promise reform: weddings were, perhaps, celebrated—for a time—with less extravagance, but the little girls continued to disappear, stifled painlessly at birth no doubt, and with births usually unrecorded. It was then attempted by some zealous reformers to make the village watchman report every birth and visit the family from time to time, to see how the infant life prospered; but the vulgar atrocity of such a scheme soon brought it to nought. Our Deductive L.-G. then hit upon another plan, which may be called "Moral Reform by Tabular Return," and which certainly showed great faith in statistics. There was to be a periodical count of babies, village by village. Wherever there was found a marked disproportion between the numbers of the sexes, penal police measures would be ordered, and the name of such a village would be entered

[1] It should be added, however, that this applies mainly to the Punjab. Elsewhere, as we are told by an excellent book, success has been more easy. (*The North-West Provinces.* By William Crooke. London, 1897.)

on a "black list." When a female infant died in one of the villages on that list, and it was presumed that it had been murdered, the family would be proceeded against, and the burden would rest upon the parents of proving their innocence by showing that the child had died a natural death. In the case to which I am now going to refer, the mother made a stout and well-reasoned defence. She produced witnesses who deposed that the child was born when she had fever, that the village medicine-man had been called in, that, when her supply of milk failed, efforts were made to keep the infant alive by feeding it with the milk of cows and goats; and, lastly, that many females had been reared in the family, of whom some were, indeed, forthcoming. The man who practised in the village, a sort of respectable herbalist, was one of the witnesses for the defence. On the other side, the prosecution called attention to the record of the Magistrate, containing the fact that the village was on the list, and the testimony of the Civil Surgeon, who had made a *post-mortem* examination of the infant body. I felt so far from satisfied that I summoned this officer, and subjected him to re-examination, as a Sessions-Judge is always at liberty to do when he desires to extend the medical evidence taken before the committing officer; though the record of that evidence is made lawful matter by special enactment in ordinary cases. Causing the depositions recorded before me to be read to the doctor, I proceeded to inquire whether there was anything in the statements so made, which was incompatible with the symptoms

disclosed in the autopsy made by himself? He said, No; the child had died of inanition, but the symptoms might have been due to improper food, as well as to food insufficient in quantity. All that he could say was that food had not been absorbed and assimilated. I then explained this evidence to the Assessors (who did not understand English), asking if they had any other questions to suggest. They answered that they had not, being, indeed, satisfied all along that the mother had never intended to cause her child's death. "Your Honour should know," they added, "that this family belongs to an endogamous clan, and is in no sort of difficulty to obtain husbands for their daughters. Why, then, should they kill them?" The prosecution had no answer; it could only be urged that the case had been committed because the death of the child had occurred in a proscribed village. But this was readily explained, as it was at once shown that the village had been put on the list on account of the evil reputation of another tribe, and that this family belonged to some later settlers, who were free from all suspicion. I consequently, concurring with the Assessors, found the poor woman Not guilty. But she left the Court bowed in health and spirit, so that the Doctor himself noticed the change in her condition. It can only be hoped that, as knowledge advances, Anglo-Indians will learn how much caution is demanded when foreigners attempt to control the domestic life of a backward people.

With these feelings, I had never been able to sympathise with the well-meaning efforts for the "abolition

of this cruel practice": in other words, for inducing the middle-class Hindus to allow their daughters to grow up by taking engagements from the heads of their communities to celebrate weddings in an inexpensive style. The real difficulty with these poor creatures was—so far, at least, as their girls went—to have any weddings at all.[1] I thought that time and an improved social system might do something, and that, of course, the law must strike on just occasion; but I did not think that an old custom, founded on stern considerations of interest, could be abolished in a day without creating greater evils.

I have already mentioned some of the other matters as to which the local authorities and my humble self had differed—tenant-rights, permanent settlements, and female education—and it has been mentioned that on the latter subject Sir Sayad Ahmad showed ——'s ideas to be premature, if not utterly impracticable. So we went on through many years of antagonism, in which they always prospered, in spite of many mistakes; and I only allow myself to say as much as I do now for two reasons. I think it can do nothing but good to show how easily virtuous and industrious men may do harm if they allow themselves to be influenced by unreasoning prejudices; and I deem myself entitled to show that, if I have not done as much in life as I might have done, I have had a long

[1] A member of the Famine Commission told me that, when going their rounds in the North-West Provinces, they found a squalid pauper shivering against a wall; and, on inquiring what had brought him to such a pass, received for answer the word "Shādi," meaning *Marriage*.

and unequal struggle with men who were much my seniors, and in many respects my superiors, and who doubtless thought that, in acting and speaking against me, they were doing good service.

Well, at last they were gone; but too late to help me. "The evil that men do lives after them," in a bureaucracy; and my course was determined. Of the next L.-G. I have already spoken, and I need say no more than that he had it in his power to create the First Grade Judgeship, a prize greatly needed for the encouragement of District Judges; and that Lord Lytton had obtained from him a promise that the first vacancy should be offered to me. In the meanwhile I was settling very comfortably at Meerut, and obtained three months' "privilege leave" to Mussoorie, where my family were spending the hot weather. In July, however, this pleasant holiday came to an end, and I descended to the plains, where the rest of the year passed by in making acquaintance with the place and people. The military society was particularly pleasant, comprising the 15th Hussars and a battalion of the 60th Rifles—now known as "The King's Royal Rifles," if that be any improvement.

The Cabul war was then at its height,[1] and in December the ex-Amir, Yakub Khán, was brought to Meerut as a State prisoner. He was under charge of a political officer with whom I was acquainted, and was assigned quarters in the fine building which had once been the Mess House of the Bengal Artillery. The fallen

[1] See Trotter, ii. p 403.

potentate proved affable, though not, I should judge, possessed of much intelligence or energy. There had been a time when he was generally thought the most distinguished of living Asiatics; if he had ever really deserved that reputation, long imprisonment and his father's ill-treatment must have broken him down. He spoke a little English, and took a fancy to my boy, Frank, who used to help him with his lessons. It seemed droll to see a middle-aged monarch engaged with a spelling-book; and, in the intervals of these studies, the fallen chief could give expression to very truculent feelings. He has long ago removed to Mussoorie, where the climate is doubtless more congenial to mountaineers than Meerut could ever have been.

As to official life at Meerut, it was easy enough. There were two resident European Barristers and some very good pleaders; and I organised a couple of chambers for the former, and a library where all the Bar could meet. There was one outlying District, that of Bulandshahr, where I had once held sway for two years, now greatly glorified, since those days, by the tasteful energy of Mr. Growse. Under recent and very proper arrangements of the High Court, the District Judges had now to hold a sort of civil circuit, not only visiting any District where they had Session duty, but also inspecting the subordinate Civil Courts, scrutinising their registers and deposit accounts, and reporting on the state of the administration generally. This added to our labour, but at the same time made it more active and interesting, besides infusing vitality into the

local Courts, encouraging good subordinates, and stimulating any who were inclined to take things too easily. The people are understood to dislike the Civil Courts, but I do not think their unpopularity is due to easily avoidable causes; and I believe the native judiciary to be an excellent class of officials. In the Meerut Judgeship, generally, their Court-houses were very incommodious, in spite of urgent representations. I hope all has been since rectified.

My diary for 1880 commences in anything but a tone of confidence. The new year opened disastrously with a small conflagration in the drawing-room, while we were at dinner in the next apartment. True, it might have been far worse, for we suffered little damage beyond a sound frightening, some injury to the carpet, and the destruction of some drapery, including four yards of very fine point-lace that had been in the family for a hundred years.

During the winter we had a visit from a much-valued friend, the Ven. J. Baly, the Archdeacon of Calcutta, and engaged in forming school-boards for the instruction of Christian children, an increasing class for whom no adequate provision then existed. I also enjoyed the society of a very able officer who had been on Lord Northbrook's staff, and who let me into some of the clique-life of Simla. It was, he said, the fixed principle of the members of that set that the people of India never knew what was good for them; "we" (that is, the Simla officials) "were to show what was really required, and to press it

upon them." He called my ancient antagonist "India's evil genius." Lord N. had resisted the influence of him and his like, but the present Viceroy was in danger of succumbing, being more clever than able, and prone to leave to others all work that did not happen to interest him personally. In connection with these revelations—of which I made a note at the time—let me add the following words from Sainte-Beuve:—

"The greatest crime in the eyes of every clique and every party is *not to belong to it.* To remain aloof and independent, especially if you have drawn at all near, is to be held an enemy and almost a traitor. . . . It is enough to make the leaders, even if they have no personal spite against you, feel that they are at liberty to treat you without scruple and without justice."

In June Lord Lytton made over the charge of his high office to the Marquis of Ripon. The rest of the year passed quietly. My family went to Kasauli, a small health-resort on the way to Simla, and I remained at Meerut, an honorary member of the Mess of the Royal Artillery, where I had the use of a good library of reference. I was elected Chairman of the Wheler Club, where I set on foot various reforms; and I wrote a little for the *Pioneer*, and also for the *Calcutta Review.* The latter part of September was very wet. On the 17th of that month nine inches of rain fell in less than twenty-four hours. The next day was almost equally rainy; the open drain of Meerut—known as "Abu Nala"—would no longer work, and overflowed the streets. The roofs of the houses failed

to keep out the storm. In one that some friends of ours occupied, the drawing-room ceiling came down without warning. We did not know that the day was being darkened by a more tragic catastrophe in the Kumaon Hills. The lovely Naini, the summer-capital of the Province that clings to the sides of the mountain-basin at whose foot lies the still lake, was associated in all our thoughts with memories of happy hours of pleasure or anticipations of repose; and it was here that the sudden havoc fell, all the more terrible because of this contrast. About one o'clock in the afternoon, some workmen were engaged in diverting an overflow channel that ran down the north-east side under the Lieutenant-Governor's house, when, in a moment, with an awful uproar, the whole face of the slope came down in a vast wave of shale and rock, carrying before it the workmen and two officers,[1] by whom they were being directed, as also the interposed walls, trees, houses, gardens; the whole of a crowded hotel; a solid masonry building, once a racquet-court, and now full of wine and provisions, millinery and milliners; and carrying into the agitated bosom of the lake a grove of willows, a solid Hindu temple, and the whole block of Assembly Rooms and library that had long been a public resort on the water's edge. In less than a minute nothing was left in the path of the avalanche but a wide and ghastly scar. The loss of life was estimated at two hundred. The *sang-froid* of Asiatics was curiously shown at the Assembly Rooms. In a small annexe to the main

[1] Messrs. L. Taylor and Noad.

building was a closet in which the lamps were kept, and this escaped the force of the landslip. The man whose duty it was to keep the lamps in order was found seated on the floor after the hurly-burly, calmly carrying on his useful labour, a globe in one hand, a duster in the other, as if nothing had happened.

In youth we expect everything good from change. After the middle of life we learn—if we are at all capable of instruction—that there is nothing like making the best of what we have. For many years I had been fretting to return to Europe, and join in the literary life of London; but now I began to have sad moments as I thought of leaving the land that I had known so long, and the duty that I was just beginning to understand thoroughly. In the summer of 1881, my family being again at Kasauli, I paid a short visit to Simla as the guest of Dr. Whitley Stokes, legal member of the Viceroy's Council, and better known to the world at large as a distinguished Celtic scholar. Believing that the local Lieutenant-Governor would do nothing for my behalf, or that the Trades' Union at Allahabad would never let him, I endeavoured to make sure of support with the Government of India. On the 7th of June Lord Ripon kindly accorded me an interview, at which I laid the case before him; pointing out the reasons which rendered it an object of almost vital importance for me to remain a little longer in the service; that I had been promised the first grade so soon as it could be created, which must now be very soon; and that it must, virtually, rest with him whether I could

remain long enough to secure the necessary promotion, by which a prolongation of service would be necessarily created. "You will otherwise be retired in October 1882?" asked the Viceroy, and I replied, "Yes, unless your Lordship will either apply to the Secretary of State for a few months' extension, or say a word to accelerate the action of the Local Government." His reply was not discouraging. He had heard of the case before, had already seen the papers sent to his Private Secretary in connection with the matter, and would give it his favourable consideration.

On the 3rd of October I went for the end of the long vacation to Kasauli, where I had the pleasure to find all well. But anxieties were thickening around us. Less than a twelvemonth now remained before the fatal day when, unless the Lieutenant-Governor should be pleased to create the first grade for me, I should have to leave the service under the thirty-five years' rule. My family had long been large and costly; and I was in no position to provide for them without an official salary. Everything depended on a man, once my friend, who had long shown a character hardened by success, and on whose sense of justice little reliance was consequently to be placed. In April, however, he departed, and his successor—a man of European reputation—proved to be a very different man intellectually and otherwise, one who owed his advance to his own singular abilities, and who has continued since his return to Europe to fill a considerable space in the public eye.

A case lodged in the Sub-Judge's Court in the autumn

of 1881 excited a good deal of interest in India. It arose out of a racing dispute, in the course of which a Mr. K. M. sued Lord William B—— for defamation of character by words uttered in a "lottery" meeting at the club. Lord William was Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and a popular member of society; and I was not sorry that the trial should be heard in another Court than mine, especially as he (Lord W.) was a friend of my own, and I thought him in the wrong. After a good deal of argument, in which Calcutta lawyers took part on either side, the Court came to a decision which reflected highly on the wisdom and firmness of the Hindu gentleman who presided. Mr. M., the plaintiff, tendering himself as a witness, deposed that he was not a professional horse-trainer, that he was merely a private gentleman keeping a few horses for his own amusement. The Court held that, this being so, the words spoken by the defendant, however rash and baseless, were not defamation, being only calculated to injure a professional. Damages were accordingly refused; but, on the other hand, the defendant must pay the costs of a suit which need not have been brought had he been more circumspect. This decision was supported in a long written judgment, in which both parties acquiesced; so far, that there was no appeal.

Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., assumed charge of the Provinces in April 1882; and I felt that I had at last a chance of fair and sympathetic treatment. He held out hopes of an early arrangement for creating the new grade; and in the meanwhile promised to forward, with

a favourable endorsement, the recommendation of the High Court that I should have an extension of six months, which was all that could be possibly requisite. In the meantime, as my health had suffered at Meerut, I obtained the favour of being transferred to Saharanpore, where I had an opportunity of revisiting the Doon and adjoining health-resorts, which had been my home for six years at the outset, long ago. My family took refuge from the heat at Mussoorie, where I was able to pay them short visits from time to time, as the Doon was the outlying District to which the Judge of Saharanpore went for circuit duty.

On the 8th of May, the Local Government's letter to the Government of India went to Simla; and I wrote at the same time to the Viceroy's Private Secretary to beg him to recall to his Excellency's recollection the promise of favourable consideration which he had kindly given the year before. But on the 28th of the ensuing month the last hope was disposed of by that gentleman's reply. His Excellency, I was informed, did not see his way to writing officially to the Secretary of State—who alone had power to grant the extension — or to taking action himself, in my behalf, so as to expedite the creation of the first grade. The former question was not, indeed, for the moment, referred to; but I soon learned from other quarters that the Government of India shrank from any further recommendations of extension of period to "covenanted" officers. Some of the juniors had been complaining, and their complaints had

reached the British Parliament; it did not matter what extensions were given to "uncovenanted servants," but the prolongation of a "civilian's" term of service meant retarded promotion for juniors; and thus it happened that my case was the first to be affected by the new scruples. I had entered the service under a covenant from the Company; but this, so far from being a ground of adverse action, ought, of course, to have operated in my favour. For the thirty-five years' rule was no part of that covenant, or of the written or customary rules of the service; and all who joined before the Mutiny were equitably entitled to the benefit of the original regulations. But, to enforce such rights, we should have had to obtain injunctions in Chancery, and we were pledged never to sue our employers!

Accordingly I was sacrificed, in spite of the support of my own immediate superiors; and I made over charge as the clock struck twelve at noon on the 3rd October. A short time before had appeared the final resolution of Government on the poor old Muzafarnagar settlement.[1] Had it been accorded within a reasonable time, it might have been of some use. Coming twenty years after the receipt of my report, it was an idle compliment. Three months after I had been driven out, the first grade was created, and given to a man of no special claims, who duly obtained an extension as holding a new post. Soon

[1] The Resolution bore testimony to "the care and discrimination with which Messrs. Keene and Colvin worked, and the excellence of the results obtained."—[Government Resolution, dated 7th April 1882.]

after I was gazetted a Companion of the Indian Empire.

I had now to consider my future movements. I could do, as some had done before me, qualify for a diploma from the High Court, and remain in India as a pleader. But, apart from all other objections to this speculative course, there was the family to be considered; three sons and five daughters, all under fourteen, and therefore all requiring education. On the whole, it seemed better to go to Europe and trust to the tender mercies of civilisation. So we all went to Calcutta, where we embarked on board the *City of Oxford*, belonging to Messrs. Smith, of Glasgow. We bade a final farewell to the "Land of Regrets," Tuesday, October 24, 1882.

On looking back at this record, one hardly dares to hope that it will have power to please. Probably, the first impulse of nine out of ten; if one should have so many readers, will be to ask, why such an unsuccessful life should be related? To such a question only one apology can be offered. Success is a relative term: a boy who throws a stone at an apple so that it falls to the ground, and gets it into his pocket, may go home with a sense of success, while his father, missing a pheasant with a fifty-guinea breechloader, must acknowledge failure. The point of my story, if point it is to have, must be that a man of ordinary powers, with a little "poetry" in his nature, can obtain from life the realisa-

tion of any reasonable wishes that he may form at starting. And, in using the word "poetry," I would not be understood to mean the gift claimed by incompetent dreamers whose only title to be called poets is that they cannot write prose! I mean youngsters whose outfit includes a certain tenderness of fibre and excitability of imagination which, though it may never amount to a world-kindling, prophecy-giving inspiration, will yet keep them buoyant. Sainte-Beuve has told us that in such cases the man survives the dead poet; yet the same subtle critic shows elsewhere that he knew that the poet would not all die. "There are men," he tells us in his essay on Michaud, "who have not enough poetry in them to express it by their skill, or to display it in their very youth; yet this little grain of poetry is not wholly lost. It is like a broken scent-bottle: the spilt essence spreads over the whole substance of the mind, and leaves upon it a faint perfume. Such men long remain young; and are found fresh and inquisitive, agreeable and nowise soured, in old age."

Only such men should start in life with clear intentions and a proper ideal of attainment, framed in due proportion to a true estimate of their powers. And it may not be harsh to notice that by intentions and ideals, we must mean more than those gentle aspirations called in French *velléités*, those feeble, Platonic desires that haunt the brains of romantic lads,—

> "The spirit of the years to come
> Yearning to mix itself with life."

However modest be the sense of ability and the corresponding plans, they should be firm and resolute; however coloured by what I here call "poetry," they must be clear and practical. Now, in the present case, the scheme was neither unreasonable in itself, nor wholly out of proportion to one's means. Had one started with the ambition to become a great lawyer or a distinguished statesman, one might be justly taxed with well-merited failure. But it would perhaps have led to very little disappointment to have started in life with the desire to become a schoolmaster, a solicitor, or even a mild sort of journalist. The mistake lay in not forming one's plan with sufficient clearness, or carrying it out with sufficient determination. When I ventured on the responsibility of refusing the opening offered me at Oxford, I was not altogether in the wrong. Only, when one had taken one's destiny into one's own wilful hands, it would have been wiser to do all that one could to complete the shaping of it. One ought to have resolved, in entering upon an Indian career, to pursue it in one of two distinct ways. Without cherishing any ambition of a kind beyond one's power, one might have fairly proposed to render oneself useful by unquestioning acceptance of all the doctrines and devices of superior authority, and by giving up one's entire nature, spirit, soul, and body to carrying them out. Or, if this were deemed too great a sacrifice, there was the alternative of blameless, perfunctory, mechanical discharge of unavoidable duty, with a life of self-denial and frugality, and a saving of half one's pay.

Nevertheless, it may be claimed that, after all due deduction has been made, such an Indian life as has been here briefly related was by no means without its consolations. If the young men who now undertake the various employments that India offers, will take advice from one who has had no small experience, they will make up their minds to find as much happiness as they deserve, to value material prosperity at its proper price, and to recognise the truth that an indispensable part of that price must be the formation and pursuit of a deliberate, insatiable purpose. Above all, they must have no opinions of their own, or if they have must conceal them as they would a bodily blemish.

"Those who will show themselves either bolder or more devoted to the interests of the people must be destroyed, or gained at any price. If any party-leaders are found in the Provinces, they must be exterminated, but without recourse to ordinary justice. Let poison do the work." So said Fra Paolo, or Sarpi, the excommunicated Servite, and anti-papal historian of the Council of Trent, whom the papalists attempted to assassinate (1607). Is it a strained analogy to apply his irony to any bureaucracy which destroys, by the poison of misrepresentation, those whom it considers the men of irreconcilable opinions who can't be bought?

Or, perhaps, these men too had their price, if the Government had been willing to pay it. But they could only be bought by the surrender of selfish politics, and by the adoption of a sincere care for the people.

But that is a price that rulers are seldom willing to pay. The earnest reformer will be of no clique; and the greatest offence against any clique is—not belonging to it. The lives of such men must, as Fra Paolo said, be wrecked, because their existence is a standing obstacle and reproach.

Ah! my brothers, it is for this reason, then, that you wear your masks, and strive to preserve your lives by an affectation of levity that plays your enemies' game.

Autobiography must needs be egotistic; but the writer of these pages is too old to care much for that reproach: if he did, he would not have penned them. Perhaps, after all, a man is not the best judge of his own character, any more than he is of his own cause. Let us end, then, with seeing how it struck a brilliant outsider in 1880, just after Lord Lytton had retired, and when Mr. Aberigh Mackay was delighting two continents with graceful wit. The following sketch of the type appeared in *Vanity Fair*, in November 1880, not long before the premature death of the accomplished author: and it serves to show what such a man—completely impartial—might think of a class of officials not generally appreciated by authority. The picture is not —one would say—realistically true of any individual; and it is evidently heightened for purposes of art or of caricature as it may seem. It deserves to be inserted here, if not on account of the subject, yet still by reason of the astonishing grace and lightness of the painting.

"ONE DAY IN INDIA.

("By Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B.)

"The Judge.

"Yes! he returns—Lyæus is so strong—
To that Greek worship he was taught at school,
Muses and Graces! dance ye to his song,
Smile Phœbus! kiss him, zephyr, soft and cool!

"He was not dissolved in Keys at a crammer's and squirted through a competitive examination. As a boy he went to school in the old-fashioned way, and received some education; afterwards he entered India, like an heir of the house, through the front door of Haileybury. He quite regards India as his legitimate inheritance, and the people of India as villains regardant, *adscripti glebæ*. His attitude towards the people is strictly feudal; he is to them the grand seigneur. He will protect them, and punish them; but he will have nothing in common with them; he can only regard them *de haut en bas*; in the course of his duty he may have to sentence them to transportation or death, still there must be no familiarities. To him a native, though anatomically human and sufficient for ancient history and crime, does not appear a person deserving of any right of way beyond the extreme barrier of courtesies. Amid the cobwebs of duplicity and greed, there may be the dim radiance of some divine spark; but the Judge does not stoop to that close scrutiny required to perceive it.

"The Judge is not one to peer into unpleasant places; he likes to keep two centuries between himself and the black man. Mr. Justice West, the Coryphæus of Codification, takes up a parable of tabors and dancing feet that entrance the Moslem of to-day, but Rupmati, of long-ruined Mandu, has a deeper interest for Mr. Justice North-West, the Coryphæus of the Taj. Ah! happy Justice, I often wish I could fade so far away from the present world, 'dissolve and quite forget what thou among the *peepul* leaves hast never known, the weariness, the fever,' etc.

"But though far away from the dulness and fret of our world, the Judge is present in all its gaiety and music. He is conspicuously present, clad in black velvet and soft phrases, bright neckties and jests. Three hill stations claim him as their own, and his *bon-mots* are diffused over the entire basin of the Ganges, from Dehra-Dun to 'where boon Bhagirathi comes broadening down from her cradle of snow.'

"As a *raconteur* the Judge stands alone; Anglo-India sits at his feet rapt; the globe-trotter opens his notebook and marks down 'a very remarkable man.' The languor of the East has not entered his soul. He has fed himself upon epigrams and sublimated his thoughts with lyric poetry; he has lived like a chameleon, until everything that is bright in nature has become a part of him. 'With thy clear joyance keen, languor cannot be; shadow of annoyance never came near thee'; or, if it did, thou didst transfer it immediately to some dear friend, amid profuse expressions of regard and esteem. When the little world of Anglo-India has narrowed round the Judge's heart, he has cut the staylaces and enlarged himself in history, until a hundred generations of men could hardly hold him. He has breathed the cool winds of the Turcoman steppes; the Arabian desert has expanded his spirit; he has nestled himself to sleep amidst the luxuries of imperial seraglios like a rose embowered in its own green leaves.

"As a cicerone, surrounded by the ruins of Moghul greatness, the whole world of tourists must think of the Judge with wonder and gratitude. While the pictorial words distil from his lips, temple and tower are restored, audience-chamber and courtyard are once more peopled with stately princes and golden embassies. Accordingly the Judge is the great depositary of letters of introduction. Sightseers percolate through the Governors of Bombay and Madras, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab, North-West, Bengal, through the Great Ornamental himself, to the Common Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.

"When he is on the hills, the severity of the Justice and Historian relaxes in the airy fairness of the Poet; even the caustic wit of the man of the world cools down into humour and compliment. 'Smile Phœbus; kiss him, zephyr, soft and cool.'

"'Cool!' echoes little Mrs. Lollipop—slangy little Mrs. Lollipop, who *will* look over my shoulder as I write; 'cool—let him alone for that.' Yet his feelings are warm; and from warm feelings, surcharged with a desire to please, flashes forth flattery, lighting up pale faces into crimson blushes and drowsy eyes into lurid brightness. But, of course, he means nothing by it—

"'For if such token
Passes for real,
Hearts may be broken,
Blurred the ideal.'

"Yet what kind of a poet would he be who, indued in lavender-coloured kid gloves, and paying calls between twelve and two, failed to charm ladies' ears with his 'winged splendours'? He knows not to talk of cheese and the wages of Johnpawnies; nor seeks, nor finds he mortal blisses, in the course of an afternoon visit, for everyone is not Mrs. Lollipop. So he goes for the ideal: he feeds on the aërial kisses of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses; he conjures up before his mind's eyes forms more real than living woman, and in presence of nine or ten stone of giggling fact, he flatters and caresses a dream.

"In idle moments the Judge will saunter into Court, take his place upon the Bench, assume the god, affect to nod, and exchange repartees with the Pleaders. The complaisant police will furnish him with crime to while away a tedious hour or two. The *menu* depends upon the weather. In December there is murder and highway robbery; in June, breach of promise and defamation of character. There is almost as great a variety of crime on the banks of Jumna as on the banks of the Thames. Villagers who cannot write their own names, come in from remote hamlets to be tried for assault and battery; poor coolies, who would hardly know a missionary if they saw one, travel great distances to answer difficult charges relating to homicide and other curious ethical topics. The interest taken in crime, even by the lowest class of natives, is quite remarkable. Crime is to a poor Indian what religion is to a poor Scotchman. It carries him into a region of speculation remote from his everyday life; it quickens his wits: it is the only elevating influence I know of that touches him vitally. Accordingly the poor Indian regards the Judge with much consideration, as one who can create, out of a mere frolic, offences against the State, offences against property, or offences against the person; as one who can dignify a few playful blows by the title of culpable homicide, or Thuggee and Dacoity, or *mar-pit*; and, above all, as one who dispenses the patronage of the district gaol, and in some degree of the Andaman Islands. They feel that he can provide for them; that he can appoint them to sinecures in chains, or give them a free passage to Port Blair, with an order for lifelong hospitality.

"But in spite of the adulation that steams up hot and odorous from the black races, one cannot but regret that so much wit and

scholarship should be squandered in a country where dulness and toad-eating are supreme. A few bright words in verse, an epigram flashing through a judgment, a sentence of unhackneyed Latin in an official letter would be quite enough in India to damn to obscurity a potential Johnson, Strachey, or Chapman. Even the office of Viceroy could not save from ignominy an eminent man of parts. There is no Government in the Empire so local as not to view with the sternest displeasure any display of those talents which in more favoured lands win success and honour.

"But happily in every province there is something better than the Government; there is among the station communities a public opinion that can well afford to laugh at the bray of the *Gazette* and the cackle of the Secretariat. The poorest of us can see with scornful indifference a witty and amusing friend repeatedly superseded. A Government can render itself ridiculous by ignoring conspicuous talent, but it cannot thus arouse any widespread indignation or inflict a general wound. Yet who could bear the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, unless he himself had a grievance? One's own fire burns out another's burning: one's own pain is lessened by another's anguish. It gives one heart to fight the common enemy when the magnificoes of wit join our ranks. In a defiant tone we say, with the Syrians, 'Our gods are gods of the hills, and therefore they are stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plains, and surely we shall,' etc., etc.

"But the Judge is not one of the fighting order. When Government peeps in upon him to see how he bears neglect, it shall burn to find him toying with a magnum of something dry, or climbing trees in the garden of the Hesperides for the golden apples of fancy."—*Vanity Fair.*

Looking back upon life from shadows of the close, I venture to think that Jaques' tragi-comedy—if played to the proper end — will be found to conform to the classic five acts, rather than to the seven supposed by Shakespeare. On the other hand, no doubt, the curtain

cuts it prematurely short when (as often happens) the piece is damned.

Act I. ends, not with the grammar-school, but when, leaving dependence, the protagonist begins to go alone. Full of hope and pride, he plunges into action and enjoyment, forming ideals (mostly false) and dreams which will never be fulfilled, yet rule the coming years. Act II. sees him take his place in active work, a citizen, perhaps a married man, dealing with facts, whether as peer or as peasant; earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, or, less fortunate, consuming his days in unprofitable leisure. *Otium rogat*; he prays for peace in the midst of strife, seeking rest and finding none. Slowly he realises that, as a German has sung, *Ruhe beschattet das Ende der Bahn* ("Rest overshadows the end of the way"), towards which he fares more composedly through Act III., with development of the plot arising from gradual formation of character by circumstance and the consequent effect on circumstance itself. Act IV. finds the former process finished; character is determined and change brought to an end. Then comes a moment when the angels—in the pit or elsewhere—are able to foretell the end with some assurance. Act V.—if the piece go to its lawful end—allows them to determine the nature of the actor and the work as he utters, or implies, the imperial epilogue, *Si benè, plaudite* ("If I have done well, give me your hands").

CONCLUSION

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF INDIA

OF the actual state of the British Empire in the East the author cannot profess to know much more than the ordinary stay-at-home citizen who may happen to take an interest in Indian affairs. Since he left the country, changes both numerous and important have occurred. The agrarian relations of Bengal have been substantially altered; and the Panjdeh incident has occurred, threatening war for the moment, yet ending, let us hope, in a better understanding with Russia. The dethronement of the ridiculous despot of Mandalay has added a new province to the Empire, and made the Government of the Queen-Empress answerable for the whole of Burma up to the border of China and of French India and Siam. Twenty thousand miles of rail have been completed; trade has been brought up to more than two hundred millions of Rx., and a large imperial service army has been raised, in the pay of the Native States, but imbued with British discipline. In the year 1895 the Anti-opium Propaganda received a severe check from the labours of a Royal Commission; and in the following year began an outbreak of famine and pestilence which is hardly yet at an end. This

year has been marked by calamities of other sorts; one can only hope that the dawn of prosperity will follow the dark hour.

Hitherto there has been no trial greater than the strength of the British nation can sustain: but all such times of crisis must be times of warning, if good is to be brought out of evil.

It would certainly be what is vulgarly called "nuts" to the envious foreigner if that vast and populous dependency, built up by British valour and genius, and made an Empire by Lord Beaconsfield, were to crumble and dissolve after so brief a term of life. It is not yet forty years since the provinces acquired by a chartered Company were appropriated by the Crown; and the critics now assure us that British India is bankrupt, and that her inhabitants can be saved alive only by immediate transfer to native rule. India contains an area and population about equal to the population and area of Cis-Vistulan Europe; and the whole of this quasi-continent is said to be dependent on alms for its existence, save and except the few oases which have the happiness to be ruled by Asiatic despots. The British citizen is invited to rouse himself to so alarming a situation, and to insist peremptorily on a searching public inquest into the condition of his three hundred millions of dusky brethren. In the meanwhile the machine is ready to burst, and the British Government is sitting on the safety-valve. So say the Pessimists, extreme, yet not perhaps without all show of reason.

To their alarming contentions, however, the official

experts entirely demur. The finances may be in a temporary embarrassment, but that is through no fault of theirs. For the rest, the people of British India are better off than they ever were before, having a free press, light taxation, and all the rights of British citizens not domiciled in the British Islands or in self-governed colonies. They can enter the administrative hierarchy through the same door of competitive selection that is open to native Britons; everything is done openly and in good faith; and the Indian Empire is the envy of admiring nations and the marvel of the age.

It would be presumptuous to decide such an issue on the evidence at present available, conflicting and defective as it is. The good will and industry of the Anglo-Indian authorities cannot be denied. Their claim to exclusive experience, and their always implied assumption that Indian administration is a mystery not to be understood by the uninitiated, whether in India or at home, may not be completely admitted. No doubt, the state of the finances is partly due to causes beyond their control; imperial taxation is certainly light, especially so in the "direct" form; trade and the press are free; there are universities in India to control public education, and the young man who goes to London and submits himself to examination has a fair chance of entering the "Covenanted Civil Service" (or official hierarchy). All which can hardly be called "sitting on the safety-valve."

On the other hand, a few facts are evident which go a long way towards justifying those who say that all is not

well. India may not be ruined; indeed, to say that this was so would be a gross and manifest exaggeration in face of the admissions in the last paragraph. Yet that the system that has prevailed there for the latter part of the century has caused serious evils and dangers may perhaps not be so difficult to show. Ever since the great Liberalist movement of Europe in 1830, doctrinairism has been active among civilised nations; and it may well be that the introduction of European novelties into the life of almost primeval communities has been like pouring new wine into old bottles.

In examining that view we should have to step back at least as far as the dawn of direct empire under Dalhousie: indeed, the actual commencement of the occidentalising process appeared in the days of Bentinck. It was that Governor-General (1827–35) who made English the classic of education for India, in lieu of the learned languages of the East. But Bentinck had wise advisers, and his reforms were mostly of unquestionable benefit. Above all, he is noticeable as having made no conquests and but one, a very small and justifiable, annexation.[1] His successors were occupied with war and external politics, so that they had but little leisure for philanthropic experiment. It was in the time of the ardent Dalhousie that the occidentalising process set in fast and furious.

His annexations made little impression at the time, or

[1] Bentinck's administration began with a deficit, but ended with the substantial surplus of a *kror* and a half of rupees. Like other great men, he died a commoner and undecorated.

rather, were almost universally accepted as justifiable and advantageous. They were of two kinds, of which only the second will affect the present question. The Punjab and Lower Burma were gathered in as the fruit of conquest; and even those who deplored additions to the load of "the weary Titan" were disposed to regard these as disagreeable duties to which no alternative appeared. But there were annexations of a second class of which the need was by no means clear, and which were chiefly justified on theoretic grounds.

The British Government, delegated to the Company, had gradually taken the place of the old Moghul Empire, which had occupied a legal, if not latterly a substantial, overlordship in the country. Amongst other attributes of such a sovereignty had been the admitted power of confirming titles to the succession in Hindu and Moslem principalities, especially in cases where the Prince should have died without natural heirs. In such cases—that is to say, among Hindu States—it was usual for a substitutive heir to be brought forward, either by adoption of the Prince, or, where death had prevented him, of the widow or widows. The demands of Hindu law and the desire to preserve the dynasty combined to render such adoptions obligatory; and their recognition by the paramount power was a graceful and appropriate feudal ceremony which had generally been willingly allowed by the Company. But the new Governor-General was a Scots noble of earnest mind and deep convictions; and he thought that nothing was so conducive to the true welfare of the Indian races

as to be brought under the direct influence of British administration. He therefore resolved that the confirmation of such adoptive successions should no longer be a mere ceremonial, or matter of course—as, with some specially exceptional cases, it had usually been—and he laid down the rule that in future no opportunity should be lost that should present an occasion for conveying the benefit of British administration to the inhabitants of feudatory States. This was the so-called "doctrine of lapse" which Dalhousie applied to several kinds of State during his protracted incumbency.

Differing somewhat from both classes was the annexation of Oudh, consequent on the deposition of the titular "King" for incorrigible mismanagement of his dominions. This annexation was made under instructions from home; but by that time the Company had lost all initiative, and the measure emanated, in all probability, from the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston. Nevertheless, this annexation also flowed logically from the Dalhousie principle, which may be best expressed in the Governor-General's own words: "I cannot," he wrote, "conceive it possible for any one to dispute the policy of taking advantage of any just opportunity for taking possession of States, and for extending the uniform application of our system of government."

That policy, in its cruder shape, was, indeed, soon swept away by the logic of events. The year following the annexation of Oudh brought the outbreak of '57; and, when the wrecks of that *Année Terrible* had been cleared away, one of the healing measures introduced by

the first Viceroy was a permission to adopt without let or hindrance from the paramount power. But in other respects the introduction of Western ideas became more systematic, less controlled, than it had ever been before. New codes were passed, an income-tax was imposed, the charges of administration increased rapidly, both in India and at home. Lastly, the Civil Service, the governing class of the country, was no longer to be recruited by nomination, but was to be thrown open to young men from English, Scottish, and Irish universities, who might score the greatest number of marks in an open competitive examination.

Now, it may be quite right that selection by the most readily applicable form of scrutiny should be applied to certain careers. It is not, indeed, understood that this method of selection has received the practical stamp of approval in the general business of the nation; we do not hear of bankers or mercantile firms appointing their subordinates by open competition: even members of the House of Commons have to submit themselves to other tests. But whether in the abstract right or wrong, the application of the system to Natives of India desirous of taking part in the administration of their own country is a purely Western idea, quite foreign to Oriental habits. Here, then, we encounter a sort of climax to all the other alien institutions which have ensued upon the assumption of direct Imperial rule, which is a virtual denial of the principles avowed by the great men of the Company's time, which cannot be agreeable to the Natives, and which

has not been a complete success, even though it may not yet have brought about the "Ruin of India."

The principles above referred to were often expressed by Sir Thomas Munro, who died in harness as Governor of Madras, and by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, for a memorable period, was Governor of Bombay. This may be called "ancient history"; but the opinions of those eminent men will be found to derive special value from this very antiquity. For, if they pleaded for a generous confidence in native experience and ability before the experiment had been partly made and before the foundation of universities and the general development of education had provided a crowd of competent candidates in India, how much more would they do so now? As to their personal claims to consideration, let us revive for an instant that bygone time, and think what sort of record those men made in their own day.

"By the statesmen of sixty years ago," wrote his biographer in 1888, "Munro was regarded as the ablest Indian official of his time." He goes on to cite the testimony of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning, "two men very different in character, by no means of one mind in politics, but cordially agreed in the high estimate which they formed of Munro. . . . The late Lord Ellenborough, a man very unlike either the Duke or Canning, an unsuccessful administrator, but a remarkably shrewd critic, ranked Munro above all his Indian contemporaries." His memory is still cherished, we are told, at Madras and in Southern India. Of Munro's friend, Mr. Elphinstone,

we have similar, and even greater, things to cite. "During his first season in London"—in 1831, after his retirement from Bombay—"Anglo-Indians talked about him as . . . head of the Board of Control. . . . The Duke of Wellington, who was now Premier, openly said he ought to return to India, possibly as Governor-General. Lord Ellenborough offered him the post of Ambassador to Persia. . . . In August 1834, when Lord William Bentinck's term of office as Governor-General was drawing to a close, the Chairman of the Company wrote to him proposing to submit his name to the Ministry . . . as Lord William's successor. . . . Towards the end of the year . . . Lord Ellenborough came back to the Board of Control . . . and offered Elphinstone the still vacant succession. . . . A few weeks later Elphinstone received yet another proposal—to proceed to Canada as Commissioner, to settle the bitter quarrel then pending between that colony and the mother-country." All these offers were successively declined.[1]

Surely these were not men to urge opinions formed on insufficient knowledge or imperfect reflection. What those opinions of theirs were shall now be shown, as concisely as possible, but in their own plain and forcible language.

Munro, after serving thirty years in various subordinate posts, assumed the Governorship of Fort St. George (Madras) in June 1820, at a time when Canning was still President of the Board of Control, or, as we should now say, Minister for India. To him wrote Munro soon after:—

[1] *Mountstuart Elphinstone.* By J. S Cotton, M.A. ("Rulers of India").

"Our present system of government, by excluding all Natives from power, . . . is much more efficacious in depressing than all our laws and school-books can be in elevating. . . . We are working against our own designs; and we can expect to make no progress while we work with a feeble instrument to improve and a powerful one to deteriorate. The improvement of the character of a people and the keeping them, at the same time, in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers . . . are matters quite incompatible with each other."

And, farther on in the same letter:—

"All real military power must be kept in our own hands, but they might with advantage . . . be made eligible to *every civil office*, under that of a member of the Government."

Three years later, in an important minute on the state of the country, Munro returned to the subject, writing as follows:—

"Our books alone will do little or nothing. To improve the character of a nation, one must open the road to wealth and honour and public employment. *Without the prospect of such reward no attainments in science* will ever raise the character of a people. Let them be excluded from all share in the Government, from . . . every office of high trust and employment, and let them in every situation be considered as unworthy of trust—and all their knowledge and all their literature . . . would not save them from becoming, in another generation or two, a low-minded, deceitful, and dishonest race."

This is, indeed, strong language from the old soldier-civilian; and fortunately the alternative submitted by him did not fully come to pass. In the two generations that followed on the passing of this State-paper, a little opening was made to let Natives of India in: small as it was, it was enough to keep open a loophole for hope; and the educated Natives have not evinced the total degeneracy feared by Munro. What has been done, however, slight as it may have been, may fairly be ascribed to the original impulse given by this fine old officer.

With greater precision and moderation argued the scholarly and accomplished man who governed the Sister-Presidency at the same period. Elphinstone's views, says Mr. Cotton, were maintained by him consistently to the day of his death; and, be it remembered, they were the views not merely of an experienced administrator, but of a high-born patrician, energetic and able, but deeply versed in ancient and modern literature. Passing over writings in which Elphinstone echoes or confirms the opinions of Munro, we must make room for a few words in which he takes ground more especially his own.

"It has always been a favourite notion of mine that our object ought to be to place ourselves in the same relation to the Natives that the Tartars are in to the Chinese: retaining the Government and military power, but gradually relinquishing all share in the civil administration, except that degree of control which is necessary to give the whole an impulse and direction. . . . The

period at which they may be admitted to Council seems to be distant."[1]

This was written privately, to an influential friend, in 1826; but the project forms part of a far-seeing scheme which the writer, both then and afterwards, held before himself as an ultimate ideal. What was to be the final goal, end, and termination of the paradoxical power of the British in India? Not, as he hoped, overthrow by a mutiny of the Prætorians—though that was to be feared and watched against. This sagacious man wrote to Sir James Mackintosh, as far back as 1819, that the "death of our Indian Empire" might find a seed in the native army—"a delicate and dangerous machine." Nor would he ignore the danger of invasion by a foreign power; postulating—"if we can manage our native army and keep out the Russians." Rather than ignominious fates of this sort, he preferred to look for "the improvement of the Natives reaching such a pitch as would render it impossible for us to retain the government. . . . A time of separation must come; and it is for our interest to have a separation from a civilised people rather than a violent rupture with a barbarous people in which it is probable that all our commerce might perish," etc.

Nearly thirty years later Elphinstone wrote to a member of the Indian Government in the same strain:—

[1] The British Council does not seem to have possessed much prestige in those days. "Our revenues might be improved, our civil expenses reduced: but nothing of this kind will be done as long as the caste of Bengal Councillor shall remain." So wrote Metcalfe in 1819: what would he say now?

"We must not dream of perpetual possession, but must apply ourselves to bring the Natives into a state that will admit of their governing themselves in a manner that may be beneficial to our interest, as well as their own land and that of the rest of the world; and to take the glory of the achievement and the sense of having done our duty for the chief reward of our exertions." In 1858, during the excitement of the Mutiny and the debates and discussions on the future government of India, he went a step further, and remarked that a time must come when Natives would have to be introduced into the new Council of the Secretary of State.

Such was the policy recommended by the two most distinguished of the Company's servants in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, nor was the recommendation quite unheeded. So far back as the time of Bentinck, it was promised that considerations of creed and colour should no longer affect appointments to the public service in India; and, stating this principle, the Governor-General added that he was "determined to throw open the door of distinction to the Natives, and to grant them a *full participation in all the honours and emoluments* of the State." This avowal of a local ruler was to a great extent adopted by the Queen's Proclamation on taking over the country in 1858. And in 1870 an Act of Parliament was passed to give effect to the policy.

Thus, after the lapse of half a century, it seemed likely that the qualified Native was at last to be put into the position postulated for him by Munro and Elphinstone;

and to be offered a chance of becoming, in his own country, more than a head-constable, a tax-gatherer, or even a County Court Judge. Act 33 Vict. cap. 3 provided that the authorities in India might appoint any Native to any office, place, or employment, subject to rules to be approved by the Home Government. In announcing this Act to the Indian authorities, the Duke of Argyll — then Secretary of State—spoke of the "principle of careful and cautious selection," adding that "a more free employment of Natives in the Uncovenanted Service, and promotion *according to tried ability*, would seem to be the method . . . least open to objection, . . . a competitive examination of the best kind." It was not, however, till six years later that the rules contemplated were framed; and up to 1882 there had been twenty-nine appointments of "statutory civilians" made in conformity with these provisions.

For some reason or other the rules were then reconsidered; and the Act has been since that time more or less in abeyance. At present no Hindu, Moslem, or Parsi can hold any of the posts which the Act was intended to affect unless he is a member of the Civil Staff Corps known as the "Indian Civil Service," almost as complete and exclusive an oligarchy as the world has ever seen, but claiming a lien on all the best posts in the country. And to get his son into that service, an Indian parent must make up his mind to maintain him after he is grown up and to accept the expense and anxiety of sending him across the sea to a strange country; where he must pass three or four years away from his friends and kinsfolk,

from the society of his fellows and the altars of his gods.

The opening to Natives of posts of dignity and emolument under the direct control of the imperial Governors was thus once again—if not negatived—reduced to its most embarrassing conditions. But that was not the only way in which Asiatic ideas were capable of conservation, or the ideas of Munro and Elphinstone of being forwarded. The first impulse of the Home Government had been generous enough, and the Proclamation which formed the inaugural charter is always understood to have been drawn up under the personal revision of the Queen herself. In the spirit of that weighty declaration Canning issued letters-patent conferring on each feudatory chief the right of adopting an heir on the failure of male issue. About a year earlier the first Viceroy had already vested the Oudh Barons with quasi-independent rights, which were destined to be more accurately defined a few years later. A new order of Knighthood was introduced, in virtue of which merit would be decorated without distinction of creed or colour; and the Zemindar, Nawab, or Raja became the "companion" of the Secretary, the Member of Council, and the Lieutenant-Governor. Lastly, a substantial reform in the relations between the Government of India and the feudatory Provinces was tacitly introduced, by which the last remnant of Dalhousie's policy was torn away. Instead of seizing every opportunity of introducing British administration, every care was to be henceforth taken to maintain the old native rule. If a ruler proved

incorrigibly weak or wicked, the remedy was to replace him by a better man, not to annex the State, confiscate the revenues, or substitute British officials for those hitherto employed. These unwritten laws have now become a part of the Indian constitution, by prescription of time and by use; and the Province of Mysore was, in 1881, actually handed over to be administered by the ancient dynasty, the European officials being removed.

But these things have only been the work—the incomplete work—of one school of statesmen, and have been watched with jealous eyes by the disciples of Dalhousie. In the Viceroyship of Sir John Lawrence, a strong endeavour was made to reduce the power and rights of the Oudh Barons, or Talukdars: and a still stronger attempt was made to discredit the administration of the indigenous chiefs by the same Viceroy. The affair was originated by no less a person than the present Premier, then—1867—Secretary of State for India. Lord Cranborne, as he was then called, had taken part in the debate which, after the fashion of Indian affairs, preceded by about thirteen years the retrocession of Mysore; and in the course of his speech made some remarks about the comparison between native and British systems of administration which did not recommend themselves to Sir John's preconceived opinions. Whereupon there appeared a sort of confidential circular by the Viceroy, addressed to a number of selected officers, in which they were requested to "set out in writing the genuine outcome of their own experience and researches on the question broached by Lord Cran-

borne."[1] The officers addressed probably did their duty as honourable men; but the public would have believed their report with more complete confidence had not the Viceroy given such a distinct lead in his circular by expressing the foregone conclusion that the subjects of British administration were happier than the rest of the Indian peoples, *Sua si bona nŏrint.* ("Did they but know it.")

But, indeed, there could be but little doubt in anyone's mind as to Lawrence's opinion that, in this case, the wearers of the shoe were not good judges of its pinch.[2] A very short time after the suppression of the revolt of 1857, he had thus expressed himself:—

"Placed as we are, widely separated from the constitutional Governments of England and America, our Government is established, as all Governments should be, for the good of the people. But while, in their case, the popular will is generally taken as the criterion of the public good, that is not always the case in India. . . . We are here by our moral superiority, by the force of circumstances, and by the will of Providence. These alone constitute our Charter of Government, and in doing the best we can for the people, *we are bound by our conscience, not by theirs.*"

This was going back to the days of the Puritans; but it contrasted with the views of the other school, and with much of our recent experience. Civilian management had

[1] *India under Victoria.* By L. J. Trotter, vol. ii. p. 231. The letter of the Government of India (drafted by the late Mr. John Wylie) was dated 1st July 1867.

[2] There is a Hindi proverb—*Jis ki nagāyi bowāyi, wuh jāne pir parāyi.* ("He who never had a corn, knows not how the pain is borne.")

not been so sympathetic or so fortunate in dealing with the Orissa famine just before the issue of the *Si bona nôrint* circular, but that the Viceroy might have had his doubts. Here was a case of dearth and scarcity not many miles from his own door in Calcutta; and a firm in Calcutta urged upon the Viceroy the necessity of buying grain to pour into the afflicted districts. But because the Civilian Lieutenant-Governor and his Revenue Board objected to interference with "the laws of political economy," the proposal was rejected. This was in February 1866, and by the end of the year one million of deaths had followed. Lord Cranborne's doubts can hardly be said to have been without foundation: the Civilians of Bengal had no intelligent sympathy with their native subjects.[1]

This want of perception is, indeed, hardly to be wondered at, for it would not be easy to describe, in terms that would be generally intelligible, a Society whose very origin and frame are so different from anything with which we are familiar in Europe. We can only by a momentary effort realise the condition of races whose evolution is prehistoric and whose ideals are contemporaneous with Nebuchadnezzar. But, broadly transposed into the language of modern life, the social system is of some such kind as that of nations mentioned by Herodotus seen after more than three generations of Western influence. There is a Government administered by aliens exercising despotic

[1] In reporting this case, Lawrence blamed the Lieutenant-General for giving too much confidence to his European Subordinates, not recognising that he had done the same himself.

sway with democratic maxims, together with a landed aristocracy clinging to existence in spite of all that British officials have done to bolster up the peasant-proprietors and village-communes. The members of this aristocracy are debarred from all paths of honourable ambition, and are naturally idle, extravagant, laden with debt and hastening to decay. There is a middle class—if "class" be not an inappropriate word for a number of disconnected individuals. These men are either lawyers, usurers, or minor Government employees. Lastly comes the proletary population, mostly engaged in agriculture or in ministering to the simple wants of the agriculturists, excepting a small minority who work in factories, dock-yards, tea-plantations, etc.

The rate of wages is very low,—perhaps on an average not more than threepence a day,—but in ordinary times it affords a bare subsistence. Labourers or tenants, they are all in debt, and, when famine comes they have no resources: they must either go to the nearest relief-works or starve on their own dunghills. Doubtless, this pauper-population has many advantages which were not enjoyed by that of the same regions a century ago. In 1783 there was a widespread drought, and a famine ensued which has left a deep impression on the popular mind. The *Calcutta Gazette* for May 1784 noted that at Lahore wheat was selling at the rate of a rupee for eight pounds; and many parts of the Upper Provinces were entirely depopulated. In Central India and the Deccan things were probably better; and the rice-crop did not fail in green Bengal; but

supplies could only have been sent up to the afflicted tracts by country-cart at the rate of ten miles a day; and at the end of one hundred miles the stocks would have been consumed in feeding the oxen by which the carts were drawn. All this is now changed: when one part of India is afflicted with protracted scarcity there is more cash; the high prices attract food-stuffs from quarters where these things are cheaper; and railroads diffuse the means of subsistence until prices become equalised: if the famine should unhappily spread over the whole land, grain is brought from more fortunate countries oversea at rates of freight brought down by competition of shipowners. These are undoubted advantages, directly attributable to British rule. Many others could be enumerated, did space permit. Peace is kept; epidemics are stamped out; the public revenue is raised with a minimum of oppressiveness, contracts are enforced, and so on.

But it may still be objected that the inherent "polarity" of human affairs asserts itself, and that all these glories have their attendant shadows. The easy diffusion of commodities causes dearth in the districts which are tapped by the rail; taxation, if not oppressive, is inexorable; the enforcing of contracts is sometimes crushing to the poor; the cessation of war, the diminution of pestilence, the spread of cultivation and the destruction of snakes and tigers, remove natural checks on the increase of population where all marry on arriving at puberty. The enumeration of the people two generations ago was by no means made

with scientific accuracy, but so far as can be learned—the inhabitants doubled in number between 1831 and 1891.

As the great majority are still dependent on the land for their living, this must be leading to an increased pressure on the means of subsistence. India is not ruined; but it cannot be denied that she is in a position of crisis. Candour compels the admission that there are serious evils; and that we are still confronted with the inherent difficulty of carrying on Western administration under Eastern conditions.

Nowhere does the danger of crudely thrusting Western ideas into Eastern administration appear so strongly as in the treatment of famine relief so often mentioned in these pages. European political economy teaches non-interference, and the laws of supply and demand; making good its doctrines by induction to a certain extent. But suppose that the induction fails; that the supply is tied up and the demand excessive: that the stocks have wholly given out, or that the dealers have combined to establish "a corner." What is the use of establishing relief-works and paying wages daily, if there is no grain to be bought with the money? Nothing worse could happen than the Orissa famine in the worst administered Native State; and it is the business of the Government of India to see that Native States are administered well.

Therefore, without endorsing blindly all the criticisms and suggested reforms of the adversaries of things as they are, we may, perhaps, be thankful for them; and, when-

ever there is a question of transplanting the British oak to the banks of the Ganges, beg for a pause to consider whether the banyan tree may not be a more appropriate vegetation. Really this appears the only foregone conclusion with which the subject ought to be approached by any Briton conscious of the smallest share of responsibility.

NOTE.—Doubtless the state of the Finance is the Government's main difficulty; and it is natural that it should suggest many proposals of treatment. Thus, for example, since these pages were written, an article has appeared in *The Westminster Review*, with the signature "E. Pratt," in which the writer opines that the great evil of India lies in the home-charges. These he vaguely states at from sixteen to thirty millions [for details see Hunter's *Indian Empire*, and explanation by Sir Richard Temple]. Assuming, for argument's sake, the mean between the two estimates, there is a payment—though not in specie—of more than twenty millions made annually by one country to the other, the proceeds of which are divided among officials, bondholders, the purchase of stores, and the payment of pensions. It is by a reduction of this last item that Mr. Pratt proposes to lighten the weight of the charges; his exemption of the other items seems just, seeing that the bulk of the balance is payment for value received or for direct service. Even the pensions he would not abolish; but he would pay them in India, making it a condition of payment that the annuitants should remain as residents in that country.

Now, that such a policy would tend to reduce the amount paid in pensions is hardly to be questioned. High officials who had saved money would decline pensions offered on such terms; and those debarred from choice by their necessities would not be likely to burden the budget so long as if they took their last repose in a more civilised and comfortable country. But, apart from that, the proposed economy would do India no good: either the money would continue to be drawn to the same amount as now, when the only advantage would be that derived from so much specie being kept in the country; or the terms of engagement would become less attractive to future candidates. And what does the saving amount to? The entire disbursements of the India Office on account of all kinds of pensions, annuities, and allowances of retired officers, Civil and Military, is under one million and a half; and the net amount of the charges shown in the last published accounts is seventeen millions. Assuming that some omissions remain to be

accounted for, and taking the above-suggested estimate of twenty millions, Mr. Pratt's proposal amounts to a decrease or deterioration of a payment on account of reward for past service and an encouragement for the future, which forms an item of 7½ per cent. on the total outlay. As it is not pretended that this could be entirely abolished, it may be imagined what a very slender and visionary relief Mr. Pratt is proposing.

He adds, to be sure, that the annuitants who remained in India would form a useful nucleus of public opinion there: but then, it may be remembered that those who now retire to the British Islands fulfil the same office in the governing country, where public opinion is of so much importance, and in such great and constant need of information.

APPENDIX

THE relations between the doctrinaires at Indian head-quarters and the disheartened officials who toil in the districts appear to be no better than when the great Metcalfe deplored "the caste of Bengal Councillor." Here is the last comment of the *Pioneer*—an Indian journal no less known for loyalty than for the judgment and ability with which it is invariably conducted.

"The controversy that was lately on foot in these columns as to the practical division of the Civil Service into two bodies—the select Secretariat and the majority in the ruck—was not one that ever stood any chance of being solved on mere assertion. One side says, 'We are the fittest: the others are bad bargains, or at best mediocrities.' To which these others make answer, 'No doubt you are selected: but by whom? It is easy to call names, but look at the facts. It is we who do the work of the country, while you go on recruiting your body from drudges and prigs, and constitute an apostolical succession of assumed infallibility.' The side, however, that follows facts has at anyrate the best of it in point of method. One body keeps the peace, collects the revenue, bridges the gulf between rulers and ruled; and—is generally taken for granted, left in dull places and unwholesome climates, and cheerfully dismissed at the end with no more reward than a pension such as may be earned by the most soulless officer that ever taught a sepoy the goose step. The other passes from a cold weather capital to a summer sanitarium,

never learning more of the people than can be seen from the windows of a railway carriage: builds its monuments on foundations supplied by the reports of the local officers: decorates itself in the annual shower of Stars of India: and retires to the Council or to dignified leisure with the reputation of an Indian expert."—*Pioneer Mail*, 22nd July 1897.

Readers of Mr. Crooke's work on the N.-W. Provinces may judge of the kind of man who retires from the service with his usefulness unexhausted: exceptional, but still exemplary.

A remarkable utterance published in a Vienna journal of August 1897 is there attributed to a Hindu, and may be made the occasion of a final word on the present state of the Indian Empire. The Hindu to whom these remarks are—with evident truth—ascribed says in effect, that the natives of India are all at heart rebels against the British Government of which, nevertheless, he declares that the presence is, and long will be, essential to their welfare.

The importance of the services rendered to the various parts of India by British supervision and influence have often been observed by intelligent travellers from various parts of Christendom; but this is the first conspicuous instance in a Continental publication of the sentiments of an impartial Asiatic who, while testifying to the very great value of British tutelage to his compatriots, bears evidence to the unpopular character of the administration.

Without attempting an exact distribution of blame, we can easily discover some reasons why a rule admitted to be essential should yet be irksome; but we may at the same time be permitted to indulge the hope that present discontent has been exaggerated, while future conciliation may still further lead to its assuagement. In the first place, this general readiness to revolt is in itself paradoxical; why should vast multitudes of humble peasants be

always ready, as the Hindu tells us, to "sweep away" the rulers to whom they are under such obligations as he confesses? It was not so in 1857 when the rod of power appeared to have fallen from our hands; it will not surely be so when peace and prosperity return and the people recover their temper.

But, secondly, can the present rulers and administrators help the Natives to a more amiable frame of mind? There was a time when the rulers of India were tolerant and sympathetic, as may be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to turn to the letters of Munro, Metcalfe, Malcolm, and Elphinstone. Can it not be so again? Men do not mutiny unless they are humiliated and miserable; neither of which conditions ought to afflict the Indian subjects of the Queen.

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